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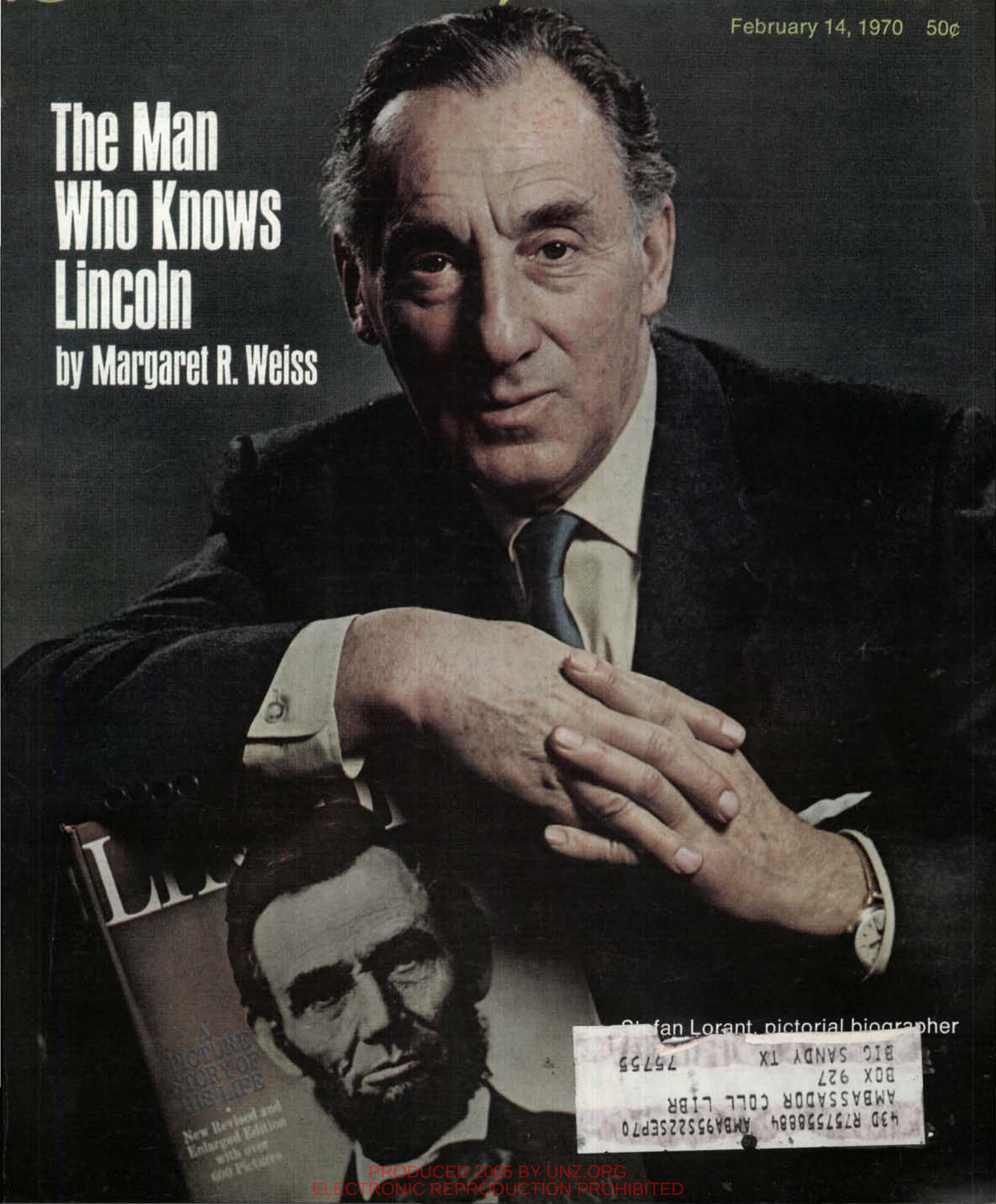
Saturday Review

February 14, 1970 50¢

The Man Who Knows Lincoln

by Margaret R. Weiss



Stefan Lorant, pictorial biographer

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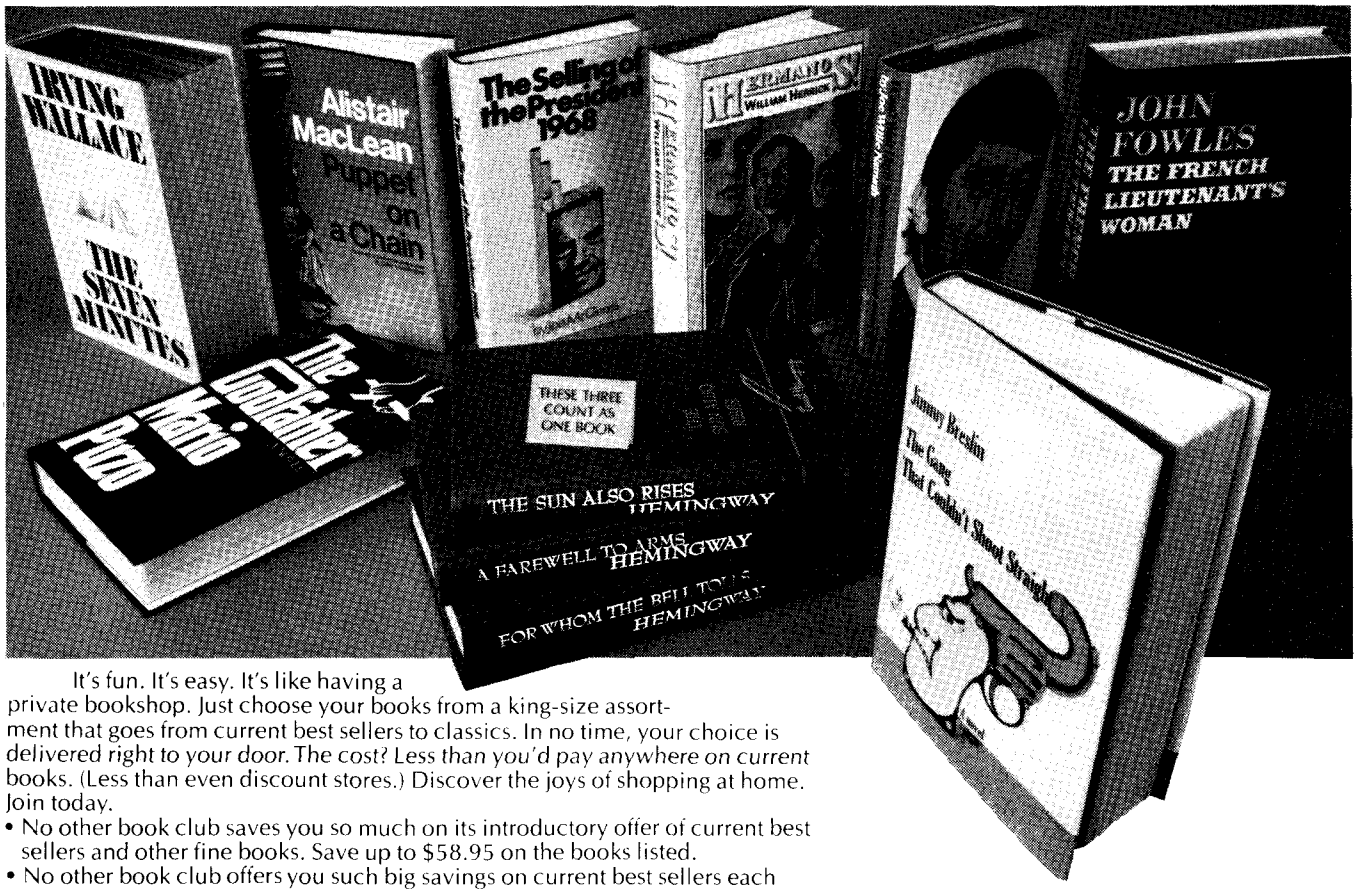

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But take it easy, mon.

At night you will need all your strength to dance the limbo and the ska and play our crazy Fahsta Fahsta game. The winner is the one who can walk a straight line after the game. One thing else, mon. Children we love, so they are welcome and will get our happiest smiles." **BAY ROC**

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And yet we are fussy that you wear a coat and tie at dinner, for is that not the only way to respect the fine foods and wines we serve?

And surely you will understand that we permit no conventions and no children under twelve years old, not because we love them less, but because we prize your comfort more.

To tell it all, I will tell you what a guest once said to me only half in joke: 'Lewin,' he said, 'when the kippers and eggs and the hot biscuits and the enormous bowl of tree-ripened fruits and the pot of steaming Blue Mountain coffee are served to me each morning as I sit in my robe on the terrace, watching the hotel sloop come around on those unbelievable blue-green Caribbean waters, I am so totally overwhelmed by the sheer luxury and beauty of it all, that I feel like an insignificant millionaire.'

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Mon, you will have a bang-up time at this hotel." **CHATHAM**

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To help you make your mind up about which of these Montego Bay Hotels is right for you, see your travel agent or contact: Ray Morrow, 51 E. 42nd St., N. Y. C., OX 7-2340 for Montego Beach Hotel; Utell International, Essex House, N. Y. C., PL 7-2981 for the Chatham, Carlyle, and Coral Cliff, JU 2-3226 for Bay Roc.

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by Margaret R. Weiss

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Top of My Head

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Accentuate the Minimum; Eliminate the Maximum

WE CAN all learn a lesson about budget cutting from our President. When they handed him the final figures that showed a balanced 1970-71 budget plus a small surplus, he turned to his assembled Cabinet, the newspapers report, and said, "We've got to do even better."

When I looked at the final figures of the bills I received in January, I turned to my assembled Wife and said, "We've got to do even better."

"Better than what?" she asked.

"Better than all these bills."

"Oh, that's last month's. Wait till you see how I saved sixty dollars on this month's bills."

"How did you do that? I'm afraid to ask."

"Wait, I'll show you."

She returned entirely submerged in one of those new maxicoats.

"How do you like it? Isn't it stunning? I think it's stunning. It was on sale from $170 to $110. I think it looks stunning on me. Doesn't it to you?"

If a man answers that question truthfully, it's an invitation to a declaration of war. A maxicoat on a mini wife is not the most ravishing sight in the world. So, diplomat that I am, I phrased my critique as kindly as I could.

"Take it back," I said.

That had one desired effect. She was momentarily speechless. I took advantage of that moment.

"Jane, our President has spent many sleepless nights trying for a balanced budget. He made cuts everywhere to help stop inflation. And it behooves all citizens to follow his example. Besides, I don't like the coat on you. You're lost in it. I don't like those maxis on anybody."

"But the maxi is the latest style. And it's warm from head to toe. Besides, I thought you'd be happy I saved sixty dollars. It's a good buy."

"I hate long good buys."

"Beg pardon?"

"Let's forget about the style. The President is making cuts in his budget; the least we can do is to make cuts too. Take it back. Your cooperation will warm the cockles of our President's heart."

"Oh sure, his. But how about *my* cockles—freezing out there in this cold weather? Don't they matter to you?"

"You've got other coats, Jane. The idea is to cut down spending so much money."

"Money!" she shouted. "Who spent money? I charged it."

"I'm glad you said that. That is the solution. You have just spoken the words that trigger the very wellspring of vicious inflation."

"I did not. All I said was—"

"You charged it. Your credit card is at the root of inflation. A woman at a department store stands undecided, weighing a twenty-five-dollar bag in one hand, a hundred-dollar bag in the other. Which should she buy? She finally decides, 'Oh well, I don't have to pay money, I can charge it. I'll take the hundred-dollar one.' Now, if there were a law passed by Congress that buying with credit cards should be treated like buying a stock at a broker's office—which requires a 70 per cent margin—this woman would never shell out seventy dollars and charge the other thirty. Do you get what I'm driving at?"

"You're right. I should have charged a bag to go with my maxi."

"Jane, you're not cooperating with our President. He's trying so hard to bring our budget into balance. Our country has to be strong economically. If it isn't, he won't be able to deal properly with Vietnam, the Middle East, Health, Education and Welfare, the moon program, mass transportation, and the polluted air and water that threaten our very survival."

"You mean, all that depends on my maxicoat?"

"Yes, you and a million other short women."

"Well, I'll think about it," she said.

To guide her thinking I came home the next day with a purchase of my own—one of those new jackets, wide lapels, tight fitting, with more buttons than you'll find on an accordion, and with a flare you wouldn't believe. I modeled it.

"Isn't it stunning?" I asked.

"Take it back," she said.

"Why? Is the jacket too hippie?"

"No, but you are. And it's not your style. You're too uh—"

"Tall?" I asked.

"No, that's not the word. Too uh—"

"Too short?"

"No, that's not the word."

"Too old?"

"That's the word. I'll tell you what, dear—if you take yours back, I'll take mine back."

"Now you're talking, Jane. The President will be proud of your sacrifice. You are now a member of the Silent Majority."

"And the cold majority."

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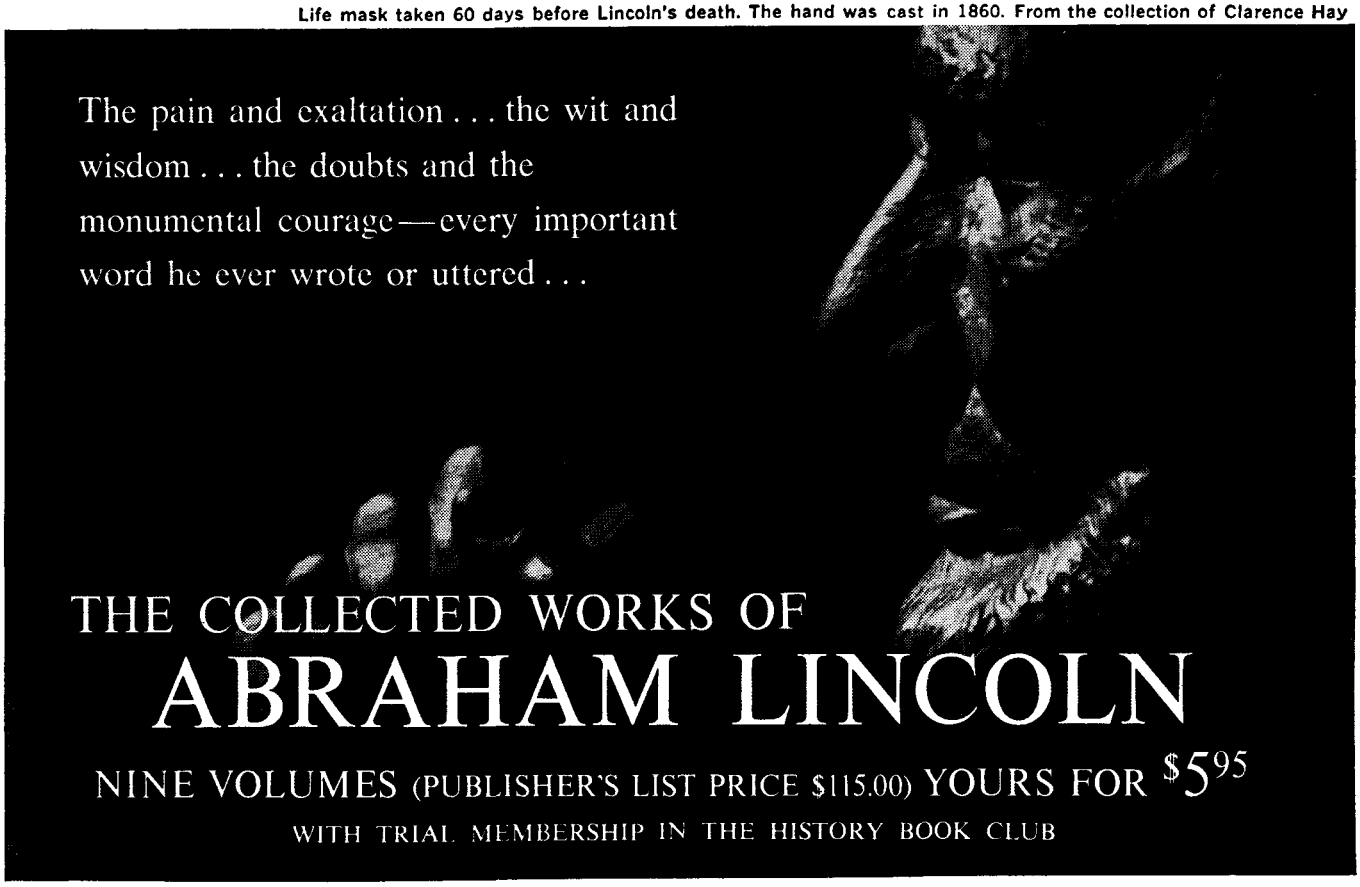
Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay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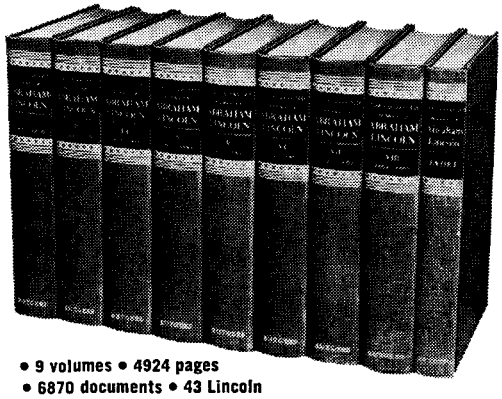

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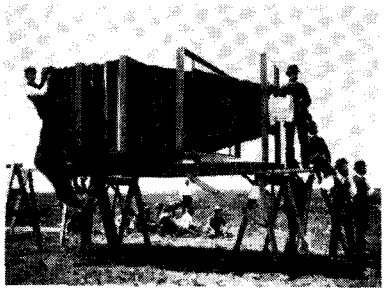
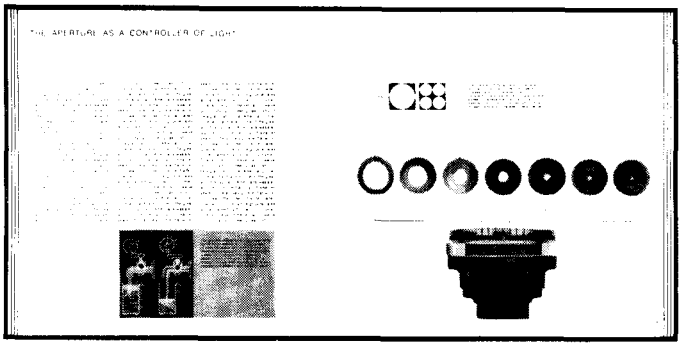
Library of Photography

Caught by a narrow-angle lens, the sun seems breathtakingly close.

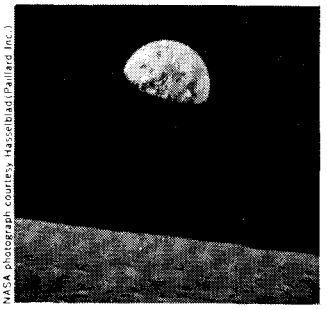


This giant camera was built by a railroad to make a single, detailed photo of an entire luxury train. It was never used again.

An amateur photographer took this evocative portrait of two Peruvian girls.



Andreas Feininger, photo-journalist.



NASA photograph courtesy Hasselblad (Paillard Inc.)

The camera enabled man to see for the first time this extraordinary view of his planet.

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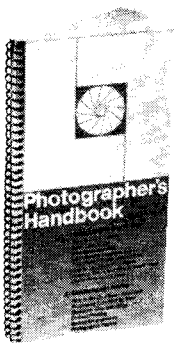

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Investment

Vending myself,
A once machine,
I'm worth more dead,
With parts alive,
If my heart beats
For someone else,
My cornea sees
In another's eye.

Lungs, kidneys, blood,
My unscarred skin
Is above sex
Or next of kin;
They're hardly me,
Or so he says
Who chews my tongue,
Prays on my knees.

As noble thoughts
Caress all minds,
My lips may kiss
My cheeks when I'm
Scattered upon
A dozen forms
Or a club who share
Bits of my prime.

—Norman Nathan.

St. Valentine's Day

Here we have an excellent example of a saint about whom it wouldn't pay to get too misty-eyed. He's been unfrocked lately, or whatever is done to clay up the feet of a saint, but a later bulletin suggests that he isn't *absolutely* done for; if you want him you can have him. Down but not out, that's Valentinus.

Comes now a however that is probably as large a however as we'll come across this season. It seems that there was a bundle of Valentines who made saint. One died in 270 and is known to us hagiographers as a martyr. Two died on the same day. Of two who did or did not live at the same time, one was a Roman priest; the other, a bishop. Of Terni. There's no point in looking up Terni because we have another Valentine on the fire who was greatly admired in Passau, a dump in Lower Bavaria, as *their* first bishop. In the fifth century. Now if it seems gratuitous to speak pejoratively about Passau it should be remembered that in those days Lower Bavaria really wasn't much. Any evidence that it has improved would be welcome.

Students who are thrilled thus far will have realized that, in the case of semi-removing Valentine from the list, no one can possibly know *which* V. has lost out. It may be said, too, that there is a legend of some folks called Saints Marius and Martha and that a S. Valentine appears in it, but Marius and Martha can't be very important. They have no days.

The business about linking this unknown with lovers is that his day comes at a time when birds are said to begin mating. No research has uncovered the name of the place where the birds do this. Even in Passau it's pretty cold in February.

Saint Vitus didn't dance.

—Henry Morgan.

Dash It!

For upwards of forty years I have been making my living in the writing trade with a minimal knowledge of grammar. This deficiency has been called to my attention a number of times, harshly and publicly. The critical voices don't often disturb me; in fact, I sometimes find myself entertaining a certain inner pride about my failing—the way I imagine Ben Agajanian may occasionally have felt about the toes that he didn't have on his celebrated kicking foot.

I know a noun when I encounter one, and a verb, and an adjective, but beyond that I am a tower of syntactical ignorance. Let somebody speak to me of an adverbial clause, or the subjunctive mood, or the participial phrase, or even a cloven infinitive, and I quickly say that I am late for an engagement in another office. In the newspaper business where I grew up I often encountered guys who were afflicted with this same condition, who gloried in it, and who always said, "Me, I play it strictly by ear." That's what I always say.

Yet, while I confess to being a boorish clod about grammar, I am a first-rate speller. When I was a kid in grade school, I almost always won the spelling bees (while failing everything else), and I have what might be called a *feel* for punctuation. I don't know the rules of punctuation, but the way things sound and the way they *look* permit me to punctuate with grace and effectiveness.

When we don't know much about a subject, we are inclined to be contemptuous of it. When we are well versed in a subject, we are inclined to be scornful of those who are dumb about it. Years ago I used to cuss Clifton Fadiman because he knew all the rules of grammar. And I lost much of my admiration for Sinclair Lewis when I found out he was a miserable speller. (He was a full-grown man before he learned that etc. is not spelled ect.)

Under this same law of human conceit, I cannot abide inferior punctuation. For the moment, let me dwell upon the dash. A small enough proposition, the dash, when considered in the light of the war in Vietnam, but I get all wrought up about it. It is a small thing, I repeat, but there are people who want to make it even smaller. A dash should have body to it. Length. Yet more and more I find that the puny hyphen is being engaged to do the work of the dash.

I have just been reading an old favorite, Jerome K. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat*, brought out in paperback by Doubleday. For years I had my own special troubles with the punctuation-*Führer* at Doubleday. So here he comes again, putting hyphens all through Jerome K. Jerome's splendid story when Jerome K. Jerome meant for him to use dashes.

Here is an example from the book: "There he lay-the man who had wanted

to know what time he should wake us-on his back, with his mouth wide open, and his knees stuck up." Look at those measly little sawed-off hyphens stuck in that sentence! Clod whang it, it don't read right! Shame on Doubleday! Are they trying to save ink? I suspect as much because in this same book such abbreviations as "Mr." and "Dr." and "St." are rendered without periods. A ghastly thing, at best, and a clear and distinct saving of ink.

I could have survived this annoyance, but suddenly I found myself reading a new Paul Gallico novel, issued by Coward-McCann. Know what is happening? That punctuation-pendragon from Doubleday is moonlighting over at Coward-McCann. In Paul Gallico's book, the same situation. "Mr" and "Dr" and "St" without the periods. Dashes not nearly long enough. And another thing that I failed to mention in connection with Jerome K. Jerome: The dialogue in each book is enclosed within single quotation marks. Only the dialogue that occurs inside of other dialogue has been put in double quotes.

Mark Twain once said that every man is surely entitled to his own punctuation. I agree, but I must add: not this monster! —H. Allen Smith.

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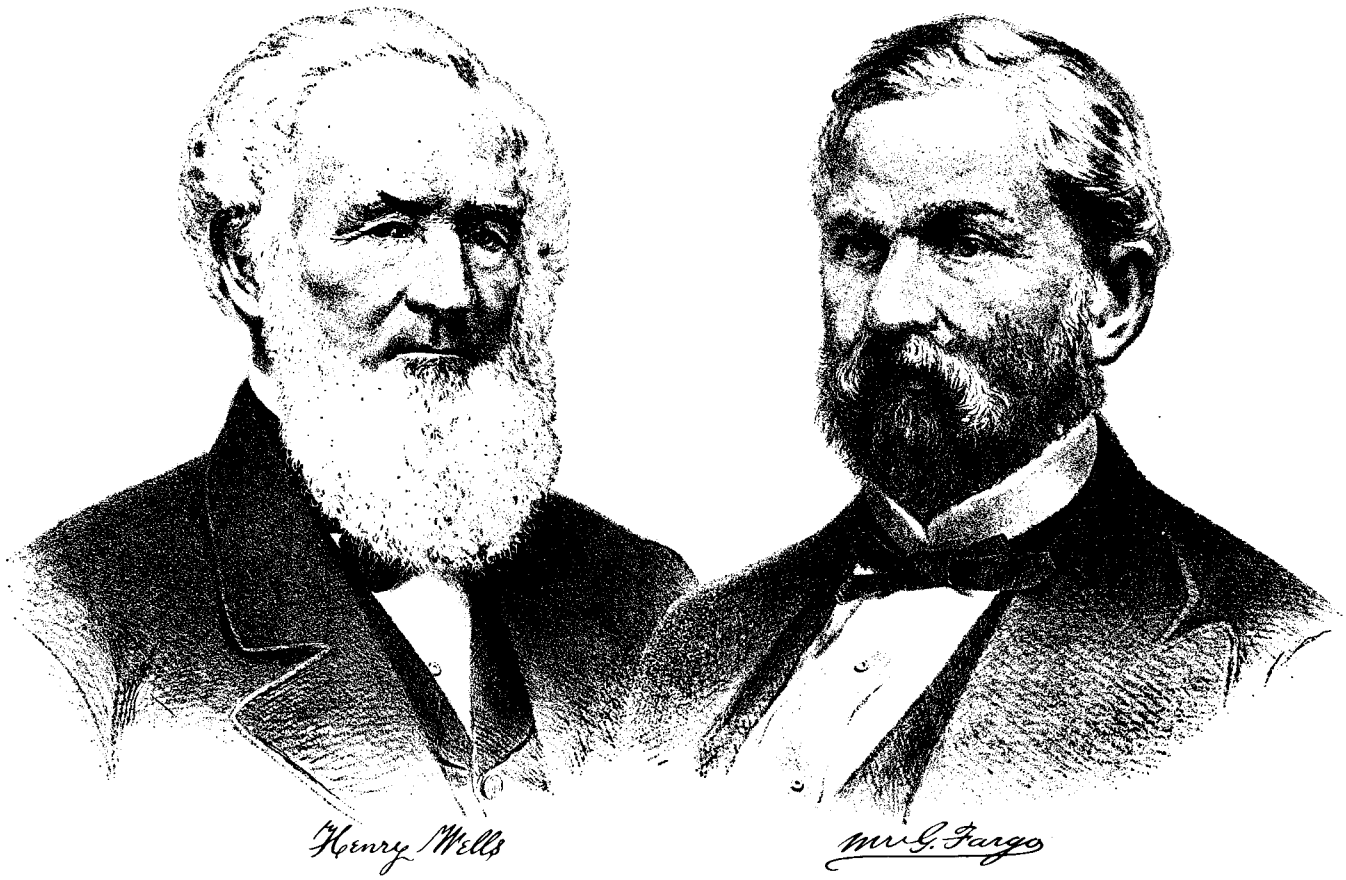

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State of Affairs

Henry Brandon

"A New Federalism"

WASHINGTON.

IT IS BECOMING more and more obvious that President Nixon has a conservative heart and a reformist head. He is not a crusader, but he is enough of a modern man to know reforms are necessary. He has been heard to say in meetings with his aides: "I don't want just to defend things; I want to do something."

In his first State of the Union Message, President Nixon touched on three major areas of reform: "total reform" of the welfare system; reforms to give people access to property rights; and "reform of all our institutions of government at the federal, state, and local level." This last he called "a new federalism."

It is nothing new to find that at times a conservative government can more easily push through certain basic reforms than a more liberal party can. Historically this has been true in this country as well as in Great Britain. Now both minority leaders, Senator Hugh Scott and Congressman Gerald Ford, are promising to press hard for the President's new welfare program. This should make it difficult for Republicans, as natural opponents to such a program, to oppose it, but even more difficult for liberal Democrats *not* to support it in the clinches, despite what they may consider to be its shortcomings. The same applies to the new federalism ideas, which Walter Heller began to promote during President Kennedy's days. But neither President Kennedy nor President Johnson thought that such a proposal stood much of a chance with Congress.

The authors of the "old" federalism —Hamilton, Madison, and Jay—argued first, that a strong national union was necessary in the interest of internal monetary order; secondly, that a federal compact was needed to enable the budding nation to make its influence felt in the world; thirdly, that such a compact would lessen the ominous "spirit of faction" stirring among the states; and finally, that national authority would not supersede local sovereignty—the rights of the states—in matters of essentially local character.

Recently, a paper outlining the adaptation of the old federalism to President Nixon's own ideas was drafted in the White House and circulated among Cabinet members. It deals primarily with how to limit central power, and it proposes that "a sea change in the approach to the limitation of centralized power is that 'states' rights' have now become rights of first refusal. . . . States' rights are now more accurately described as states' duties; this is a fundamental change in federalism. . . and provides federalists with two of their prime causes: the cause of regaining control, and the cause of fairness."

The new federalism, therefore, is designed to return certain powers to local authority, depending on the ability of a particular level of government to deliver the services. It also places priority on the distribution of money instead of services or food or clothing, and if that money is squandered on television sets and ice cream, the argument goes, it is the responsibility of the government at every level to educate the person how better to use money to stay healthy, rather than to assume control of the welfare recipients' money "for their own good."

The "cause of fairness" is reminiscent of Lincoln's appeal to the national conscience when he shifted the focus of the Civil War from "preserve the Union" to "end slavery," and of Franklin Roosevelt's referring to the Presidency as "primarily a position of moral authority." Today, this voice of national conscience leads some to favor disengaging "with honor" from Vietnam, while leading others to believe the United States should withdraw immediately because "it is an immoral war." How to resolve the *national* conscience in its clashes with the *local* conscience —a clash that is not new but rather reemphasized by the new federalism— will be one of the tests for this new doctrine. The Democrats, beginning with Franklin D. Roosevelt, realized that an individual, especially a poor or a black person, could no longer get fair treatment locally. At that level, for various parochial reasons, the odds were stacked against such persons, and so the New Deal and the Fair Deal were developed in Washington, and they sought to impose decisions on local authorities.

But today a growing majority of Americans assume that, while fairness *in principle* still lies in federal standards and minimums, fairness in administration usually lies closer to home. An example of how the new federalists must come to grips with a shortage of opportunity is the Philadelphia labor story. In that instance, the Department of Labor required unions supplying labor for contractors on federally assisted projects to show good faith in admitting more Negroes to jobs. The major question is whether, having experienced the lessons of abdication long ago, local governments are now ready for the second chance they will be given.

Could the new federalism blur party labels, as the White House paper tries to suggest: "The old liberal-conservative and centralist-localist calibrations will lose meaning when applied to a fusion of certain elements of liberalism and conservatism, of central concern and local consent"? Progressivism of the late nineteenth century, the paper points out, grew with roots in both parties, and, as a footnote to history, the paper cites an early draft of Nixon's "Bridges to Human Dignity" campaign speech containing an exposition of "black entrepreneurship." In its final version, the phrase was changed to the catchier "black capitalism." When Hubert Humphrey soon thereafter espoused the same idea, he could not, of course, unabashedly lift Nixon's slogan. So he wound up using "black entrepreneurship."

The question, therefore, of where Nixon stands politically becomes more complicated, and it is not easy to come up with new criteria, for the Left-Right syndrome is too simplistic. The shades of the "Southern strategy" continue to be an obvious influence in various Presidential moves and decisions, but Mr. Nixon is far too shrewd to let this idea dominate his policies; some very basic reforms are being injected into Republican policies, reforms that are bound to narrow the differences between the two parties. When that happens, it is usually the party holding the initiative that profits politically.

To avoid exposing their frequent contradictions, Mr. Nixon is careful not to trumpet too emphatically either his conservative or his reformist decisions. But as the anonymous author of that White House paper at one point says: "The new federalists replace the melting pot with the salad bowl." Leaving everybody, I presume, to select his own preferred dressing.

The paper concludes by pointing out a further disadvantage: "The new federalists can seldom operate with the flair and panache of a Theodore Roosevelt. The nature of their approach— the amalgam of national purpose and local purposefulness—condemns them in most cases to the soft sell, the underpromise, the counterpunch. . . . The new federalists' general tone cannot be stridently confident, because the new road is as unfamiliar to the leader as to the led."

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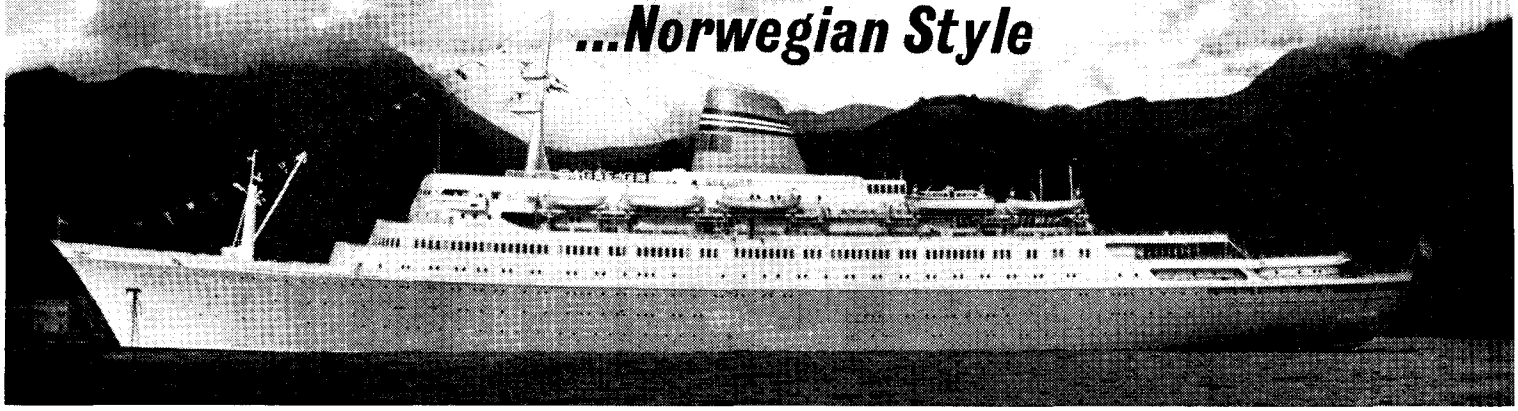
Even those hardy old Viking adventurers never dreamed of some of the enchanting places you'll visit on these

5 fantastic cruises

...Norwegian Style



How many of these—Zeebrugge, Ceuta, Avarua, Nukualofa, Easter Island, Tristan da Cunha, Conakry, Seychelles, Lourenco Marques, Pointe Noire—can you locate without your atlas? If your score is less than perfect, don't be dismayed. Even those intrepid Viking explorers who founded Norway's seafaring traditions would have drawn a blank on most of them. They're just a few of the offbeat places awaiting you on this fascinating array of cruises for 1970 and '71. And along the route, you'll see some of the world's most famous attractions, too.

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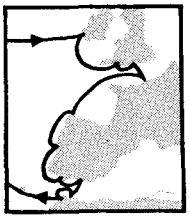

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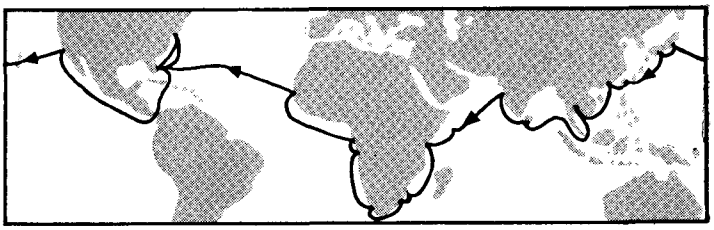

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TODAY'S HELLO COAXIAL HARRY CABLE HOW CAN ARE CARRY YOU? 32,400 GLAD CONVERSATIONS YOU SIMULTANEOUSLY. CALLED.

Next time you're talking long distance, think of this headline. For most of its journey your voice may be travelling with thousands of others inside a copper tube no bigger than a pencil.

It's called a "coaxial tube" and there are 20 of them over on the next page. Each circle with a dot in the center is a tube, and the entire bundle—called a coaxial cable—can handle 32,400 two-way conversations at once.

Millions of long distance calls are made each day in the United States. If each one needed its own pair of wires, there'd be so many wires between cities we'd have no place to put them.

All of which would not only be impractical. It would also be so expensive that long distance rates would be out of sight.

Squeezing more talk into less space is one of the things Western Electric has been working on for a long time, now. It's quite a job, because the more voices you put into a tube, the harder it is to keep them apart.

But at Bell Telephone Laboratories, where nearly everything we make is designed, they're working on equipment that will make that same cable take 81,000 voices. Western Electric will be making it as soon as Bell Labs has designed it.

Western Electric. We make Bell telephones. We also keep your "Hello Harry..." from getting mixed up with "Today's coaxial cable..."

Western Electric

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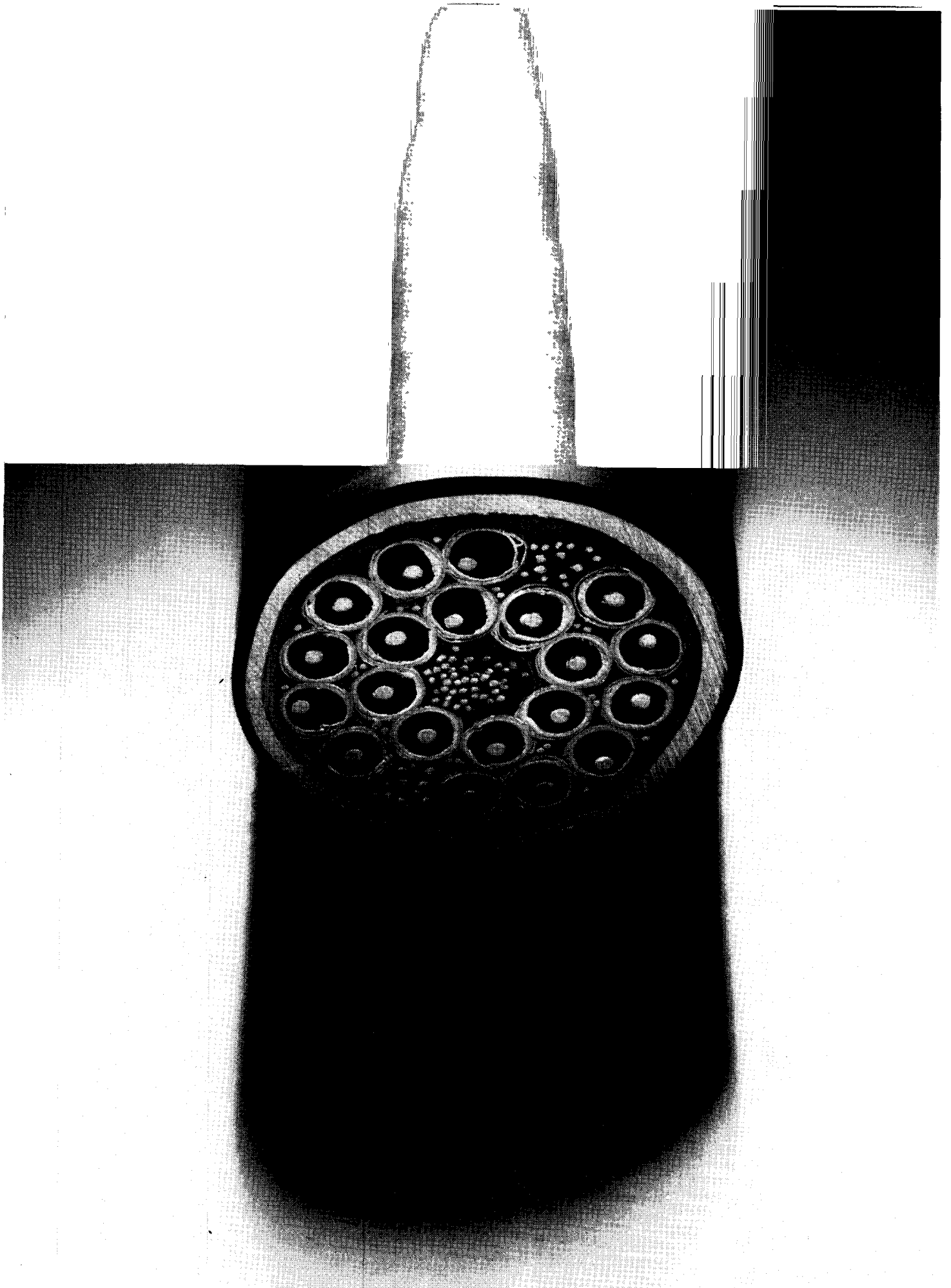

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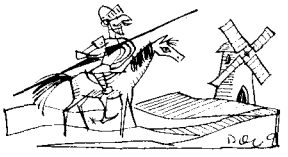
Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

"The Advent Season 1969 held special significance for the University of Delaware Computing Center," declared the December issue of the Newark (Delaware) *Compiler*. "As the shepherds and Wise Men of 2,000 years ago rejoiced in the coming of the long-awaited King of Kings, so today do faculty, students, associates, and friends of the University of Delaware rejoice in the arrival of the long-awaited new computer system on campus."

When the touring company of *Man of La Mancha* reached Atlanta January 15, that city of culture was agog, reports Wayne Moseley, sending me a clipping to prove it. The story in the *Journal and Constitution* was based on an interview with producer J. Lee Friedman, who was quoted as saying, "I've seen all the people who have



played Don Quoxite, and I've never seen one as fine as David Atkinson."

The author of the article continued: "Atkinson, in case you have missed the reference, will star as Don Quoxite in the now-famous musical of the knight who follows 'The Impossible Dream.' . . . The role of Don Quoxite was originated on Broadway by Richard Kiley, and later played by such people as Jose Ferrer, Hal Holbrook, and Atkinson. In the only production of the play given in Atlanta, Ferrer performed as Quoxite." The headline on this revealing story was: BEST OF THE QUOXITES? Well, there goes another windmill.

When I was reading the newly-published autobiography of the heavyweight champion, *Jack Johnson Was a Dandy* (Chelsea), I learned that as a teen-ager Johnson bummed his way to New York from Texas, because he wanted to meet Steve Brodie, who was supposed to have jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge and lived to tell about it. Johnson never found Brodie, and his story went on to other things. Only recently did I get a chance to look up Brodie and satisfy my own curiosity.

There was a Brodie, a young character who hung around New York's Bowery and who had a great need of personal publicity to satisfy his own ambitions. In 1886, he made plans to jump off the bridge. For six months he prepared for the feat, telling everybody. On July 23, the day of the event, he spent a long time in a tavern getting ready. Finally, a friend drove him in a wagon to the center of the bridge and left him there. A policeman came along and saw a dark object fall to the East River below. A rowboat picked up Brodie in the water, and he became famous at the age of twenty-three. He opened a saloon where people came to hear about his deed. The unanswered question is: Did he really jump? Most of his contemporaries believed he did, while there were also skeptics. But there was no one to prove he didn't, nor anyone to prove he did.

Thirty-six days later one Larry Donovan really did make the leap, no doubt about it. He survived, and was arrested and fined $10 for obstructing traffic. That's the way the ball bounces. Who ever heard of Larry Donovan?

I've got a bone to pick with *Panorama*, the magazine of the Chicago *Daily News*. In a quiz about World War II, a definition is asked for "SOP," a familiar GI term. The answer given is "standard operating procedure." I've been going around for years reminding people SOP is an abbreviation of the Army phrase "standing operating procedure," but everyone still says "standard." Even such proud reference books as the *Dictionary of American Slang*, published by Random House, and the *American Heritage Dictionary* further the error. If their editors looked up their own definitions of "standard" and "standing," they would quickly see why "standing operating procedure" is SOP.

Having won first prize in a contest by writing a statement praising an imaginary product, Florence Patrick shares it with us, as follows: "I like Sarcophagus cigarettes because: my Mummy done Ptolemy to switch from Camels (they Sphinx) to the brand that Pyramids pleasure; so barge in and asp for Sarcophagus cigarettes, by the pack or by the Khartoum."

The strangest description of a fight came on a radio show the other day. A Saudi Arabian was talking about crime in his country. He described a recent killing this way: "A man went into a restaurant and ordered food. The service was slow; so the customer took a knife and pushed it at the waiter, telling him to hurry. The knife went in too far, and the waiter bled to death."

Sharps and Flats: I don't know how come Ed Thomas of Oceanside, California, happened to be taking color photos of his television screen early one January day, but he was, and it's a good thing, for I might not have taken his word for what appeared on the screen. The first picture shows the words: "TV-8 Classroom, San Diego." The second photograph reveals the subject of that day's lesson: "Grammer, Punctuation, and Vocabulary."

► John Wesley Powell was the famous nineteenth-century geologist who explored the rivers of the Southwest and wrote about them. A customer came into the Chinook Bookshop in Colorado Springs the other day and asked for his book *Adam Clayton Powell Down the Colorado.*

► On her way up to the twenty-second floor of Vancouver's Georgian Towers, where there is a restaurant, Aileen McLean noted this sign: PLEASE DON'T DANCE IN THE ELEVATOR.

► I liked the advice Paul Steiner gives in *1001 Tips for Teens* (Pyramid): "When you go into a barbershop, always pick the barber with the worst haircut. Remember, they cut each other's hair."

► Ralph Martin's biography of Winston Churchill's mother, *Jennie*, has been published in England. The title has been changed to *Lady Randolph Churchill*. I say!

► Carol Danks asked her English class at Ohio's Stow High School for graffiti. The winner: "Hector was a drag."

► In view of the occasion, St. Valentine's Day, let us recall Oscar Wilde's words: "When one is in love, one begins by deceiving oneself, one ends by deceiving others. That is what the world calls romance."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1870)

IRVING WALLACE:

THE SEVEN MINUTES

The height of absurdity was about reached in Downey, California, when some literary vigilantes attempted to have Edgar Rice Burroughs' *Tarzan* series removed from library shelves because they thought Tarzan and Jane had never been married and were living in sin.

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On March 10, Tokyo's legendary hotel begins a new chapter.

In the heart of Tokyo, the Orient's biggest, most luxurious hotel. Fourteen hundred rooms, each with air-conditioning, color television and refrigerator. Ten superb Oriental or Western-cuisine restaurants, including the famous Theatre Restaurant Imperial. An experienced staff of 1,700 ready to assist you in every way. A unique blend of 21st century facilities and 19th century service—in the tradition of luxury begun 80 years ago. The new Imperial . . . and the legend continues. **IMPERIAL HOTEL, TOKYO**

T. Inumaru, President and General Manager

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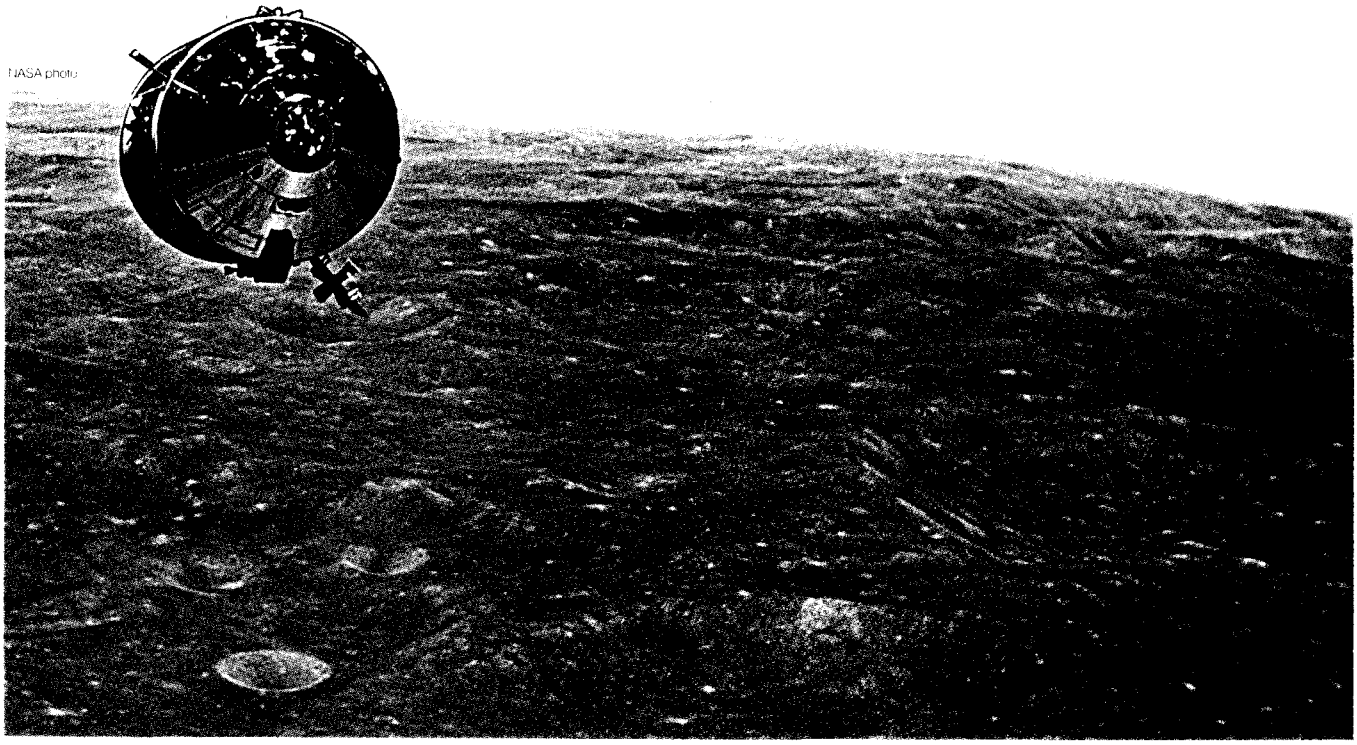

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Saturday Review
February 14, 1970

Prospect Street Moon

"All that could be heard was the heavy breathing of three men, three boys, hard at work, concentrating on a plan that would send them not thousands of miles — no, not this special and supreme time — but hundreds of thousands of miles into space."

by THOMAS J. COTTLE

From the bedroom of his mother's apartment, Gino Calibrieti is actually no more than four feet from the bathroom where Israel Raymond showers every day, or at least where he tells his mother he showers every day. They live so close together that when they were seven and eight, some two or three years ago, they used to meet on the street and make plans to knock on the walls of their respective rooms at a special time, the four-foot separation between these old walls apparently not making a significant scientific impact on them. Somehow they figured that their friendship was sufficiently close to make possible the conduction of sound waves through one brick fire wall, one wood frame wall, and across a four-foot area of outer space.

A year ago, they laughed together as they recounted their plan to run pipes through the buildings of such a width that with one fan blowing the air through one end and another fan sucking it out at the other they might be able to "zap" their secretly serious messages from room to room in the dead of night or, even better, just when they got into bed before falling asleep.

"Are you sleeping?" a message would ask.

"No, are you?"

"No. Who do you like better, Reggie Smith or Rico Petrocelli?"

"I don't know. Wanna play basketball tomorrow?"

"I can't. We're going shopping."

"Ugh."

Then the Boston winter came. For a time it seemed as though there would be few calls for their small snow shoveling business, but when February and March finally arrived their business "turned the corner," as Israel would always say when things "got good." Walking together to school each day, Gino and Israel whispered, dreamed, and plotted. After school, they shoveled snow from the sidewalks and driveways of their neighborhood. Gino's mother gave birth to a son early in the spring. Israel's sister got married on almost the same date. Both events confirmed the fact that time was moving. Worn out dates suddenly became brand new dates, even special dates to remember. Yet, those days of celebration also meant no baseball, and instead long trips by subway and bus to a hospital and a church.

I had lost touch with the boys for many months. I had my work to do, they had theirs, but one summer event surely would bring us together and give us much to talk over. Weeks before the space shot of *Apollo 11*, I received a phone call. Could I inspect the most recent drawings of their rocket, and maybe help them to purchase some small batteries for another mysterious project? We agreed to meet at my office. As always, they were early, their pockets bulging with bottle caps collected by carefully dipping bent clothes hangers into the slots of vending machines. They also had spent a bit of time riding the elevators to the top of my office building, where, indefatigably, they constructed their plans for the bombing of Harvard, a task undertaken from atop the fifteen-story structure about ten times a week during the summer.

Within minutes of their arrival, they had spread their maps and charts all over the floor. We all laughed in deciding to take our shoes off for fear of damaging the "blueprints" and illustrations. "You watch, man," Israel cackled, "your boss is gonna catch you in here with your big, fat, ugly feet staring up at him, and you're gonna end up—" He couldn't finish. Laughter exploded out of him and tottering around he ripped one of the drawings. Gino's exhilaration stopped, cut short. Swinging at his friend, he shoved him against the desk. When tempers subsided, matters were settled with Scotch tape, and soon the three of us, side by side, our bodies barely touching, were kneeling on the floor, our knees tucked under our chests, our elbows planted on the blueprints supporting our chins. Then, as the noises of corridors and elevators slipped away in time and silence, all that could be heard was the

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heavy breathing of three men, three boys, hard at work, concentrating on a plan that would send them not thousands of miles—no, not this special and supreme time—but hundreds of thousands of miles into space.

These were more pleasant times than the rainy September afternoons after school when these two young men and their friends would come around to other offices for psychological testing or physical therapy. It was more comfortable now and, of course, more exciting because Captain Calibrieti, Commander Raymond, and Doctor Tom were headed for the moon. So, the deep breathing continued, and we all became very brave men, the first to set foot on the crusty edges of the moon's most awesome craters. Unbeknown to but a few, these two men were engineering a two-week flight with a payload the size of outer space itself. No longer that "kid's stuff," Gino would remark several days later in referring to the now obsolete message-sucking-pipe apparatus. "This is adult work."

Truly it was to be the work of three adults. The proposal called for a three-man cockpit. Gino and Israel would face forward in the direction of a giant window. Built into the window were radio signals that would direct the spacecraft to the moon. I would face the rear of the cabin. Seated in a distinctly less luxurious chair, according to their design, I would have a smaller slit of a window housing less powerful radio beams that would stay in direct contact with the earth on the "trip out," as they called it. It was almost as if my job was to keep us in touch with earthly realities.

This was what the whole venture was about. Filled with television screens and tubing, batteries and boxes of circuits, tunnels to other spacecraft, and, conspicuously unlike the professional model, an enormous galley, this most marvelous invention, a hybrid of the *U.S. Enterprise, Apollo 11*, and, most importantly, the creation of the minds of two young men eleven years old from homes no more than four feet apart, was about to enjoin the fantasies and realities of generations of people. It was going to settle so lightly, so deftly, so silently on the moon that not even the spirit of history would notice the ripple that would be made. Then felt as if with a smile, as it settled backward and forward in time. We were going to the moon, I kept thinking.

"It all seems just about perfect," I said finally, my words waking us from daydreams. Gino and Israel were proud. Having received approval, they beamed a dazzling pride.

The two young men were talking science now, plain, unadulterated science. They jabbered about circuit breakers, override systems, yaw, generators of alternating voltages, electrical currents, burn capacities, and re-entry configurations. Their collaboration was immaculate. When one faltered, the other provided the language. When one ran out of ideas, the other always had one or two more, usually additions to the plan that naturally meant an entire redrawing of the rocket with the most recent innovation drawn in last. Never forgotten were those two special chair-couches etched with their initials, nor the elaborate storage spaces and psychedelic instrument panel. Never forgotten, too, was the oversized and overstuffed galley, its cabinets filled with all sorts of marvelous food packed in specially formulated outer space preservatives. Food storage cupboards were sketched in everywhere. Even sections of the galley floor could be mechanically rolled aside revealing racks of canned goods, freezing units for beef, vegetables, fruits, and ice cream, and uniquely tailored baking trays for breads, cookies, cakes, and pies. "You know, you don't get that hungry in weightlessness," Gino reported. "But just in case the ship has difficulty in its return mission we're gonna be well stocked."

At twilight, we were still on the office floor making arrangements to meet a second time. Using my key, they planned to enter the building to climb again to its broad rooftop lookout, this time to plot the course of the moonship against a backdrop of all the stars that they could count together. The plans to bomb Harvard were "junked," as they said. "Bigger things on deck to do." But importantly, their gaze, their very attention were moving upward and outward, away from the ground and the earth, away from the mud-caked postage stamp of dead land the city had given to them and their comrades as a local play area for the summer. Away, too, from the virulent and destructive noises of a city and the malnutrition that had brought these boys to the nearby city hospital where I first heard about them. Away from all this, for the galleys on the veritably hundreds of rockets they had conceived carried more food than existed on all of Prospect Street and its surrounding streets, and for that matter more food than in all the kitchens of Harvard and MIT, and probably Cambridge and Boston themselves.

For weeks before the adventure, Gino Calibrieti and Israel Raymond with the help of Lemoine Tanner, Bobby Clamper, Skippy Green, the twins Roddie and Roger Gaut, Roberto Visoni, whom everybody called "Toto," and others spoke nothing but the street, baseball, and moonshots. By the time July finally came, they had traded just about every ball player on the Red Sox and Orioles, returned Ted Williams to Boston, and redesigned their spacecraft from top to bottom. The only features remaining constant were the initialed chairs and the galley. All new machinery was projected one week, then scrapped. Out of a clear blue sky special German equipment was being flown in for undisclosed purposes. Then this too was canceled and transistorized computer consoles, made by a company in Japan, were installed. Toto reassured me that American interests possessed full purchasing and controlling rights of this company so that it wasn't as bad as it might have been. "You know, like in South America. Don't we make Cadillacs or something like that in Mexico?" he asked.

Thoughts of the moonshot had aroused a sleeping childhood in each of us. Sending people away from the earth meant not merely a colossal scientific achievement, for we all seemed to have feelings and thoughts transcending even the science of it all. It was just fantastic, the impossible come true. It was the stuff of the mind and imagination, the food of fantasy just plopped down right in front of you. "This is what makes it extraordinary for me," I thought, trying to explain it to Israel one afternoon over ice cream. "It's like what was once imagined and made into fantasy is now coming true. But everyone says that, don't they? Well, does that make it less or more true, I wonder?" But the thing that made it all great, although a bit frightening, was that the barriers to these fantasies, the very things that make fantasies safe because fantasies with barriers forever remain impossible, had been dissipated.

Without the impossible, fantasies aren't fantasies anymore, they're intentions. It's the barrier that guarantees that fantasies stay fantasies. Like the command module, our fantasies, and maybe even the entire temporality of childhood that encases them and renders them pure if not wholly comprehensible, were about to break out of the past's atmosphere and explode into the atmosphere of adulthood and adult truth. Even more; but how could I communicate this to Israel who had stopped outside a shop window and now stood swooning over sports equipment? Was there not something analogous within the psychological boundaries of fantasies and the atmospheric boundaries of the earth? Is there not some primitive or symbolic similarity in the substance of the invisible nature of air and fantasy? "Can you see gravity?" Israel once asked. And Bobby too wondered at one point, "If there is no

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air between Earth and the moon, why can they see anything at all? I'd think you couldn't even see the moon." We all pondered that a good long while.

But that's it, I wanted to exclaim to Israel, who peered through the glass at plastic batting helmets and tennis rackets. This trip of theirs, I mean of ours, in that giant rocket, was a bizarre and marvelous dream. There simply wasn't a thread of truth to it. The string of the kite, the tether of the balloon would be severed, and up and up we'd float, higher and higher, higher and higher. It was power and achievement, and life itself that would be ignited on Cape Kennedy. It was Icarian. But not for the boys. For them, it was the logical end of perception, cognition, attention, and work. It was a graduation ceremony of a sort. It was a rite, a natural and fitting conclusion to something.

"Man, I'd like to get me a baseball hat like that. It's off the wall. Reggie's got it. There's the throw to second. It's gonna be close. He's . . . out! It's not real, you know."

"What's not real?"

"That hat. The hat's not real. They make 'em for kids."

The four feet of space between Gino's and Israel's apartment houses has long been filled with crushed rock and rubbish. More than three years ago an apartment building in the rear burned down, and the city has never finished cleaning away the rubble and the large concrete pieces that once served as a foundation for eight families. "D'you know that a baby died in that fire?" Gino reminded us on several occasions.

It's dirty here. The air always so heavy makes one feel as though nearby buildings had just been razed causing the dust to rise from the crashing walls and roofs. Almost all of the mothers in the community have been on, are on, or contemplate going on welfare. They speak to strangers about the problems of their lives, and wonder aloud about their presents and futures as well as the futures of the children who run under the rotting porches, or sit upstairs in the bare rooms, listening to radios and keeping the flies away from a baby brother or sister asleep in a carton or on a pillow whose stuffings have been flattened by time. "My uncle saves the biggest orange crates from Florida for Mrs. Bisconti," Gino once remarked, his uncle being the owner of a small grocery store several blocks away. "He says she has so many children, he's got to get her a new box every three months."

"That's a lot of children, Gino. You sure he said every three months?"

"Yeah, I know. There's too many damn children on this street. There's too many on this earth. That's why so many of them are hungry. That's why they don't do nothing."

"That's the thing, man. Everyone's always just sitting around here, thinking of this and that. You can't get 'em to do things."

"You mean the other guys?" I asked.

"No, not really, you know. You know who I mean."

"You mean the men?"

"Yeah, kind of."

"Your father?"

"Man, I'm not even so sure I know my father. My mother always talks about some guy. He sounds like a bad guy, but I've never seen him. I think she probably still likes him."

"He's bad, bad, bad." Israel was laughing. "He's bad like you're bad, like we're all bad. You ever bad, Tom?"

"Yes. I'm sure I am."

"You bad like Gino's old man?"

"I don't know Gino's old man."

"Gino don't know Gino's old man." Both boys had blurted out practically the identical words. It ended the topic.

Walking back from the store, we spoke about the space shot and money.

"I'll bet it cost a lot of money to send those guys to the moon," Israel said. "Gillions, I'll bet."

"Gillions? Those guys are going to be millionaires," Gino responded. "They're gonna be rolling in money. They'll make more than you make, I'll bet." And they laughed again.

"I'll bet they do."

"Think of all that money they're going to get. Hey, do they get it before they go or after? I'll bet before just in case something bad happens; then at least they can say they had it."

"Naw, you're nuts, man!" Israel charged. "You think old Nixon's gonna give them all that stash knowing he may lose it?" Suddenly Israel had become his country's President: "You did a good job, Neil; now here's your reward. Give 'em the bread." He held his small hand out, palm up, and Gino laughed and spanked him a handshake. Then they both laughed.

The theme of personal fortune stayed with the boys just as it did with their friends. Little else about money seemed to matter to them. The astronauts would get rich, become heroes, and "probably never do anything that dangerous again." Nothing was said about priorities, how else money might be spent. Nothing at all. To broach the subject, to push it on them as they rode the elevators or pulled the bottle tops out of the machine at Chauncey's was to enter a dead-end street. It wasn't to be. The older kids had spoken to them of finding money for the "poor programs" as several called them, but the shifting of priorities, like the dizzying dreams, was something for my head.

What troubled them more than money came out in their fantasies of the moonshot itself. For while we all shared fears of imminent crisis, failure, or destruction, there emerged among these two Prospect Street neighbors two prophecies, repetitions perhaps of their own lives, of such extreme and panicked certainty that, within days after lift-off, they had extinguished for both Gino and Israel the glow of the entire enterprise and had blocked the flood of hope and exhilaration the boys had invested in and then derived from those magical blueprints.

Armstrong and Aldrin would not return from the moon. They would remain there forever, rescued too late by others who for years would struggle to the moon almost begrudgingly on their way back from Mars and from the sun. Bored and exhausted, new astronauts with more modern gear and uniforms would trudge about craters looking for the remains of boots, space suits, equipment, and human bones. Upon landing on the moon's surface, Armstrong and Aldrin would themselves discover that essential elements, indispensable tools or fuel or something, had been forgotten. They would remain hopelessly and, more importantly, permanently stranded. They would receive messages of sorrow and sadness and be bathed in the apologies and guilts of millions of Americans, young and old, "and Europeans, Russians, and Chinese. But they're not gonna come home."

"They'll never be forgotten," Gino said, embellishing his and Israel's mutual sense of loss as but a few weeks before they had reinforced their divine scientific collaboration with mounds of ideas and inventions. "All the best heroes die," Israel muttered to us. Then

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he thought a moment about his words. "I mean, you know, like President Kennedy and Martin Luther King. I have a picture of Martin Luther King in my room. I saw him once when he came to Boston. He looked right at me. . . ."

The good would go away, and, while someone or everyone, it didn't make a difference really, would know precisely where they were, and maybe even be able to telephone them or see their face in a photograph or on a television screen or reflected in the velvet of wrinkled and outworn memories, they could neither be returned nor reunited.

The boys told as well of imagined explosions at re-entry or lift-off, the failure of the command module to make connections with the LEM as one hunted furiously in darkness for the other, and equipment failures of all varieties. Clarence Carver came up with the notion that the astronauts would return to earth with what he described as "a strange and heavenly disease" and would die. "Ain't too many cats gonna go back up there and see what happened to their buddies. Those guys dead on the earth and all those brainy scientists sitting in their big offices scratching their heads asking, what do you suppose happened to *those* guys?" But the theme of omission, inadequate planning, and death persisted: No one was around to be blamed.

"It's not like war where the generals do the easy work and those other guys get it," Israel said. The punishment was their own, inflicted by themselves on themselves. For what Gino and Israel, Bobby and Clarence, and the girls, too, have learned in their homes and schools, in the shabby playgrounds three blocks away, at Chauncey's, at church, and most particularly in that four feet of space between their houses is precisely what a neighbor woman uttered a few years ago: "Ain't nothing coming to no one unless they got something already. The most important thing I got to teach my children is that, if they sit around waiting, they're gonna get armfuls of air. You make a move, the world's gonna make a move right back at you. You take this moon business. You know about that? You think it's bad and I think—I don't know. But it's gonna teach them a lesson. No one from the moon's coming here. We want to know about the moon, we go to the moon. We up and get up and go."

There will be no one coming to the people on Prospect Street. Not from the moon, not from City Hall. The children who spend their summers procuring wrenches to switch on the spray of water from the hydrants, then back into it squealing with a chilled ecstasy that echoes deep into the blackened stairwells of their homes and probably into their private histories as well, have learned about wishing. None of the young men and women who romp around the streets on those brilliantly hot days or duck under porches or into stores during the intense summer flashes of rain are quite able to articulate notions of reapportionment of federal funds from war and space to cities and communities and ultimately, possibly, to themselves. But they know what they have learned, and their urban explorations, such as they are, have been thorough and comprehensive.

"Gino, what do you think you might do when you get older?" We all sat together on a bench, several of its slats missing, allowing the boys to jiggle their bottoms over the cracks and spaces. Copies of the Boston *Globe* were spread out on the ground. Clarence and his cousin Arthur from Dorchester crouched over them, examining the fresh headlines, the crinkled pictures, and the accounts of triumphant astronauts.

"I'm going to be a welder. There's this factory here in Cambridge. My brother works there, and he says when I get older he can get me a job there, too."

"Maybe someday you'll be making space capsules."

"Naw. Big companies do that. This place is only a small outfit."

"Some deal that moonshot, eh?"

"You see them jump around?"

"Yeah."

"Yeah, but they should have been more excited. They shoulda said, 'Hey, you on earth, it's green cheese all right and there are tiny little moon people here, too.' They're all so serious."

"Aw, I got tired. They kept doing the same thing over and over again."

"Yeah."

"Hey, d'you see this thing about Senator Kennedy and his girl?" Arthur began reading aloud.

"He died, didn't he?"

"No, you ninny. They had this big accident. Was it on the Cape, Tom?"

"No. I think on an island near the Cape."

"What happened?"

"I'm not sure. He was driving a woman home, and they had an accident."

"Was it his wife?"

"No."

"Did they die?"

"No. Well, the woman did and Senator Kennedy got hurt."

"Pretty bad, pretty bad, pretty bad," Clarence said.

"What's going to happen?" Israel asked, just as he might have of a story his mother had read to him. "I mean, is he still Senator?"

"Of course he is. You gotta be unelected before you're no longer Senator," Bobby counseled.

"There ain't no such thing as unelected," Gino said, and they laughed. "Is there, Tom?"

"Well, there are ways that people who elect officers and Senators can try to get them out of office."

"Senator Kennedy gonna lose his job?"

"I hope not."

"Me, too."

"You like him, Tom?"

"Yes, I do."

"Me, too." And that was that. Soon they were off to buy something to eat.

Several days later I met Gino, Israel, and a few boys I previously had seen but did not know. Gino and Israel were introducing the boys to the office building, which meant several elevator rides and excursions to the roofdeck. I went up with them and recalled our first trip aloft, when I discovered how almost totally disoriented they were fifteen stories above the city. Buildings they knew from street level had become unrecognizable, and as for their homes, they barely knew in which direction to point. As I guided them through Cambridge and Somerville from our hallowed perch, they gradually began to catch on. Upper space had renewed meanings.

"Hey, there's Saint Peter's!"

"Is that it? Yeah, you're right. There's Saint Peter's."

"Can you see my house from here?"

"Over there. Over there. See where I'm pointing? Not there—there!"

"Hey, is that Prospect Street? Hey, that's Prospect Street! See it?"

But I wanted them to speak more of the space shot and of the astronauts. After all, I had research interests. Would they discover new heroes? Would the trip stay with them? It *had* mattered, hadn't it? Did they know of the truckers' strike still going on in their community? And what actually is a community or neighborhood, especially if you can't even recognize it from fifteen stories up? Why shouldn't all children know about elevators and really high rooftops? Why didn't they know of the hills around Boston before their climb, or their proximity to the ocean and what waits for them and only them on the other side? And why does an elevator ride to a public yet still secret lookout and a chance to peer into the offices not of famous men, but of strange men or just plain men, always end in a stop for food? And why, come to think of it, was I the only adult I ever saw them with? Where were Washington and Cambridge? Mayor White and Mr. Calibrieti?

Then, as we rode down to the ground floor, I came to see my special ones, Gino and Israel, not only apart from their novitiates, but separated from

(*Continued on page* 51)

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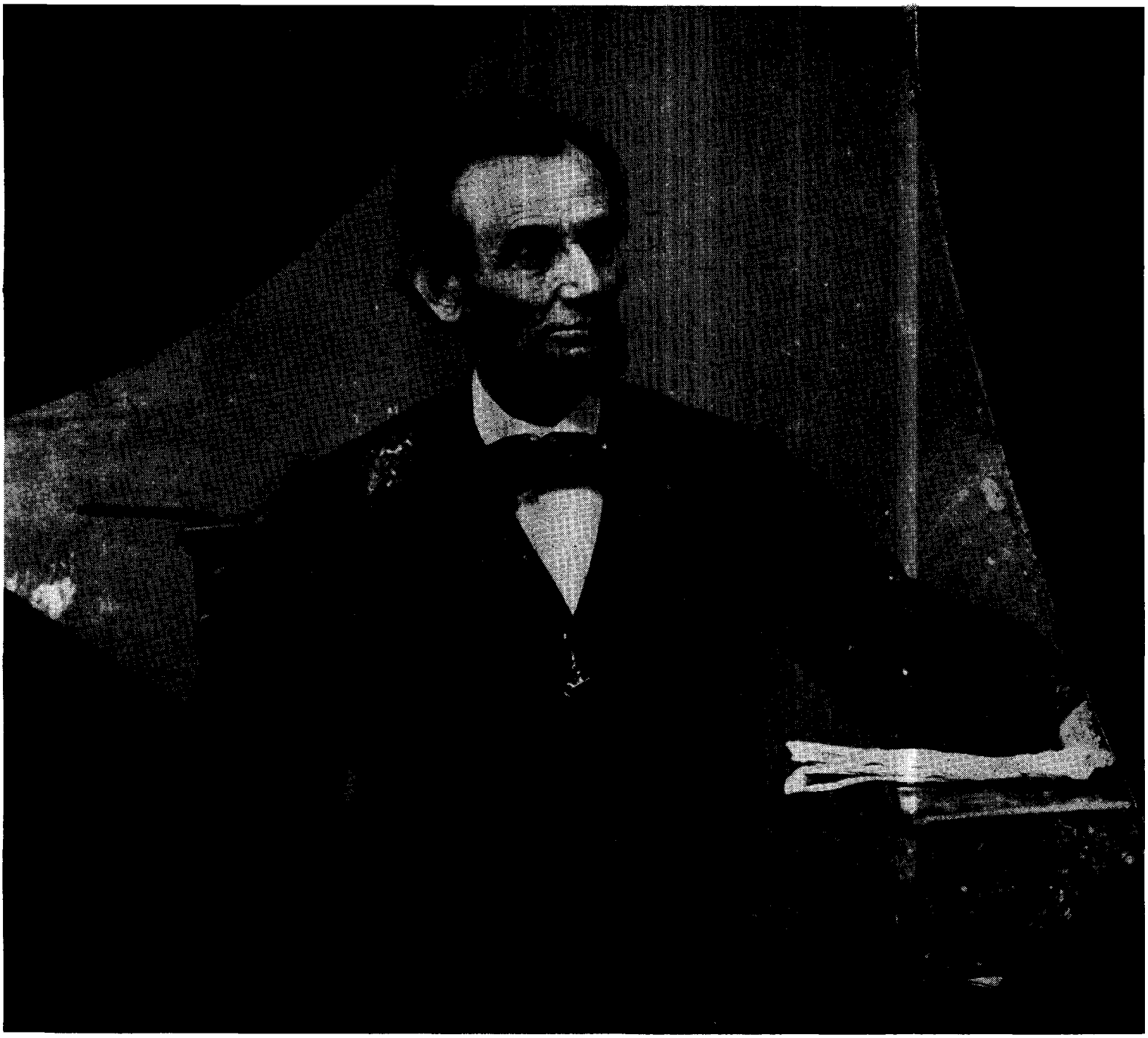

April 20, 1864, Cabinet Room, White House: by Anthony Berger (Lorant's "broken-plate" Lincoln find).

The Man Who Knows Lincoln

by MARGARET R. WEISS

At a time when pushbutton publishing can turn last week's news pictures into next week's scissors-and-paste picturebook (and too often into next month's remainder), it is comforting to be confronted by the latest edition of Stefan Lorant's hardy perennial, *Lincoln: A Picture Story of His Life.*

As a biographer of Lincoln, Lorant belongs to a fraternity of authorship that over the years has found the heroic figure inspiration for 5,000 volumes. What distinguishes Lorant's contribution is that all five permutations of his Lincoln story, as well as his other works on the Presidency and the American scene, assign photographs a major function in the unfolding of the narrative. Constructing what he calls "integrated illustrated history and serious pictorial biography," he uses pictures not merely as decorative accessories to the text but as full working partners in the creation and communication of a living document. "Pictures are part of my style," he emphasizes. "I make up my mind what I want to say. I outline and draft the text. Then I find the pictures to *express* these thoughts."

Most scholars would concede the

—Photographs from the Stefan Lorant Collection.

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camera's role in recording current history; few have granted it so large a share of responsibility in recounting past history as well. Lorant is an outstanding example of one who never underestimates the power of the lens to put historical facts and figures into focus. To just such a portrayal of Lincoln he has devoted the past thirty years, amassing in the interim an enviable collection of Lincolniana. Studio and dining room bookshelves in his Lenox, Massachusetts, home accommodate an extensive, specialized library. Storage-wall files house assorted prints made from the 105 daguerreotypes, ambrotypes, and wet-plate glass negatives that represent every known photograph ever taken of the sixteenth President; photostated copies of letters, speeches, documents, political cartoons, and posters; and a photographic inventory of statues, busts, masks, and portraits.

Search-and-discover missions to archives, libraries, museums, historical societies, and private collections yielded both the picture quarry and data to aid classification and chronology. The cut of beard or its absence, the style of collar and type of tie, the photographic processes used—any of these might provide the needed clue for diagnosis and cure of previous flaws in the pictorial bibliography. Accordingly, Lorant's first Lincoln biography published in 1941 was destined to become a chain of biographies, each one an extensive revision reflecting a fresh harvest of finds and an appropriate realignment of editorial emphasis or graphic relationship.

The question he has to answer most often is, "How do you find unknown pictures?" Among the finds that have resulted from his sleuthing, the first one—a full-length study taken by Mathew Brady on February 9, 1864—was uncovered in a Library of Congress archive of copyrighted photographs that other researchers had overlooked or failed to examine carefully enough. Next came the discovery of the "broken-plate" portrait—a likeness made by Anthony Berger, one of Brady's assistants, when the artist Francis B. Carpenter requested prints to serve as models for his painting—which surfaced in 1947 when Lorant visited Carpenter's grandson at his summer home near Pawling, New York. That same year also brought to light the existence of an ambrotype by Abraham M. Byers. A letter from a Nebraska bank secretary mentioning that such a picture had been willed to the University of Nebraska sent the biographer checking. The picture turned out to be one taken on May 7, 1858—the day Lincoln won acquittal for Duff Armstrong, son of the couple who had befriended him as a youth in New Salem.

A Lincoln head, silhouetted and pasted in Carpenter's scrapbook, was another buried-treasure item in the possession of the artist's grandson; the long-lost confiscated Jeremiah Gurney photograph of Lincoln in his coffin was rediscovered in the Illinois State Historical Library because of an alert Iowa schoolboy's spirit of inquiry. Most recent of the finds occurred in 1969. A hitherto unpublished 1863 portrait by Alexander Gardner, it is a large, sepia-toned, oval print, which the President himself had presented to his secretary, John Hay, and which the latter's namesake-grandson inherited less than a year ago.

What triggered Lorant's enduring interest in his favorite of picture subjects? By one of fate's peculiarly Hegelian twists, he became Lincoln's captive as a result of having been Hitler's prisoner. As chief editor of the popular picture weekly *Münchner Illustrierte Presse*, the Hungarian-born journalist was a magnet for the fury of the *Führer*, whose *Illustrierte Beobachter* was dwarfed by the giant's circulation, which had grown to 750,000 by 1933. During a half-year spent in prison, Lorant came upon a German translation of Lincoln's speeches and letters among the prison's meager book supply. "From then on," he recalls, "I had my yardstick for honesty, integrity, humanity, everything that was decent in a human being. Lincoln was not interested in the power of dictatorship over the South, but in true democracy. He never failed his own tenet, 'As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master.'"

To stem fear and boredom, he began keeping a detailed diary—which was to become the widely acclaimed *I Was Hitler's Prisoner*—and memorizing fifty English words a day from a German-English dictionary. Settling in London after the Hungarian government had maneuvered his release, he launched *Weekly Illustrated* for Odhams Press and founded his own picture monthly *Lilliput*. Later, as editor of *Picture Post*, he commissioned feature editorials from a writer named Winston Churchill. In 1939, at Churchill's recommendation, a special issue of *Picture Post* was devoted to the United States and its people. Intrigued by his three-week stint in New York and Washington, the editor returned to the States for a longer visit the following year—and remained to start the "third-language" phase of his photojournalistic career.

For Lorant, "a book in which illustrations play a dominant role has to be composed something like a symphony, with motifs and melodies carrying forward and developing the theme." Since harmony and counterpoint play a part in the orchestration of word and image, picture selection becomes critical. For *The Glorious Burden*, his wide-angle view of the American Presidency, 40,000 pictures had to be winnowed to a workable 1,500; *The Life of Theodore Roosevelt* required screening and evaluating 70,000 items, including thousands of photographs and hundreds of cartoons.

In the latter book's foreword, the biographer describes the editorial attitude that has disciplined all his work: "I attempted to create a certain pictorial style—using pictures as a writer uses words, or as a composer uses notes—and this was no simple matter. At times, the pictures would not fit into the story line; at other times, the story line would not lend itself to illustrations." As for the persistent problem of how to convey the passing of time, he notes, "Photographs, in general, do not reveal the time they were taken. A house is a house, a man is a man—whatever year the image is fixed on photographic plates. To indicate the passing of time, I made use of two devices. One was to print full-page photographs of T. R. at frequent intervals, starting out with him as a baby and following his growth through adolescence, college years, political career, and presidential terms. The changes in his figure, the maturing of his face show the passing of years. Another device was to place the portraits of public figures next to that of him—both pictures taken in the same year. For example, on one page young Theodore is juxtaposed with Abraham Lincoln; on another page he is shown as a young assemblyman next to a baby born in the same time—Franklin Delano Roosevelt."

The same device is evident throughout the new *Lincoln*, too. For instance, the page opposite a picture of the President lying in state at New York's City Hall presents a view of the funeral cortege passing through Broadway and 14th Street. The little boy seen at the window of one of the houses is identified as six-year-old Teddy Roosevelt, and the photo caption explains, "A Future President Watches Lincoln's Funeral."

Lorant admits to a measure of satisfaction when readers respond to his pictorial methods. A recent letter from an eminent political scientist on the Harvard faculty reported these impressions of the Lincoln book: "I have rarely felt so close to historical events. I can smell the streets, the rooms in the Springfield Statehouse, the carnage at Fredericksburg. The text is very good and is necessary, but it is of course the

(*Continued on page* 84)

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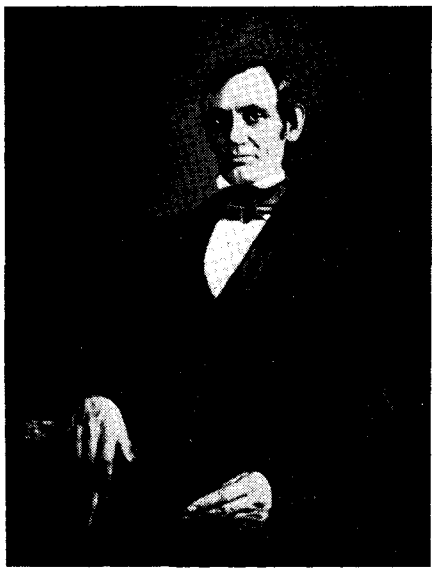
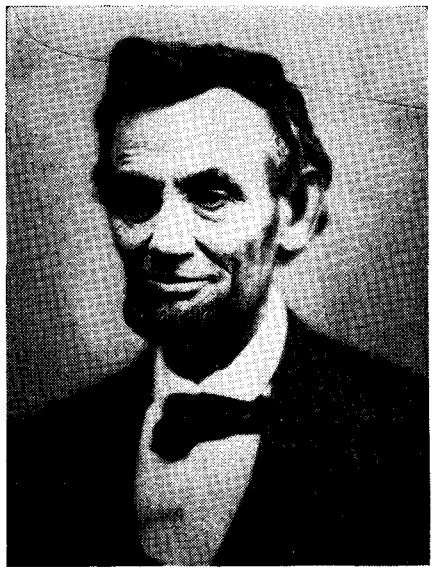
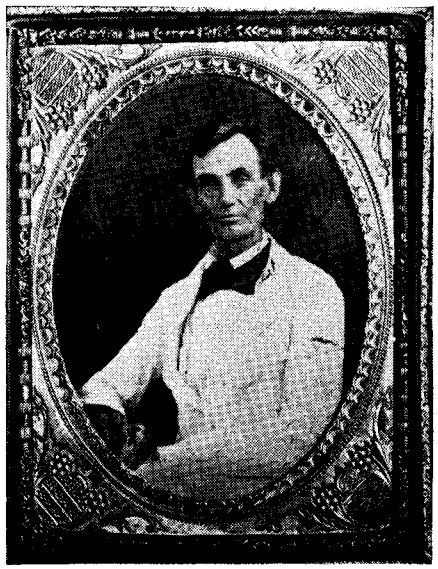


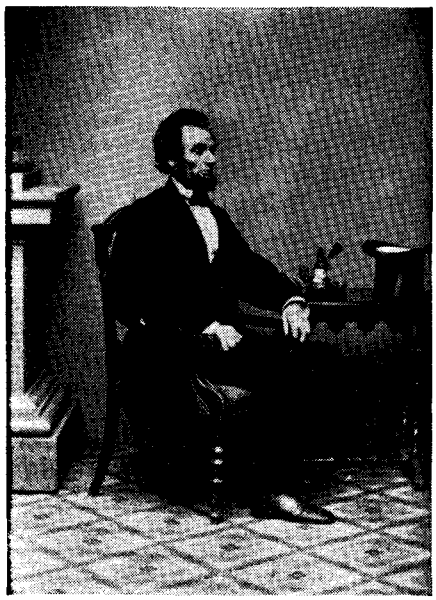
1847, Springfield: earliest known likeness (as Representative in the 30th Congress) —daguerreotype made by N. H. Shepherd.



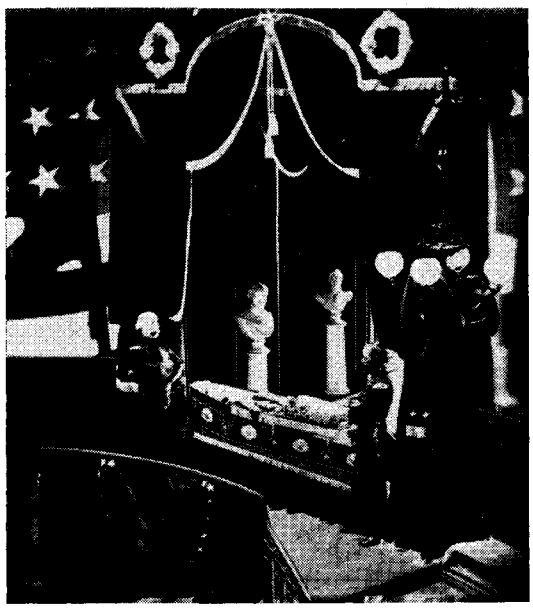
April 10, 1865, Washington: last photograph of Lincoln—made at artist Francis Carpenter's request by Alexander Gardner.



May 7, 1858, Beardstown, Illinois: a print made from the original ambrotype by Abraham M. Byers (a Lorant find).



February 24, 1861, Washington: first Mathew Brady picture of the President-elect, "expressly for Harper's Weekly."



April 24, 1865, City Hall, New York: by Jeremiah Gurney, Jr. Only extant print of Lincoln in his coffin (discovered in the Illinois State Historical Library).

November 8, 1863, Washington: by Alexander Gardner. The President with his secretaries, Nicolay and Hay. (Same picture with background of President's White House room painted in because Nicolay thought "it looked too bare.")

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Who Makes Our Foreign Policy?

When in March 1968 Senator Fulbright, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, openly challenged Secretary of State Rusk on President Johnson's Vietnam position, Congress signaled a halt to its lapse in sharing the responsibility of establishing U.S. foreign policy. For the first time since World War II, Congressional leaders, especially within the Senate, not only disagreed with the White House on a vital issue of foreign policy but began doing something about it.

Speaking along these lines, Dr. Francis O. Wilcox, dean of the School of Advanced Studies at Johns Hopkins, told an Ann Arbor audience at the annual Vandenberg Lecture that the most significant development in the government of the United States during the past thirty years has been the formidable expansion of Presidential authority. One by one, said Dr. Wilcox, "the powers of Congress have fallen into disuse. One by one, they have been whittled away. Slowly but surely the President has taken a larger slice of the foreign-policy pie. And the members of Congress are beginning to wonder where it will all end." Although John Adams said that the legislative and executive were "natural enemies," no partisan of the democratic system of checks and balances, and of separation of powers, can be unaware that the trend toward executive dictatorship has not yet reversed itself.

For more than a quarter of a century, Congress has been continuously losing power to the executive branch. It is no longer coequal with the executive and the judiciary, as Roscoe Drummond has pointed out: "It has lost control of the budget. It is not an adequate monitor of the administration. It is so burdened with trivia that it is rarely able to give priority to crucial legislation. At most points it is so understaffed with its own experts that, more often than not, it cannot give independent study to Presidential proposals." And, as Walter Bagehot observed a century ago, the fundamental weakness of the American system is not simply that it encourages deadlocks between the Congress and the President but that it yields no solution, no way of pointing out the responsibility when situations harden.

The trend toward ever greater executive control of foreign policy is an orphan of World War II, when Presidents Roosevelt and Truman sought, and the Senate obligingly gave them, extraordinary powers to deal instantaneously with critical wartime situations. When peace came, these powers stayed at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, and the quick succession of major foreign policies decided at top level—the organization of the United Nations, the Marshall Plan, the Truman Doctrine, NATO, SEATO—were seeded in the White House, not on the Hill. Cooperating at a high level of intelligence and selfless patriotism, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee helped underwrite America's posture on the Korean War (though Truman never asked the Senate to ratify the fact of war), the Berlin Blockade, the Middle Eastern and Hungarian crises, the disaster of the Bay of Pigs, the Cuban confrontation, and, under three Presidents, Vietnam. But the initiative came—after consultation, it must be added—in all cases from the White House and not from the Hill.

In these days of sudden flare-ups anywhere in the atomic world, the President has pre-eminent responsibility for foreign policy decisions, because there is quite often simply no time to convene the Foreign Relations Committee and to hold public hearings. Congressional leaders may be consulted and warned of the grim facts, but they and their cumbersome machinery cannot cope with instant crisis as we approach the twenty-first century. Just the same, the Senate in particular can be invaluable as a place of overview and lookout. The Foreign Relations Committee almost singlehandedly forced President Johnson to reverse his Vietnam stance when Senators Morse, Mansfield, McCarthy, Fulbright, Church, and other Democrats on the Hill became openly critical of quicksand policies and the annual boasting by the military. The President's dramatic televised statement that he would not seek re-election and would press immediately for summit peace talks in Paris was fruit plucked from a tree grown and watered on the Hill, not the White House lawn.

The federal Constitution expressly vests in the President the power of Commander-in-Chief of our military forces—the ultimate foreign policy. And the President has the power to make treaties with the advice and consent of the Senate. But nowhere in that great document did its enlightened authors specifically select the President or, for that matter, any other person or federal body to be responsible for U.S. foreign policy. In actuality, the State Department has done a preponderance of the legwork and the homework on which our foreign policy has always been based. Such Secretaries of State as Acheson and Dulles were virtually their own bosses when it came to America's relationships abroad, while Rusk and Rogers have worked more under the direction of the White House.

Over the years, however, the Senate has by tradition had a powerful hand in the formation of foreign policy, a trend only world war and its aftermath have altered in the recent past. Heartening as it is that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee is once again questioning White House overseas commitments, particularly in regard to undeclared wars, the sober fact seems to be that, in the swiftness required by an atomic age, foreign policy will more and more become the province of the Chief Executive with the Hill left only a sort of informal veto power, always after the fact and occasionally, perhaps, after the crisis has subsided.

—Richard L. Tobin.

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Letters to the Editor

Two Sides of Main Street

PETER SCHRAG in "Is Main Street Still There?" [*SR*, Jan. 17] is so right. The one breath of fresh air in the Main Streets of America comes from the schools. Generally staffed by people from the "outside," the schools stimulate and tantalize the students to what lies beyond the city limits. Then students and teachers both leave.

JUNE ZIELINSKI,
Muskego, Wis.

FROM THE PURPORT of Peter Schrag's article (to show the good points of Mason City, its "subtle forms of discrimination," "stagnating downtown," "time-threatened elms," and "crumbling streets"), I'm surprised that most of the people haven't flocked to the wonderful big city with its pollution, crime, filth, discourteousness, strikes, laziness, and bumpy streets. Look at the advantages of the big city: You don't have to run into people you know, you can pay county and municipal taxes (in addition to a few others), drive fifty miles to work, see a wider variety of movies, eat at a Greek or Spanish restaurant, and even buy more fashionable clothes. There's nothing like it, and it's getting better all the time.

I guess it's only the sensible people that want to leave Main Street for greener pastures.

RODERICK D. BUSH,
Riverdale, Md.

Theater's Health

EDWARD ALBEE'S "The Decade of Engagement" [*SR*, Jan. 24] is as provocative as it is generous in the scope of many of its premises. Mr. Albee's claim that "the condition of the theater is always an accurate measure of the cultural health of a nation" is a well put epigram. But does it not contain a confusion as to what is life and what is theater; what is culture and what is theater?

Is his statement historically true? Theater, as discussed in the article, includes plays and musicals. However, culture includes much more: institutions, the sciences, the arts, education, etc. Perhaps Albee meant the fine arts. But the fine arts, too, include more: opera, plastic arts, graphic arts, ballet, etc. Even restricting the statement to the fine arts makes the observation questionable: Didn't Milton write during the Puritan reign, Bach and Handel during the Baroque period—times when the theater, as discussed by Albee, was at a low ebb?

And Albee's comment that reality in the theater may be a wish to see what man wishes to see seems less than original when one considers the ancient arguments on man's free will. Does Albee question that the theater is the creation of the will of man and subject to man's wish and choice? Perhaps an investigation of the theater today could better begin with the assumption that the theater can never be of reality or engagement except in a virtual sense. To write for the theater is only to hold a mirror up to life; the image created is only a sample of life *in* time. The image of the theater should never be confused with reality or engagement—the latter can only be found in a life that is lived not depicted.

DOUGLAS H. SCHEWE,
Madison, Wis.

AS A STUDENT hoping to write serious drama, I approach the 1970s with much the same feelings as Edward Albee. I see a commercial theater which rewards escapist, pseudo-intellectual banter aimed at the middle-aged voyeurs who missed out on the sexual revolution. It is, by the same token, an establishment that dismisses plays like *Everything in the Garden* as unsuitable, due to the bitter reality of their commentary.

One can only hope that more of the theater's leaders will speak out against the rampantly shallow direction toward which the art form is moving. Because unless there is help from within the structure itself, the cry of the tyros could easily go unheard.

SUSAN DORMADY,
Michigan State University,
East Lansing, Mich.

The Art That Matters

RE: Larry Cohen's "The New Audience: From Andy Hardy to Arlo Guthrie" [*SR*, Dec. 27]. Mr. Cohen's premise that learning to write is not essential to maintaining art because movies are replacing writing is overstated. Agreed that movies as a creative form are reducing the amount of fiction writing that has historically been required to support moving pictures; however, there are two important reasons for continuing to learn creative writing.

First, the development of good fiction requires descriptive abilities that must be specific and complete to communicate. The fiction author must convey to the reader, in written words, the physical environment and the emotional attitudes of the people portrayed. This is not easy to do, and it is not easy to learn. Film audiences readily recognize nearly all of even the more subtle emotions displayed. Audiences recognize easier from the screen than from the printed page. However, the authors of good fiction in written form will continue to be in demand for film source material, exactly because they do set out specifically the textures of place, time, and emotions.

Second, the art of creative writing is essential to nonfiction. There is more history, criticism, politics, sociology, philosophy, and technical work being presented in written form than ever before. There is a need for talented authors to record nonfiction. Where fiction permits the wider scope of man's imagination, nonfiction severely restricts the author. It is this challenge, to operate within real time, real places, and real people, that demands the creative nonfiction writer.

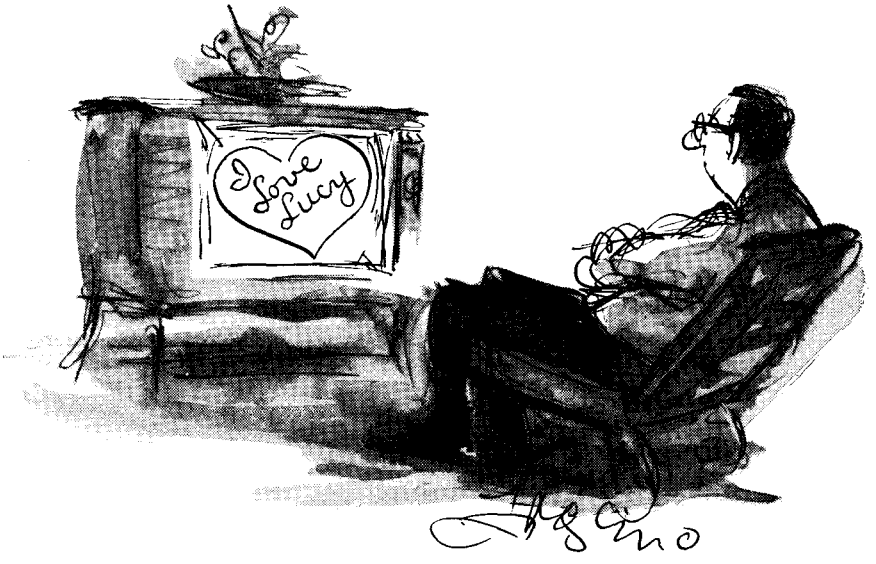
As Cohen said, perhaps students interested in moviemaking do little reading. But this may merely be characteristic of *those* students, and may not be indicative of students of other colleges in the same or other universities.

CHARLES F. TONNINGSEN,
Seattle, Wash.

One Pun

CLEVELAND AMORY'S desultory search for the coming decadence of the Seventies [TRADE WINDS, Jan. 24] could use a trifle more rigor. That billboard did not advertise two Warner Brothers albums, but the noted San Francisco rock group the Grateful Dead and their new album *Roll Over and Play Alive*—get it?

HOWARD A. CINCOTTA,
Oxon Hill, Md.



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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Black Hopes

TODAY'S emerging black playwrights face a somewhat different problem than did Lorraine Hansberry in 1959 when she wrote *A Raisin in the Sun*, or James Baldwin and LeRoi Jones in 1964 when they wrote *Blues for Mr. Charlie* and *Dutchman*. For no longer is it sufficient to arouse a white audience's pity for the persecuted black man, or even to threaten white theatergoers with violent revenge for the racial injustices they and their ancestors have allowed to exist. Presumably neither the white man's pity nor his fear is now regarded as adequate motivation to help solve the black man's problems.

Thus, most of the more recent black plays tend to describe and examine aspects of today's black experience in such a way that black audiences will understand their situation and take realistic and practical steps to improve it. That this may also help white audiences to understand that black militancy is not necessarily malicious may be a secondary benefit.

LeRoi Jones himself is represented this season with *Slave Ship*, temporarily docked at Washington Square's Theatre-in-the-Church, 137 West Fourth Street. In a striking setting of a slave ship and its cramped human cargo quarters designed by Eugene Lee, the playwright unrolls a scenario almost totally lacking in the bitter humor or the poetic dialogue that have marked his previous work. Instead, we are asked simply to relive the black experience of enslavement, of being sold at auction, and of an embracement of Christianity that has in the playwright's opinion deterred the Negro from taking sufficient positive action. Jones seems to repudiate Martin Luther King, and to endorse the black nationalist movement as the appropriate repository of his hopes. The lack of sophistication and artistry in the writing suggests that *Slave Ship* is intended not as art, but as propaganda. Furthermore, the propaganda is obviously addressed to the black population Jones would shame out of its dependency upon the church.

Some of the newer black playwrights appear less inclined to endorse specific political answers, even though their thinking may be similar to Jones's. Charles Gordone's *No Place to Be Somebody*, which has just reopened at the Promenade Theatre (Broadway and 76th Street), comes to grips with the futility of black racism, and successfully dramatizes a wide spectrum of alternate attitudes, each of which may be temporarily tenable, but ultimately unsatisfactory. The play locates and emotionally expresses the pain of the present state of black affairs, and leaves us with the impression that only the most radical reforms of all American society will really solve the problems of the American Negro.

An admirable attempt to describe some of the delusions today's Negro is tempted to adopt was made in the musical *Sambo*, which had a short run at the Public Theater. Written by Ron Steward and Neal Tate, this intellectual fantasy followed the fairy tale character through a jungle of fashionable temptations for innocent Negroes. Unfortunately, its ambitious outline was too densely and artificially packed with complexities that were difficult to dramatize, and it became an emotionally unconvincing exercise.

Charlie K. Russell's *Five on the Black Hand Side* at the American Place was reminiscent of the style of the late Langston Hughes, as it treated with humorous exaggeration a preposterous family situation. However, it wedded the past with the present when it resolved the situation by the application of black militant tactics. The comedy was broadly entertaining, and perhaps suggested that the larger aims of black nationalism are not apt to be achieved until the Negro comes to terms with personal problems less related to the racial struggle.

The latest addition to the list is Joseph A. Walker's *The Harangues*, which is currently being presented by the Negro Ensemble Company at its St. Marks Playhouse residence. The play consists of two musical interludes and two playlets. The interludes compare the tragic spectacle of an African leader killing his own infant son because the world is not yet ready to allow him a life of dignity in it with the more modern and more hopeful portrait of a black revolutionist, who is about to be captured and killed, willing his son to live on after him and to continue the fight.

The playlets, which for the first time in the company's distinguished three-year history integrate white actors into their casts, offer us views of corruption that infects both whites and blacks. The first of these "harangues" is a frequently amusing satire in which a young Negro opportunist named Cal has got a white girl pregnant. He sets out to murder her wealthy Texas stepfather so as to inherit some of that wealth. Cal enlists the help of his best friend, and the cue to attack is established as the moment when Cal remarks, "Do you know that Moby Dick was really a black whale?" But if Cal can be subverted to the materialism of the white Establishment, so can his soul brothers, and the ending of the play rather melodramatically demonstrates how money goes deeper than racial unity. Robert Hooks plays Cal with a light touch that neatly keeps the focus on the play's comic ironies. He is abetted by David Downing's relaxed portrayal of his perfidious friend, and Robert G. Murch is convincing as a practical man who grew up in a tough white neighborhood in Harlem and emigrated to Texas where he ruthlessly became rich by a studied adherence to "acceptability."

The second playlet is larger and more powerful. Its protagonist, Asura, is an elderly black man crazed through years of repression and his inability to get work as a TV director. He enters a bar and proceeds to force its owner and three customers to prove their virtue or to be shot by him. He has the hallucination that the whole ordeal is being televised, and at key moments in the action shouts to an imaginary cameraman to focus on a patently false racial cliché. But as played with controlled madness by Douglas Turner, Asura emerges as quite undeluded about the corrupt nature of his potential victims. These are a black man named Lee, whose militancy hides a desire to be white, a white girl named "Billy Boy," whom Lee has made pregnant and who has a nymphomaniacal obsession for black lovers, and her "liberal" brother, who is a cowardly homosexual.

Asura tests them all, and finds only "Billy Boy" to be worth sparing. Unfortunately, his plan is forestalled by accidental factors, and the virtuous die while the corrupt live on. At the end of the play, we are left with the marvelously bitter image of Asura cursing the world with fierce profanity. Within the short span of the taut action, none of the characters have much opportunity to reveal themselves more than nominally, but maybe that is why Mr. Walker calls his creation a harangue. Whatever its faults, it does succeed in expressing the playwright's passionate distaste for the hypocrisy and corruption that infect both blacks and whites.

All things considered, it is significant and promising that so much of what is most memorable in this season's theater is the product of new black playwrights, and how many of these are seeing the racial problem as more complex than black vs. white.

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An essay review of "Casualties of War," by Daniel Lang (McGraw-Hill, 123 pp., $4.50, paperback $1.50)

The New Man: The "Compleat Soldier"

by DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J.

"Mistreatment of any captive is a criminal offense. All persons in your hands, whether suspects, civilians or combat captives, must be protected against violence, insults, curiosity and reprisals of any kind. Leave punishment to the courts and the judges. The soldier shows his strength by his fairness and humanity to the persons in his hands."
—Instructions issued to American soldiers on tour of duty in Vietnam.

I have been a soldier, killer, unjustified
murderer of yellow people.
I have been to the center of my life
where the animal lives
and the rivers run red with blood.

I have come home now,
to the night I have come, through the
village of dead children.
through hell
to this night, to you.

listen to me church,
listen to me my friends of the church,
if we are not moved by Songmy
nothing will move us.
and not even God will save us from
hell.
—A poem written by a returned Vietnam veteran.

After the Tet holiday attacks in South Vietnam in late January of 1968, the air route from Saigon to Hanoi by way of Vientiane slowly resumed its schedule. The initial flight, after the merciless bombardment of the air strip of Saigon, was something more than an ordinary airlift of mail and personnel in and out of the enemy capital. It "flew out" the first American airmen to be released in the course of the war into custody of American peaceniks. So Howard Zinn and I, aging resisters of no mean experience, spent two unlikely hours in the air corridor between the two capitals, in the company of three men hot from the forge of military prison.

Howard Zinn's thoughts and mine were, as we recall, of modest scope. Freedom? We had huddled with the "enemy" in subterranean Hanoi barrows while iron American fists punished the face of the city. We had walked through the evidence of American air atrocities in the Civil Defense Museum, with its eerie bottles of human organs cut to ribbons by improved anti-personnel weaponry dumped day after day on the city. We had spent several hours with the airmen before their release, discussing our return, its meaning and mode. We had permitted the three prisoners to probe and question us, to gain whatever confidence they could extend to two unknown and bone-weary saviors.

But it was the two-hour flight back to Vientiane that I recall most vividly. Talk, talk, one-way talk, coming our way. Drinks, fueling the fire, were served by a stewardess for whom such puddle hops between points of danger were a matter of weekly experience. I remember, at one point, the clean-boned, twenty-two-year-old junior officer I sat with leaning across the aisle toward his two companions. He was joking about the relative merits of something or other connected with their bombers: Navy Air Force *vs.* Army, the difficulty of taking off from land strips or carrier decks. His left arm went up like a boomerang or a sail in a fast wind, to demonstrate a point about relative skills. His point

FATHER DANIEL BERRIGAN is currently a visiting professor of literature and theology at Cornell University. His latest book, an account of the Catonsville trial, will be published next month, and his *Collected Poems* will appear later this spring.

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40 **"Martin Luther King, Jr.,"** edited by C. Eric Lincoln; **"King: A Critical Biography,"** by David L. Lewis

44 **"Sanctuary V,"** by Budd Schulberg

49 **"Something in Disguise,"** by Elizabeth Jane Howard

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made, the three laughed aloud like schoolboys on unexpected holiday.

Indeed, the mood, easily understood, was something like that of a Sunday afternoon ball game in Hoosier, Wisconsin. A bit of joshing, a sunny day, somnolence, an hour of rest, an errant ball or two catapulted into the high grass of left field, a crushed toad. Something accomplished, something done, they'd earned a night's repose.

After Ben Suc, after Songmy, after five years of mounting irrational horror, after three Presidents and their words, words, words, after goodness and innocence and grandeur and domestic violence and decay, finally and perhaps pathetically after Catonsville, I may be pardoned for a certain wariness, even a certain necessary hardness, in face of this book and its minor American atrocity, the "Event of Hill 192," a Vietnam incident of November 1966.

The guilty place at least as heavy a burden upon us as do the innocent. The question of this book is not so much how to avenge a raped and murdered Vietnamese virgin as how to deal with her technological and primitive killers, the Americans who in most instances are ready, in sky, on sea or land, to perpetrate such deeds as are recorded here. These are the "casualties" produced by military training; by a concatenation of decisions in the vast majority of which no single man has had any voice, though they may affect his culture, his religion, his schooling, his home; or by the slow wet-rot of brain and heart that claims lonely men for its own, waging as they must a war for which no rationale can be offered and no outcome announced.

The incident of Hill 192 is yet another in a series of war crimes to reach our attention. The facts of the case were drawn in the main from the court-martial of four GIs. Prosecution was initiated by a fifth, who had had no part in the crime. That fifth man (whose identity, along with those of the others, the book conceals for obvious reasons) was a member of a patrol in the tortured Central Highlands of South Vietnam. The patrol was assigned to collect "early warning information" about enemy intentions in the area. Their mission required hardy resources of stamina and skill to penetrate deep into enemy territory during a period in which men would be very much on their own, in which "you could count on the unexpected to happen."

The sergeant in charge of the mission concluded his briefing; his final words were a dumbfounding bait. The five were to get themselves a woman "for the purpose of boom boom or sexual intercourse, and at the end of five days we would kill her." The sergeant said "it would be good for the morale of the squad."

Glacially, murderously, inevitably, events transpired according to plan. The march began. They came on the girl in a hut sometime before dawn, asleep with her family. She was routed out, was led along by the patrol, her mouth stuffed with a scarf, her shoulders burdened with the pack of one of the more ingenious among the five. In an abandoned hut some distance from her village she was raped by four of the soldiers. Her cries reached the ears of "Sven Eriksson," the fifth, who had moved away some distance from the hut, abstaining from any part in the outrage.

After the mass rape, the soldiers departed for a reconnaissance tour. Eriksson entered the hut, fed and reassured the girl, and after a desperate effort to concoct some means of saving her, heard the approach of the returning patrol. He realized in a moment of frenzied despair "that there wasn't a thing in the world I could do for her. It was the hardest decision I've ever had to make, and it couldn't have been the best possible one, or Mao wouldn't be gone today."

Given the spiritual climate created by war, at home and abroad, there could of course be no "best possible decision." Eriksson knew it deep in his bones. He had already been threatened and derided. He had no balls; if he refused to join the bacchanalia, he might easily become a "friendly casualty." Two graves instead of one: the victim and her spotless knight. But to what avail?

The girl's agony and Eriksson's marched forward, like a frozen event recorded on a Greek vase, fired and cooled in time. The girl was dragged off into the brush by "Clark," "his hunting knife hidden in one of his hands." When the defense counsel challenged Eriksson during the court-martial to describe the stabbing, he responded: "Well, I've shot deer and I've gutted deer. It was just like when you stick a deer with a knife—sort of a thud—or something like this, sir."

Every study of guilt is also a study of innocence, inevitably, life being something more than a deer hunt. Even in 1970 men can still hear the cry of a stuck deer. Eriksson is the amplifier of that cry, that animal keening, panting, dying in its native bush. A soldier to be sure, a fighter, a hunter not quite converted to the

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hunt as a lifelong vocation. His will stood firm, be it noted, even after he had failed to come on a way of saving the doe, even after his life and the lives of his family were threatened by the hunters. Quite a man!

The screw is given another turn. For the hunters are an integrated crew. One of them, an officer to whom Eriksson later told his story in an attempt to get an inquiry going, was a certain Reilly, a black soldier. As a chilling response to Eriksson's experience on Hill 192 Reilly offered his own story. It had to do with Everyman (black) in any American city at all (white). His was in fact the simple education of any U.S. Negro in the system that binds him body and soul. His wife, he related, had given birth to their first child on the floor of an Alabama hospital after she had been refused admission to the delivery ward. The father, witnessing the birth of his son had gone berserk. He had tried to wreck the place, had been arrested and jailed. The name of his eventual recovery room was, quite literally, Vietnam. "By the time I got out of jail, I was saying to myself, 'What's happened is the way things are, so why try to buck the system?'. . . . Better relax about that Vietnamese girl, Eriksson." "Sven had to do what he did," his wife said later. "If he'd kept quiet, he would have been impossible to live with."

The long, lonely agony of Eriksson was under way, that agony whose inception and course is very nearly the only light to shine upon these sinister pages.

The struggle of Eriksson was, I surmise, a little like the moral journey I followed from Hanoi to Catonsville. Certainly Zinn and I came to realize in the course of our visit to Hanoi that the main issue of our voyage, whatever its merits, was not the ferrying of three pilots to safety and "freedom" out of a jail presided over by an implacable enemy. Compassion toward the victims was only one facet, one attitude to be taken. Compassion must be politically understood. Otherwise such ventures as ours could only lead to the bootless and witless journeys we have witnessed in past months of innocents abroad, the widows and the bereaved beating upon the doors of the bargaining agents in Paris. Or such ventures as ours might even lead to the journey of the righteous and rich toward Hanoi in a jet loaded with Western plunder—Santa and his frozen Christmas dinners. No, another question must be asked. Did the billionaires, the bereft wives of America, know anything of Fort Dix and the Presidio and Captain Levy and Leavenworth and the documented torture of Americans by Americans? Did they know of the phone calls we received in the dead of night shortly after return from Hanoi—calls from prisoners' wives, phoning under interdiction of the Pentagon, to learn something of the fate of their loved ones? Could they realize that the enemy was holding American prisoners as one slight bargaining point in a war that was moving closer to the edge of genocide? Did they know that the American military, according to all available evidence, was treating its own sons with a savagery far beyond any experienced at the hands of the "enemy"?

These were indeed unanswered questions as the war went on. Such a war could hardly educate Americans in the truth that underlay the endless irrational character of the war itself. Indeed, such a war was designed simply to blind and retard the moral sense of the aggressor, to guarantee that his crimes against humanity be multiplied; finally, to bedevil the enemy into crimes of his own in retaliation, in revenge, in defense, in despair. For the fact is crime begets crime, an iron jaw promulgated in such times as ours. It was a law recognized even by so unreconstructed a cold warrior as France's Charles de Gaulle: "When the great powers resort to violence as the ordinary way of conducting their affairs, it is not to be wondered that the lesser powers follow suit."

The powers, big and small, follow suit. But Eriksson threw down his hand. That gesture of the powerless! A single man moved away from the doorway of a hut where an intolerable outrage was in progress. He sat down alone on the grass to one side of the structure; periodically he raised his field glasses to gaze at distant points. "The whole thing made me sick to my stomach. I figured somebody would have to be out there for security, because there were Vietcong in the area."

Eriksson did not save the girl, an agony borne home to him in the months and years that followed the crime. Eriksson; modern man in the raw, anti-hero, or demi-hero, his wits—in literature or in life—no better than the ill times create or allow. Not much of a man, some would say. And still, not a killer, which is, the times being what they are, a very great deal. A powerless man, relatively pure in intention, scattered in his moral resources, on his escutcheon written: "Better a live jackass than a dead lion." He can come on no way of saving others. He is, under the iron, cynical glance of power, utterly powerless. Scrounging about on a savage errand for some way to outwit death, he can come on nothing, whether of surprise, of debate, of moral force, of non-violent resistance; he is very nearly empty. No way of saving another. Basically and irredeemably decent as he is, life appears to him as a gauntlet of grinning, whoring, itchy-fingered men. They are his peers; they wear the same clothing as he, with all the implications stitched into that cut and jib—a uniform that grows on a man like a new skin, the skin of a predator. And as the skin grows, so do the members; the fingers of his hands grow, too, into a stick of iron that belches fire on summons. An obscene biological charade, the "compleat" soldier, the new man.

The other four, the Four Horsemen, have passed their rites of passage. It is no wonder that they are eager to perform on a distant people those deeds that might (or indeed might not) be forbidden to them at home. But they have come into manhood in the only way known (or in fact allowed) to certain Americans today—scrambling for bucks, heirs to small-town (read also Big-Town) puritan morality, small-town (Big-Town) racism, tax squeezes, having no power, fewer alternatives in a dwindling future, no political illumination from above; reared in a cheerless, mortician-minded religion, the sedulous ape (except in instances of violation of special privilege) of the Big Brother state. There is nothing for these men in "normal" society, neither roots, nor schooling geared to their needs, nor land, nor spiritual hope, nor a frontier against which to set their faces. So they grab finally, or are grabbed by, the military, are washed clean in that baptism of the damned, are inducted, swear their oath to Caesar, are clothed in the new garment.

Eriksson had gone nearly the whole way. But at a certain point he stepped aside. He could buy the bag; he could not buy its consequences. Near the hut, as the girl cried out within, he stood aside, a heretic. He had bought in, but only to a point. The rape and death of the innocent, though they might be the logical and inevitable consequence of war, were too much. It made him sick to his stomach—a good sign, a fairly constant one among the inarticulate, stiff-necked men and women who, for no specially attractive or well-reasoned motives, live and die less badly than most of us today.

Two years after the event of Hill 192 I flew with three Air Force men from Hanoi into freedom. On that flight the three joked like adolescents about their planes, their skills, their capers. They conveyed nothing of the dumb and dogged sense of the truth of things, the complicity and gravity of men up to their necks in death,

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that marked Eriksson so strongly. And none of the steamy sex starvation that drove the four others, like brutal siegeworks, into the body of an unknown girl. No, the Air Force is the *haute bourgeoisie* of the militarized American Seventies. Its decisions are clean and meticulous; the planning room on high, the charnel house far below. The Air Force is much like the eagle that is its symbol; even its sex is sublime. One could not have imagined the three officers lining up, like neighborhood kids at a Good Humor cart, for free goodies in front of a hamlet shack. No, Air Force sex too partook of Sunday afternoon at home; it was a family affair like dinner after church, its issue the crewcut godly ditto sons sprung from the loins of ditto fathers.

The lives or fortunes of such men as these have little interest for us, not even the interest men desperately attach to the question of their own survival or the survival of mankind. Which is merely to suggest that the military method of the great powers is finished as a way of making history. Vietnam is the last spasm of its legitimacy, and that legitimacy has sputtered out over the village dump to which we have reduced a proud and ancient culture. The military method is finished. In the case of the airmen, abstract mass death from the skies. In the case of the infantrymen, death close up, sweat, sex, a hunting knife, the cry of a girl. But death in each case, the death of the innocent as an end of things, the death of the protagonists—the "casualties" implied in the title of this book, those agents of death poking away at the dirty end of a systematized, interlocked chain of murder.

Such faithful and obedient men are of no interest to us, except to prove—dead serious or jesting, drop-outs or War College grads, neutral or religious, ambitious or despairing—the bankruptcy, the burnt-out instance of conscience, the debased methods of the military Dispos-All.

Yet my thought returns again and again to that anonymous resister, so like his companions in every way, armed like them, uniformed, trained, obedient. What made the difference, at the icy point of drawn knives? Was it a young wife at home? (But at least two of those who raped and killed were married, and one had a two-year-old daughter.) Was it a kind of simple dogged decency, or what we used to call *pudor*, still uncorrupted by a hot-crotch culture? Was it the freedom from racism that marked his background, Minnesota being in this regard typical of neither the North nor

(*Continued on page* 42)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Clarification

IT WAS A PLEASURE to see Nathan Hare's review of our *Black Anti-Semitism and Jewish Racism* [*SR*, Jan. 24]. We would, however, like to clarify one point. Mr. Hare breaks off in the middle of his discussion, going from James Baldwin's essay in our book to a piece by James Foreman in one of the other books under review. And right after that he takes up the essay by Rabbi Jay Kaufman in our collection. We are sure you would agree that it would be unfortunate if a reader seeking Rabbi Kaufman's essay were misled into looking for it in the wrong book.

Incidentally, the names of the other contributors to our volume (which, Mr. Hare candidly admits, mean nothing to him) may well be of interest and familiar to many of your readers. They are Nat Hentoff, whom Mr. Hare lists as editor of the volume, Albert Vorspan, Rabbi Alan W. Miller, and Walter Karp and H. R. Shapiro, who write under the name of *The Public Life*.

RICHARD W. BARON,
New York, N.Y.

NATHAN HARE REFERS to "any criticism of Israel's policies, including imperialistic collaboration with the United States," as over-reacting. This is the type of verbiage that surely leads to black anti-Semitism. One wonders what imperialistic aims Mr. Hare has in mind. A black man should know that the struggle for the right to exist will lead men to seek allies where some human sympathy can be expected.

LAWRENCE CROHN,
Detroit, Mich.

Exact Words

IN RE MR. LOUIS WALINSKY'S review of Mr. Eugene Black's book, *Alternative in Southeast Asia* [*SR*, Jan. 24]:

Mr. Walinsky says, "Among the most questionable [assertions] are Mr. Black's judgments that: to lay stress on the South Vietnamese government's venality and corruption is somehow akin to racism, that moral ideas have dominated our diplomacy . . ."

Perhaps your readers would be interested to read exactly what Mr. Black wrote, since it is central to his thesis:

> . . . If we regard that war, as some do, solely in its moral dimension (as though wars could ever be justified morally in our time), we are in for serious trouble. Perhaps the greatest danger in relying too heavily on moral justifications in the determination of foreign policy is that, when things go wrong, as they inevitably will, the natural tendency is to blame others, not ourselves. I find very unwise the strain of criticism of the war that tends to blame all our difficulties on an imputed corruption and venality among those in South Vietnam, particularly in the government, with whom we have been working most closely. This criticism starts with an assumption of lofty moral purpose on our part but degenerates into something very like racism.

NATHANIEL M. MCKITTERICK,
Washington, D.C.

Mrs. Royce on Josiah

IT IS UNGALLANT to quote a wife against her more famous husband, but Milton Konvitz's review of books about and by Josiah Royce [*SR*, Jan. 24] is sufficient temptation to repeat a story about the Royces heard at Harvard Divinity School in the early Twenties. Mrs. Royce told family friends: "Josiah reminds me of our little daughter. Her favorite game with herself is to hide a doll, search for it all over the house, then squeal with delight when she finds it where she had put it."

JOHN T. STEWART,
Crystal City, Mo.

"Saint" of Women's Liberation

PERMIT ME TO DEFEND *SR*'s reviewer of my book, *The Roman Years of Margaret Fuller*, Glendy Culligan. She was attacked by a lady in Kansas (Book Forum, Jan. 17) for not having read the letters of Emerson before reviewing my opus.

I do not really see why Emerson's letters should be a prerequisite. My book makes clear his relationship to Margaret, and includes new material about their intimacy —much, much closer to physical than previously supposed. It was Emerson himself who spoke of Margaret as "attractive-repelling." Fortunately, she was attractive, only, to the handsome young Italian nobleman who fulfilled her womanly nature. . . not her Transcendentalism.

Mrs. Culligan was quite right in saying that modern women owe allegiance to Margaret Fuller. With her political, social, and psychic insights she should be the patron "saint" of the women's liberation movement.

Perhaps the lady from Kansas should take the trouble to read *The Roman Years* along with Emerson.

JOSEPH JAY DEISS,
Wellfleet, Mass.

Full-bodied Being

A. ALVAREZ'S CLUMSY, unfeeling review of Brigid Brophy's talented, delicate and delightful full-bodied being [*SR*, Jan. 24] is too typical of the critic at his devastating witty worst.

CLYDE MARTIN,
Chelmsford, Mass.

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One Thing and Another

John K. Hutchens

This old house called Wave Hill, which looks out from Riverdale upon the Hudson and the Palisades, has certainly known some writers in its time. After all, William Makepeace Thackeray and Thomas Huxley visited here in the 1850s when William H. Appleton, the publisher, owned it, and Samuel L. Clemens rented it for awhile in the Seventies. But had it ever known, a reporter wondered the other day, a writer quite like Erich Segal? There may never have been another writer quite like Erich Segal, formerly of Brooklyn and Harvard, now of Yale and, I guess you might say, of the Athens of Euripides and the Rome of Plautus, because among other things he is an associate professor of classics and comparative literature.

Mr. Clemens, meet Mr. Segal, who is wandering around your old library observing the filming of a scene from his first novel, *Love Story*.

"What's your book about, son?" asks the author of *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*.

Mr. Segal is understandably too busy talking with the beauteous Ali McGraw, the feminine lead in the movie, to hear the question. The reporter takes it upon himself to reply.

"It's a very short novel about a Harvard boy, old New England, and a Radcliffe girl, Italian-American, who fall in love, are married despite family opposition, enjoy early success and great happiness in New York, and then are struck by tragedy."

"Sounds old-fashioned," says Mr. Clemens.

"It is, and moving and frequently funny, too."

"Language clean?"

"By today's standards, extraordinarily mild."

"The publisher?"

"One of your old ones, Harper & Brothers, now Harper & Row."

"I wish him well."

"He's doing pretty well right now," says the reporter.

The truth is, young Mr. Segal, thirty-two, has been doing well for some time. At Harvard (Class of '58) he wound up as a varsity track man, Class Poet, and Latin Salutatorian, then went on to work for his doctorate there and to teach before moving to Yale in 1964. His published scholarly work includes *Euripides: A Collection of Critical Essays, Roman Laughter,* and his translations of three of Plautus's comedies. The wildly assorted Segal shelf must contain also the text of the Beatles' *Yellow Submarine*, of which he was a co-author, and possibly it will someday house *R.P.M.*, a Stanley Kramer picture now in production in California.

Meanwhile, there is *Love Story,* which was a film script before it became a novel. Amid the ordered uproar at Wave Hill no one could remember offhand when the film version of a novel of any quality had gone into production before the publication of the novel itself. Quickie novels have of course been slapped together on the basis of a film success, but *Love Story* was on its way as a book well before its publication date (February 4): a book club alternate selection, a magazine condensation, a paperback contract.

Mr. Segal, slight, brisk, good-humored, was clearly enjoying himself greatly, and it wasn't simply because he was ahead by about $100,000 before the film would reach the screen or a copy of the book was in the stalls. In fact, it's rather a modest sum, all things considered. No, it must be that he is a man of extreme natural energy and ebullience. For the Harvard track team he ran the two-mile in a respectable ten minutes. Even now he runs ten miles every day, weather and other matters permitting. That is correct: ten miles, in about seventy or seventy-two minutes, he said, pausing briefly to clock himself. He has competed twelve times in the exhausting twenty-six-mile Boston Marathon, and will have another go at it this April. He drinks nothing stronger than wine, and smokes not at all.

To fellow-writers, who tend to be sedentary, this has to sound rather repulsively healthy. But it would be hard to imagine Mr. Segal as unlikable. In the course of a press junket to Wave Hill (which the City of New York acquired in 1965 and makes available for just such cultural frolics as this) he answered the usual questions cheerfully, and even threw in a few answers before the questions were asked. The son of a rabbi, he suggested that "all Jewish teachers of the classics are secular rabbis." Someone was sure to ask what his father thought of certain pungent words and phrases in *Love Story*, moderate as they are. "My father is in the Elysian Fields," said Mr. Segal, "and, I hope, enjoying himself." Had he written the film script of *Love Story* with Ali McGraw in mind because of her triumph as the Radcliffe girl in *Goodbye, Columbus*? "No," he said. Miss McGraw, stunning in an off-white jersey, smiled pleasantly. In reality she is Wellesley, Class of '60, but is happy to be going back again, so to speak, to Radcliffe. (How lucky can Radcliffe get, even vicariously?)

—Hella Hamid.

Had Thackeray ever known a writer like Erich Segal?

The filming was going along at the usual crawling pace, the endless but not aimless puttering with lights, the tape measurement of distance from the camera to this or that, the jargonish gabble among director, cameramen, and performers. The scene was more or less a simulation of the library in Harvard's Dunster House, and the action concerned a performance of Bach's Fifth Brandenburg Concerto with, at this point, Miss McGraw's stand-in at the harpsichord. It required about six hours to prepare what will be a minute and a half in the completed film. During all this your reporter poked around in the pseudo-Dunster House library, noting titles of the books there. *Little Women* was present, but not Plautus.

"We rent 'em from a property storehouse," said an assistant director, "and a lot of 'em are dummies. Cuts down on theft and hauling charges. They're lighter."

From an outlet somewhere in the room came a minute or so of the pre-recorded concerto, with the performer-musicians playing away in synchronized movement. The reporter suddenly recalled that among Wave Hill's famous tenants, back in the 1940s, was Arturo Toscanini, who knew a thing or two about Bach, and how would he be reacting to all this? Perhaps he and Mr. Clemens would be outside comparing notes on what had come to pass hereabouts since their respective heydays, but when the reporter stepped to the window and glanced out there was nothing at all but the noble Hudson, carrying islands of ice down to the sea.

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Israel's Incoherent Response to an Incoherent Arab World

by MANFRED HALPERN

THE BIRTH OF ISRAEL: The Tousled Diplomatic Bed

by Herbert Feis

Norton, 90 pp., $3.95

EGYPT, THE CRUCIBLE: The Unfinished Revolution of the Arab World

by Harry Hopkins

Houghton Mifflin, 533 pp., $10

SUEZ: The Twice-Fought War

by Kennett Love

McGraw-Hill, 767 pp., $10

PALESTINE AND ISRAEL: The Lethal Dilemma

by Hisham Sharabi

Pegasus, 224 pp., $6.95

Nothing is less likely to justify God's ways to men, or men's ways to God, than the history of the international relations of the Holy Land. The walls of Jericho had tumbled repeatedly before Joshua arrived as its first Jewish conqueror. The first converts of Christ were neither the first nor the last Jews to be persecuted and banished from Jerusalem by foreign imperialists. The Christian Crusaders paid no heed to the fact that Muslims, who first heard the message of Islam (*i.e.*, "surrender" to God) and conquered Palestine in the seventh century A.D., acknowledged Abraham, Moses, and Jesus as authentic prophets. Man has found it difficult enough to keep alive the illusion, let alone the reality, of the sacred in his relationship to God, his kin, and himself. The fatal flaw in man's past devotion to holiness has been his inability to sustain the illusion or the reality of sacred connections with strangers. Yet most of us are strangers to each other. As a result, we become mere objects or mysteriously evil or wholly invisible to each other.

The decisive pressure for the establishment of Israel arose as a consequence of the unwillingness of Europeans to act jointly and in time to end domestic injustice and national aggression and so prevent, among other results, the death of millions of Jews. After the Holocaust, many officials in Great Britain and the United States fought persistently against the migration of the survivors into Palestine, but without fighting to enlarge the narrow gate for emigrants to the West. (Herbert Feis, international economist, historian and former adviser to the State Department, recounts this episode in postwar diplomacy with great knowledge, economy, and sympathy.) Most of the Zionists seeking to return to the Holy Land spoke and acted as if no Arab majority had been living there for over a millennium.

For several decades now Israel has been engaged in one of the most rapid, creative, and successful transformations of individuals and society of any country on earth. But most Israelis have thought of the million Arab refugees created by the establishment of Israel in 1948 as a problem for Arabs. The Palestine Arab *fedayeen*, however, are struggling to solve this problem by destroying the state of Israel and allowing only those Jews to remain who arrived before 1948 and are content to live in the Holy Land as a minority under Arab rule.

The history of politics in the Holy Land inspires no confidence in its peaceful future. The main lesson learned so far by the Jews, Muslims, Christians (both Arab and Western), and agnostics (on all sides) concerned with the Holy Land seems to be that God is on the side of the big battalions. (The leader of *al Fatah* called himself Arafat, the name of the mountain to which all Muslim pilgrims go after leaving Mecca in order to throw stones at the devil.) The apparent triumph of superior power calls attention to a half-truth that lacks the vital half. The military victory of Great Britain, France, and especially Israel in 1956 did not topple Nasser or end Arab attacks on Israel. The spectacular 1967 victory of Israel did not bring her peace. The life-generating but still missing part of the truth is that power which is not used to fashion new connections that allow for constructive collaboration among strangers remains destructive power. Why are encounters between Israelis and Arabs, Arabs and other Arabs, and those between Western and communist powers in the Middle East still solely a competition in demonstrating greater power for destruction?

Kennett Love, a former *New York Times* correspondent, provides us more vivid, thoroughly researched details than anyone else heretofore on why the Suez attack of 1956 produced so few of its intended consequences. The clash led to blockage of the Suez Canal instead of assuring its opening; it strengthened Nasser's régime instead of overthrowing it; it hastened the decline of British influence instead of arresting it; it encouraged Algerian nationalists to persist in their battle for independence rather than yield. Indeed, even if the British-French aggression had been successful, it could have achieved nothing except the incitement of a much larger and more violent Algerian type of rebellion in Egypt. The Israeli aggression won exits to the sea that had to be re-won in 1967.

Through a long but carefully wrought chain of conversations, documents, events, and memories Love envelops us in a strangely old-fashioned drama told in a compelling yet misleadingly old-fashioned way. He shows how British Prime Minister Eden and French Prime Minister Mollet mistook the challenges to their countries' remaining colonial positions in the Middle East and North Africa as being personally caused by Nasser (but not why Eden, the former Arabic scholar at Oxford, and Mollet, the leader of French socialism, did not understand the world-wide causes of anti-colonialism). Eden and Mollet were ready to cast Nasser in the role of Hitler because Munich and Hitler constituted the central experience of their political lives, and politicians presumably are always best prepared to re-win their last triumph. It is no clearer than before why "modern" societies tend to elect leaders who reassure them by recalling familiar values and goals, while societies with revolutionary leadership, conscious of new problems, are still often thought of as "underdeveloped." We see how Eden's clarity of mind was seriously affected by his damaged liver, but we do not learn what ailed half of Britain and most of France and Israel when they enthusiastically supported aggression.

John Foster Dulles was bent on closing the Middle East to Soviet influence, but succeeded in opening it instead.

MANFRED HALPERN analyzed the Near East, South Asia, and Africa in the State Department for ten years before joining Princeton University in 1958, where he is now professor of politics. He is the author of *The Politics of Social Change in the Middle East and North Africa* and of a forthcoming work, *The Dialectics of Transformation in Politics, Personality, and Society.*

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Dulles held rigid legalistic-moralistic views on communism. He maintained such opinions because he did not understand the causes of change in the modern age, and therefore tried to overcome his anxiety by focusing attention on what seemed to him the single, overwhelming evil. Yet it is not possible in any predictable way to help or hinder others with whom one has no genuine connections; one can only threaten to do them harm if they move. We had no connection with either the USSR or Egypt, and since we meant by the power of destruction to contain them both solely in terms of our own aims, we provided them with a common interest.

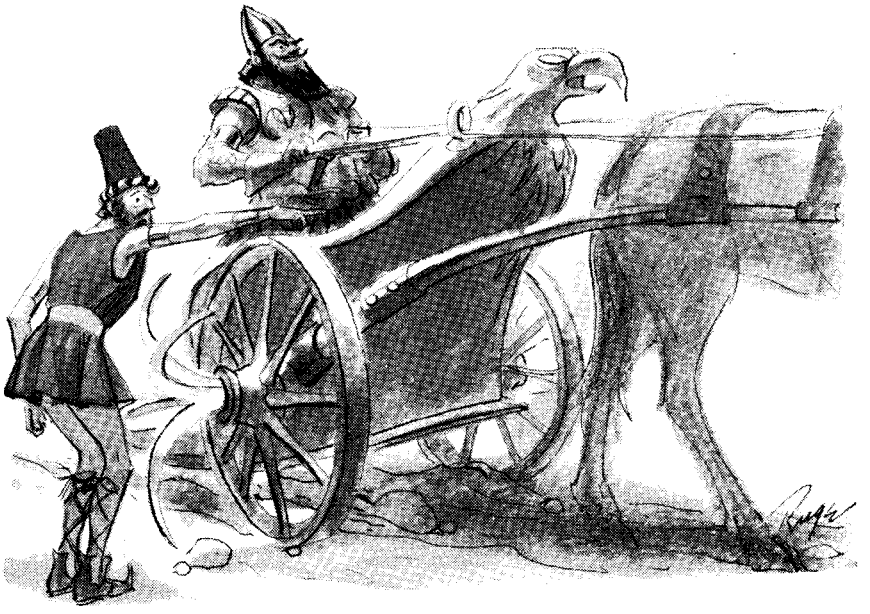
It is therefore not enough to shock or please ourselves with stories that reflect the peculiar manifestations of widespread human anxieties, passions, stupidities, and ambitions; it is vital to our safety to know that this is how our masters usually make policy. Kennett Love tells his stories skillfully, but they are not a substitute for understanding history. Indeed, by their very fascination they can fixate us in a traditional response that perpetuates our peril: there is always human nature, and there are always differences of opinion. Understanding history demands more —that we analyze afresh the underlying forces of our new age, and seek alternatives to the current structure of international relationships. Only then shall we be able to survive to tell new kinds of stories.

The first step toward restructuring our vision and our action in international relations may be the recognition, especially clear in Middle Eastern affairs, that current modes of international relations work no better for the Soviet Union than for ourselves. The USSR repeated in the Sixties almost all the errors which the U.S. made in the Fifties. The USSR has already joined the U.S. in giving up hope that military and economic aid to Middle Eastern nations will secure their ideological conversion or disciplined obedience in international affairs. Arab countries did not hesitate in the Fifties to threaten America that they would ask communist nations for aid if Western aid proved inadequate. In the Sixties, Arabs threatened the USSR that they would take advantage of offers from a divided West as well as from a divided communist world. In the Fifties, Western aid could not keep most "pro-Western" régimes from being overthrown. In the Sixties, most Soviet-supported régimes were just as unstable. Worse, Soviet arms in the hands of Arabs have twice suffered a spectacular defeat in wars with Israel. The USSR cannot afford a third such defeat. Neither can it afford a victory. However much anti-Semitism survives in the USSR, this European socialist state cannot face the world as the principal destroyer of Israel. If Israel were destroyed, the USSR would also lose much of its interest for the Arabs. Yet if the Arabs go to war again in the foreseeable future without active Soviet support, they will lose again.

It remains an exceedingly risky business for both the USSR and the Arabs. In 1967 the USSR did not discourage the Arabs from pressing upon Israel since the USSR, like the U.S., suffers from a tendency to overestimate the strength of any army it has itself trained and supplied with arms. Yet how much common interest can be maintained between Russians, who have learned that Arabs are weak and disunited yet volatile, and Arabs, who now know that the Soviets are eager to maintain intercourse but also to deny orgasm? In dealing with the Middle East, the United States and the Soviet Union have both persisted in the illusion that they are "Great Powers" when, in fact, neither has shown capacity to affect the quality of Middle Eastern life critically and therefore also the causes of war. Only by acting together would the two "Great Powers" be able under present circumstances to deter war in the Middle East and thus gain time to help remove its causes.

Meanwhile, Middle Eastern life continues to be shaped by the competition for greater power to inflict damage. This fact stands in strange contradiction with another: the apparent commitment of all the principal parties in the Arab-Israeli conflict to rapid social, political, and economic change. Whether they prefer to describe it as modernization, revolution, socialism, or transforming the quality of life, that is the declared priority of Israel, Egypt, Syria, the *fedayeen*, the USSR, and the United States. All of them have profound illusions about the meaning of modernization (to use one term to cover all efforts at social change combined with greater justice) and its impact on foreign relations. But for Americans perhaps the first impression to overcome is that no Arab is serious about modernization, and that the 90 million Arabs are to be divided into possessors of camels or Cadillacs, harems or rocket guns.

It is therefore good to have in *Egypt, The Crucible* a sympathetic account of Nasser's domestic accomplishments, especially considering that one-third of all Arabs live in Egypt. When Nasser's revolutionary government took power in 1952 the nation was deeply divided. It had an illiterate majority, a great scarcity of entrepreneurs and managers in business and government, and the British army was occupying the Suez Canal Zone. By 1967, helped by a new generation of army officers and technocrats, as well as by important foreign aid, if much less than that received by Israel, he had come close to doubling Egypt's per capita income. Thanks to the Aswan Dam, Egypt would soon add one-third to the country's arable land, no longer in the control of a few landlords. Maximum ceilings have been set on incomes (£E 5,000) and many measures have been taken to build a floor below which poverty cannot sink. University education is now free to all. Only Tunisia, among Arab countries, has gone furth-



"Don't worry! You'll know it when you come to Sodom and Gomorrah!"

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er faster in disestablishing religious courts in the realm of family law. Nasser's new technocrats ran the nationalized Suez Canal far more efficiently than its former European owners. Confronted by a much larger traditional Oriental population than Israel, Egypt began to transform a peasant majority segmented by family and faction into participating members of cooperatives. Harry Hopkins, a British correspondent, provides lively vignettes of accomplishments and unfinished tasks in Egypt.

Many *fedayeen*, however, look on Nasser as a failed revolutionary. The reasons they cite have nothing to do with his inadequacies in tackling the central task of modernization—the transformation of individuals and of human relationships. Nasser is only slowly untangling the crippling web of authoritarian family life that trains men in rivalry for dominance but inhibits sustained collaboration in the public interest among autonomous individuals, whether they be peasants, bureaucrats, or army officers. Because much of this traditional system survives it stifles the contribution of that 50 per cent of the population which is female. Nasser has also done too little to overcome the related problem of rote-learning, from primary school through university, for the sake of receiving prestigious certification and status, rather than learning how to experiment, analyze, and create.

Most *fedayeen* judge Nasser solely in terms of his defeats in the conflict with Israel. They proclaim themselves the next generation of Arab revolutionaries. The majority of them are free from bonds to existing régimes, parties, armies, or ideologies. They no longer speak of themselves as "refugees," but as vanguards of "the Palestinian nation" of 2,500,000—a nation as large as Israel but deprived by Israel of its original land. Morever, by mobilizing the Palestinian masses for violence, they hope to demonstrate that such organization can in fact transform Arab masses whereas all other means have proved inadequate. By establishing the effectiveness of this method, and by polarizing Arab societies everywhere on the basis of whether they support or are lukewarm toward the Palestinian cause, the *fedayeen* propose to advance revolution throughout the Arab world.

The *fedayeen* are, I think, likely to fail in this program, which may not be the outcome desired by Hisham Sharabi, who is a Muslim Arab scholar on the faculty of Georgetown University. But for entering into any discussion of the future of Arab-Israeli relations, and of the Arab world, Sharabi's book is indispensable; it is brilliant, ruthlessly honest, and thoroughly informed. Sharabi's highly disciplined passion allows him no illusions about the deep and persistent cultural and political causes of Arab disunity—among Arab states, among five or six *fedayeen* groups, and among Palestinians generally. The largest of the *fedayeen* groups, *Fatah*, which has about 50,000 enrolled fighters, deliberately avoids any ideological or practical discussions about the structural changes required in Arab society. It wants its silence to create the broadest possible Palestinian unity. The Algerians adhered to the same seemingly prudent course during their struggle for independence, but they won against a foe who, unlike the Israelis, had neither their individual lives nor their security as a community at stake. However, by neglecting the deliberate transformation of human relations and values, the Algerians have proved unable to mobilize for peaceful reconstruction the same masses whom they had so effectively mobilized for violence.

The second ranking *fedayeen* group, the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, is much smaller, and Maoist in orientation. It is especially devoted to spectacular acts, like damaging civilian airplanes, in order to dramatize itself more widely as a movement to which the liberation of Palestine is the most popular but not necessarily the first practical target in the liberation of the Arab world. The Popular Front would happily support efforts to capture Arab governments anywhere, particularly those earning oil revenues, in order to harness resources for the wider new Arab revolution, including that in Palestine. As their frustration in overcoming Israel increases, one or both of these *fedayeen* groups may well seize power in several Arab states. That would not be too difficult. But power to oust fellow Arabs is not yet power to transform Arabs or Arab-Israeli relations.

The *fedayeen* constitute the next generation of failed Arab revolutionaries because they do not recognize that they have succeeded only in hardening with better arms technology, discipline, and enthusiasm a pre-modern Arab art—feuding carried out through raids to recover lost honor. To this they have added a modern illusion common to one segment of the New Left throughout the world—the notion that violence is transformation. The breaking of old patterns of relationship is a necessary requirement for any transformation, including modernization. Physical violence is not, however, the only way to break old patterns, nor does breaking by itself also constitute restructuring, whether of the self or the other. Violence in this instance is the expression of an unstable new mixture—a reinvigorated but irrelevant older Arab order, and a newer and deeper despair.

Sharabi speaks more seriously of the need for science and organization than do the *fedayeen*. But even he, next to his hope of helping to change American policy through his trenchant criticism of it, relies above all upon the anticipation that Palestinians will be transformed through the experience of *fedayeen* violence. Since most Arabs have not yet become fully conscious of the roots of their present violence in

(*Continued on page* 84)

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

GO BACK ONE

You'll need a sheet of paper for this quiz, suggested by Allan R. Bosworth of Roanoke, Va. Each of the following quotations is the second line of a famous poem. How does the first line go? Who's the poet? Check your accuracy on page 82.

1. The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea ( )
2. And I will pledge with mine ( )
3. Ere half my days in this dark world and wide ( )
4. Beside the springs of Dove ( )
5. I summon up remembrance of things past ( )
6. Lhude sing cuccu ( )
7. And we will all the pleasures prove ( )
8. That's newly sprung in June ( )
9. In the forests of the night ( )
10. That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it ( )
11. Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows ( )
12. When the evening is spread out against the sky ( )

a. Anon.
b. Blake
c. Burns
d. Eliot
e. Frost
f. Gray
g. Herrick
h. Jonson
i. Marlowe
j. Milton
k. Shakespeare
l. Wordsworth

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THE CONFESSIONS OF ALEISTER CROWLEY:
An Autohagiography

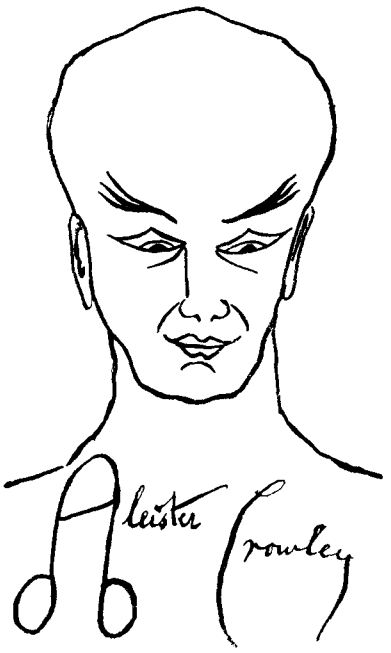
edited by John Symonds and Kenneth Grant

Hill & Wang, 960 pp., $14.95

IT IS NOT OFTEN that a reviewer finds himself confronted by the autobiography of a god. Aleister Crowley, "Ipsissimus," "the Beast 666," believed, like the Emperor Commodus, that he had become divine in his lifetime and, as John Symonds points out, this book, which he called "an autohagiography," should more properly be called an "autotheography." The critical canons to be applied to autotheographies are, owing to the paucity of the genre, undetermined, but one must do one's best.

Crowley was already a legend when his incarnation came to an end in an English seaside boarding house in 1947, and he still stands, despite more recent competition, as the archetypal modern demonologist, magus, and prince of darkness. "Aleister" was the first of his aliases. He was born at Leamington in Warwickshire in 1875, the son of a prosperous brewer, and christened Edward Alexander. His parents were Plymouth Brethren, and the doctrines of the sect present close and obvious analogies with Crowley's lifelong obsessions. In his fascination with the idea of a secret order of adepts and initiates one can see a transmutation of the idea of God's Elect. His obsession with symbolism reflects the Brethren's eschatology, while the idea of the imminence of the Second Coming and the inauguration of a new era found its fulfillment for Crowley in his own self-deification. His love of exotic names with resonance and power he himself traced to his early acquaintance with the Hebrew names in the Bible: Enoch, Arphaxad, Mahaleel; it later became a simple matter to transfer the source of excitement from the Bible to the Cabbala.

The boy accepted and reveled in his parents' theology, but with one difference. By the age of seven he had become aware that his sympathies were entirely with the opposition—with the Evil One, the Beast, and the Scarlet Woman. Only one thing distressed him: his inability to discover the sin against the Holy Ghost, so that he might perform it. To one brought up with the surge of the biblical eschatology resounding in his ears, all the ordinary ambitions of his class and time seemed pallid, and were, of course, rejected by the Brethren. The aristocracy of the Elect could admit of no others. Crowley could not, as he says of himself, apparently without irony, "aspire to become prime minister or even king; he



—Idealized self-portrait, from the book.

"Self-deification."

was already apart from and beyond all that. It will be seen that as soon as he arrived at an age where ambitions are compelled to assume concrete form, his position became extremely difficult. The earth was not big enough to hold him."

The occult came to the rescue. Crowley's life in London at the end of the 1890s is a perfect vignette of the period. Temporarily he exchanged the Hebrew mysteries of the Brethren for the literary mysticism of the time. For *Tannhäuser, Lohengrin* and *Parsifal*, and the green glow of the Celtic revival. In this connection he met "W. B. Yeats, a lank disheveled demonologist who might have taken more pains with his personal appearance without incurring the reproach of dandyism." But the great revelation was the discovery of magic (or "Magick," as he insisted on spelling it) and of a mysterious hierarchical order of magical adepts, the Great White Brotherhood. Under the somewhat Eleanor Glyn-sounding name of Count Vladimir Svareff, Crowley converted part of his London flat into two temples, adorned with circles, triangles, pentagrams, and a human skeleton, and became a junior member of the order, a Neophyte in the Golden Dawn.

His progress in the order was accelerated by the simple expedient of devising rites of self-initiation—in effect self-promotion—so that he rose rapidly to the position of a Great Chief. The climax of his career was the dictation to him in 1904 by his Holy Guardian Angel, Aiwass, through the medium of Crowley's wife Rose, of *The Book of the Law*. Its central message, "Do what thou wilt," with certain rather Nietzschean embellishments, was to Crowley the annunciation of the New Eon, the third age of the world's history, of which he was the prophet. The fact that much of Crowley's message now seems fairly platitudinous could well be taken by him as confirmation.

Crowley's celebrated wickedness, in fact, now seems a fairly commonplace selfishness and promiscuity, paraded without hypocrisy and decked out with the stage trappings of 1890s "sinning" and the sacrifice of the odd goat. Yet in a sense it was the stage properties, the eclectic and exotic symbolism and ritual, that saved Crowley, giving to his self-indulgence an unfailing sense of mystery and adventure, just as he draped the mostly neurotic and unhappy Scarlet Women who became his mistresses with a gaudily aphrodisiac magical nomenclature, such as "the Cat," "the Snake," "the Monkey," and "the Ape of Thoth." For it is easier to obey the injunction of *The Book of the Law*, provided one has the means, to "dress ye all in fine apparel, eat rich foods and drink sweet wines that foam. Also take your fill and will of love as ye will," than to be sure of enjoying doing so. It was his magical symbolism, his inverted Plymouthianism and megalomaniac sense of divine mission, that preserved Crowley from satiety and boredom. Unlike some satanists—Baudelaire, for example—who have felt the grim reality of the flames of hell as well as their fascination, Crowley seems to have enjoyed his quasi-demoniac role in fairly straightforward and healthy-minded fashion. He had his streak of masochism, but for him it was a pastime rather than a way of life.

He had, indeed, a rather matter-of-fact attitude to his magic and his gods, regarding magic as coordinate with science, providing techniques of proved effect but as yet no scientific explanation. He had a sardonic turn of phrase (he described Fifth Avenue in New York as "a sort of ditch lined with diamonds and over-rouged stenographers, all at a price totally disproportionate to the value of the article") and what came at times quite close to a sense of the ridiculous. Having characteristically spent the night with his newly married wife in the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid, attended by supernatural manifestations, he concludes: "For the rest, the floor of the King's Chamber is particularly uncompromising." Sometimes the comedy is in the eye of the beholder only: "On July 28th my wife gave birth to a girl, called Nuit Ma Ahathoor Hecate Sappho Jezebel Lilith." Crowley's descriptions of the demoniac afflictions of those who became involved with

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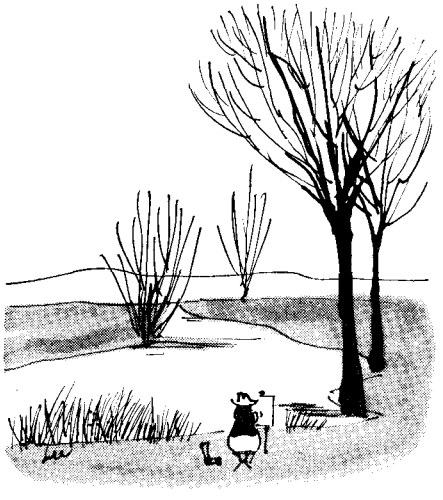
him are, however, amusingly deadpan: "During the meal she tried to kill him, first by throwing the soup tureen and a few dishes at him across the table, and secondly with the carving knife."

Crowley regarded himself, on the terrestrial plane, as an all-around man: explorer, mountaineer, chess expert, great poet and literary artist. The Magus was also a *sahib*, and the Prophet of the New Eon was full not only of cabbalistic lore but of hints on what to do with a charging buffalo. The mountaineering feats seem to have been genuine enough, and Crowley took part in several Himalayan expeditions, but the poetry is poor stuff:

> By palm and pagoda enchaunted
> o'ershadowed, I lie in the light
> Of stars that are bright beyond suns
> that all poets have vaunted
> In the deep-breathing amorous bosom
> of forests of Amazon might . . .

As for the prose, neither hashish nor divine dictation could do much for it; its only distinction is an addiction to crude alliteration. Crowley is a footnote in the literary history of his time, but more for the interest he aroused than for his own literary achievements.

During his life Crowley seemed a baleful and fascinating freak; to us he inevitably presents the air of a middle-aged hippie. But reading his autobiography one is most conscious of him as a product of his time, class, and country. As fiends go, he was essentially a well-nourished, upper-middle-class, early twentieth-century English fiend. "Ipsissimus" was proud to be a member of Trinity College, Cambridge. His obsessions dramatize, in unusually scholarly and literal fashion, the key preoccupations of over half a century of European Romanticism. The British Empire was his playground; the *ancien régime* had its Cagliostro, the *raj* its Crowley. His love of exotic names and Hebraic rhythms, his fascination with arcane techniques and powerful secret brotherhoods of the initiate, can all be paralleled in the poet of Empire, Rudyard Kipling.



Gods are notoriously long-winded (though Wagner's Wotan probably holds the record), and Crowley is no exception. In one sense he lived a life that was magnificently his own; given the run of the world by the Pax Britannica, and heedless of its conventions, Crowley strode across three continents doing his thing with supreme self-assurance. But the price of such self-absorption is, on the evidence of this autobiography, a high one. The absence of irony, the lack of interest in other people, made Crowley's experiences oddly opaque to him, while his sense of divine mission, and hence of the supreme importance of everything attaching to him, destroyed any feeling for economy and proportion in his self-presentation. The reader is expected to pant after him, a patient acolyte, year after year, like his wife, like "the Ape of Thoth," like his "*chela*" Victor Neuburg, "Frater Omnia Vincam." One sees why they cracked.

J. W. Burrow

J. W. Burrow teaches European studies at the University of East Anglia, Norwich, England.

MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

edited by C. Eric Lincoln

Hill & Wang, 223 pp., $5.95, paperback $1.95

KING: A Critical Biography

by David L. Lewis

Praeger, 460 pp., $7.95

DESPITE HIS FAME, his charisma, and his achievements, Martin Luther King's career was a tragedy. His assassination in April 1968 came at a time when a combination of white backlash and black power had lost him a large measure of his influence in both the white and black communities. He had succeeded neither in his mission to liberate the black man in America, nor in his mission to end the Vietnam War and bring peace to the world. These conclusions forcefully emerge from certain of the essays—most notably the ones by Vincent Harding and Carl T. Rowan—in C. Eric Lincoln's anthology, *Martin Luther King, Jr.*, and more especially from David Lewis's *King: A Critical Biography*.

Most of the commentary on King and his life thus far has been either journalistic or partisan or both; it has been descriptive rather than analytical. Not surprisingly, therefore, Professor Lincoln of the Union Theological Seminary has of necessity leaned heavily on articles by newspaper and magazine writers, skillfully selected to present a wide variety of interpretations and points of view. Professor Lewis of Morgan State College has written what is easily the best book on King to date. Granted only limited access to King's papers, Lewis has thoroughly combed periodicals and, more important, conducted some extraordinarily revealing interviews. Written in a lively, often mordant fashion, his biography makes absorbing reading.

Lewis, the son of a black college president in Atlanta, draws upon his personal knowledge of the community in which King spent his youth to describe King's early years in the home of his puritan Baptist-preacher father, and his college and seminary days at Morehouse and Crozier. He pictures King as a jaunty young man with a flair for fine clothes and young ladies, and reveals some of the intimate details of his courtship of Coretta Scott.

The author does an especially able job of tracing the evolution of King's philosophy. In a subtle and convincing exposition he makes it clear that, while as a theological student King was attracted to pacifism, contrary to the impression created in *Stride Toward Freedom* he did not truly embrace this ideology until after the bus boycott began. Lewis fails to mention that King at first kept guns in his home in Montgomery for self-defense, but he shows that it was really from pacifists like Bayard Rustin that King learned the basic principles of nonviolent direct action, which he adopted only after his trip to India.

The bulk of the biography is taken up with detailed descriptions of King's major campaigns: in Montgomery, Ala., where the bus boycott thrust him into international prominence; Albany, Ga., where he suffered disastrous defeat; Birmingham, where he perfected his technique of choosing a violence-prone adversary who would provide excellent publicity by viciously attacking the nonviolent demonstrators; Selma, where this pattern was repeated; Chicago, where King met his match in Mayor Daley; and Memphis, where he came to his tragic and untimely end.

Professor Lewis underscores the common features characteristic of King's efforts in each of these major campaigns—an ambitious design, not always well planned, involving masses of local people; the arrival of King, drawing numerous outside demonstrators as well as the spotlight of national and international publicity; a seeming reluctance on King's part to go to jail,

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The critic, August Meier, is university professor of history and senior research fellow at the Center for Urban Regionalism, Kent State University.

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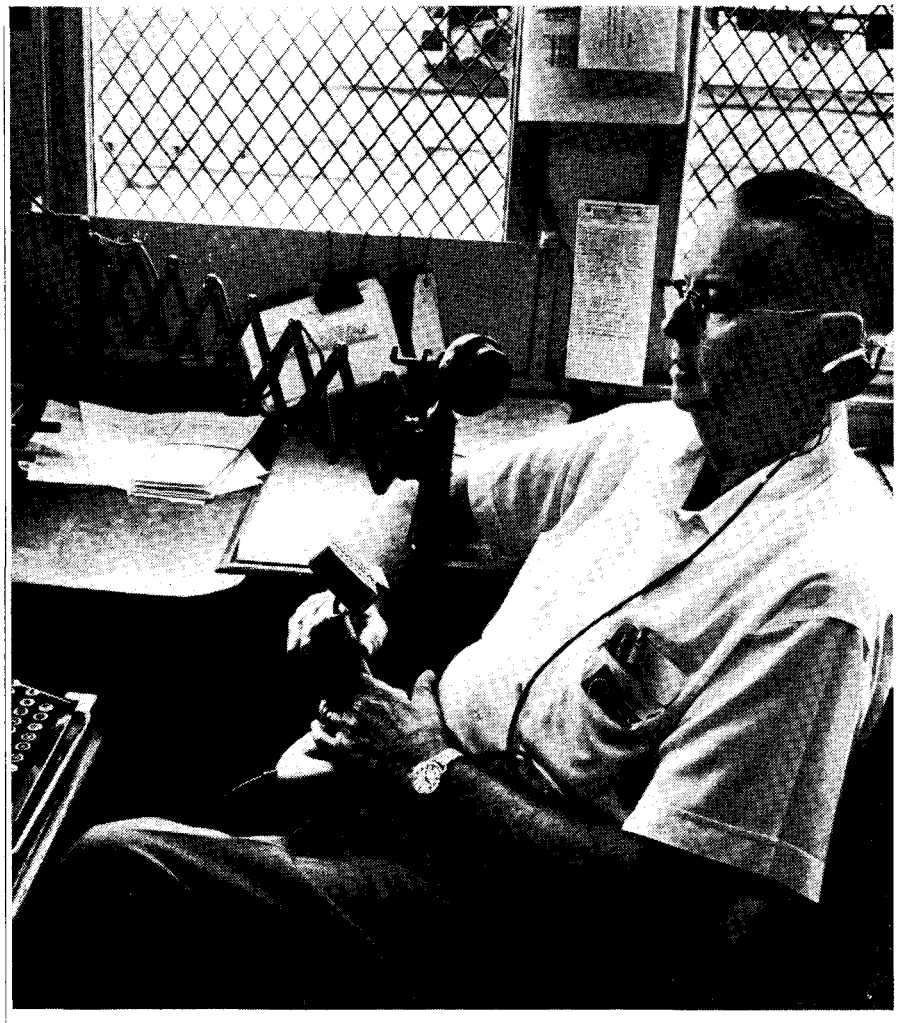
or, when arrested, to spend much time there, and, finally, a withdrawal from the community either in failure or with only a token victory at the local level. His demonstrations were important for dramatizing the issues to the nation rather than solving them locally, and the Birmingham and Selma campaigns did eventuate in important national legislation. King hoped to repeat this achievement in Chicago in 1966, but by that time he was attacking more difficult issues involving the urban poor, and had lost the support of the President due to his position on the war in Vietnam. Considering the changing climate of opinion among black militants, King's token victory in Chicago was highly criticized by other activists.

Actually, as Lewis points out, the chorus of criticism had been rising since 1963. Objection was raised to such things as King's failure to stay in jail, his friendship with the White House, his acceptance of token victories, his stance at the Democratic National Convention in 1964 when he unsuccessfully urged the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party to accept the compromise offered by Johnson and the credentials committee, and his tendency—most obvious at Selma—to retreat from a bloody confrontation. Then came the Meredith March in Mississippi, and the clear-cut articulation of the chasm between King, who maintained his faith in nonviolent direct action and interracialism, and those radicals who turned toward Black Power and the cult of violence.

No longer would King be the charismatic symbol of black militance; instead, until the day he died, both he and the method with which he was identified would be under increasing attack as futile and irrelevant. Meanwhile the use of nonviolent direct action to attack the problem of poverty proved far less successful than its earlier use to secure the Southern black man's Constitutional rights. At the same time, King's stand on the Vietnam War proved costly in terms of support among his more conservative followers. Attacked thus from both the right and the left, King nevertheless steadfastly clung to his faith in pacifism both in domestic and international affairs.

Mr. Lewis's treatment is somewhat uneven. The sections dealing with King's youth and the Montgomery boycott are well done; Birmingham, Selma, and Chicago are handled competently; the description of the Albany demonstrations is superb. Lewis has done a real service in telling the inside story of the leadership problems in the Albany Movement, and in demonstrating that the Montgomery bus boycott



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was not a spontaneous affair but an act carefully planned by the community's Negro leaders. On the other hand, Lewis does not give a clear delineation of the relationships between King and his staff; he attributes too big a role to King and the SCLC in the 1961 Freedom Ride, and he does not adequately describe the tensions between King and the local movements in most of the major campaigns—a situation that usually paralleled the tensions in the Albany Movement, which Lewis describes so well.

Lewis has made a distinct contribution. He sets forth King's strengths and weaknesses. Though a "critical biography," this volume is not unappreciative of King's importance or of his contribution. Lewis observes, quite correctly, that "it is . . . an inescapable truth that his singularity of leadership initially, and almost until the end, derived from forces external to himself. [Yet] this is not to say that . . . one could imagine a large number of substitute figures. . . ." With verve and insight, the book sets forth the drama of a man who rose to international fame and acclaim, and, having reached the pinnacle of his career, found the world he had helped to create dissolving about him. Lewis pictures King as a man rather than a messiah. His vigorous judgments are eminently fair. Only when King's papers are open to the public will it be possible to write a more definitive biography. Meanwhile, this book is an excellent introduction to the complex career and personality of a major figure of our times.

Henry Hazlitt

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The New Man

Continued from page 34

the South, but a homogeneous community of white farm people?

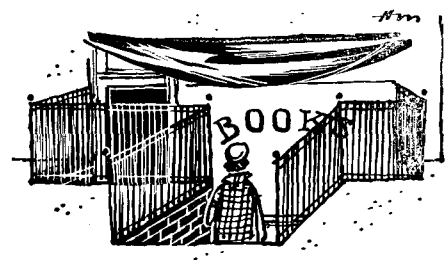
In any case, Eriksson reminds us once more that the future, whatever of it we can claim, is in the hands of heretics. The faithful, whether of Holy Mother State or of Holy Mother Church, are largely finished as types of models for man. Given the culture, given hot war following upon cold, given technology gone mad as a March hare, given "drop by drop" (the phrase is North Vietnamese) troop removal, given Nixon fixated on football while the half-million march by—given ourselves, in sum—Eriksson takes on his real stature. He is the near-hero, the near-saint cast up by the times, the best we have, gifted with that bare minimum of imagination and nerve to see him through, a whole skin, something of a whole conscience. Granted that no great claims can be made for him; still, his quality is rare indeed. By not kidnaping or raping or killing during one day of his life he won through, at his throat the knifepoint of an event that occurred (as the defense put it during the courts-martial) not "in civilization, but out on combat operations." No war resister he, no great questioner, neither mystic, intellectual, nor saint, not gifted enough to snatch a girl from violation or death. Not heroic enough to die rather than allow a crime to proceed to its foul and bloody closure.

And yet, given everything, man enough.

About a year and a half after the events of Hill 192, nine of us invaded the draft board at Catonsville, Maryland, extracted some 350 draft files, and burned them in a parking lot nearby with home-made napalm. Almost two years after the events of Hill 192, our trial opened in Federal Court in Baltimore. Our defense was based on a premise so simple as to be all but unintelligible to our society. After four years of resisting war, and many more years of resisting exploitation, misery, and racism, we had taken thought among ourselves. Our conclusion: it was better to burn papers than to burn children.

This was an audacious, arrogant, and finally intolerable form of reasoning, as the loss of appeal will shortly demonstrate. The boxes of paper ash were wheeled into court on the first day of the trial as evidence against us. But the bodies of napalmed children could not be produced; they were abstractions, distant, debatable objects unrelated to the brute facts of the case. Those facts, pressed hard by the government, went as follows: nine men and women, led by whatever capricious demons, ran amok and destroyed government property, holding up before unclean, hairy, drug-ridden, irresponsible crazies of the nation an invitation offered by a group of besotted religious malcontents: "Come on, do as we did; let's bring the whole thing down."

The facts were, of course, something totally other. Our action was nonviolent, careful of human life and well-being, and proceeded as the outcome of a long and lonely social protest, preceded by years of service to our society. But nothing of this was to the point. The jury, borne aloft in airy platonic weightlessness by the judge's



instruction, was allowed to consider only "the facts," apart from all moral or social circumstance: Whether we nine, on such and such a date, entered, rifled and burned with "inflammable material" (the obscene word *napalm* never passed the lips of prosecutor or judge) certain properties of the United States Government, valued in excess of one hundred dollars.

Inevitably, the event of Hill 192 casts a cruel light on the nature of such government properties. For the papers destroyed at Catonsville in May of 1968 were in fact hunting licenses issued against human beings, licenses declaring a twelve-month open season on Vietnamese men, women, and children. Hill 192, Songmy, the wasting of Hanoi and Haiphong from the air, and in South Vietnam a massive daily assault on ecology and populace—all are articulated phases in a single strategy, filed and legitimated in the airless shabby offices of American draft centers. The court-martial of four enlisted men who kidnaped, raped, and killed an unknown Vietnamese girl was in no sense meant as a deterrent against such crimes as this. Rather, the legal proceedings served, as Eriksson seemed to realize, only as a charade of justice behind which the most atrocious crimes ensue. Here and there enlisted men, generally cowed by a misbegotten system, sexually starved, lonely, spiritually adrift, pure American products, disposable items to be used and thrown away—such men as the Hill 192 four—pay a price for going to war.

Not so heavy a price, either, as

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things turned out. Of the four court-martialed soldiers two are already at large, and the sentences of the remaining two have been reduced again and again. From this and other instances it becomes clear that military justice acts as a public pacifier, quelling the first storm of outrage, and is in no sense related to civilized justice.

No such sunny prospect as a reduction of sentence awaits the Catonsville felons. Two crimes: the burning of hunting licenses issued against humans, and the hunting and slaying of human beings. War, which institutionalizes the second, must with utmost rigor punish the first. Simply translated, the Catonsville nine will undoubtedly spend a longer time in prison than the Hill 192 four.

But even the slight and symbolic punishment meted out in wartime to rapists and murderers never threatens those whose decisions make such crimes inevitable. The Nuremberg Code, whatever its merits, is a dead letter. And it is just such contraventions as the Vietnam War or, more properly, American military and political power that have struck it down. In remote board rooms, far from crime or punishment, that power moves majestically on its way, in accord with its own ends, methods, and timetable. And literally no one declares to the American mandarins—executive, military, judicial, or legislative—how far is too far; no one sets limits or imposes penalties on this monstrous, self-regulating inflation of human power.

Moreover, no one (and here we touch the nerve of the tragedy), no one offers to power a vision or a new way. Those of us who are powerless must literally make do with a few Erikssons, a few resisters, a few draft-file burners, with semi-heroes and anti-heroes. No one of us, nor all of us taken together, can save the victims. Our profitless task is our "No," uttered at the shabby door of a civilization where today and tomorrow the rape of the innocent is in progress, and murder is the hourly outcome.

Poem

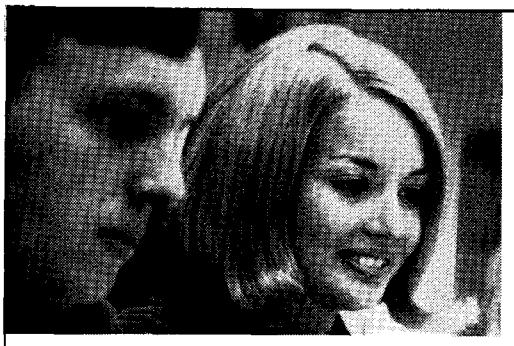
by Okey Chenoweth

Why
couldn't I

have known
all along?

Nothing
for the singer;

everything
for the song.



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Fiction

SANCTUARY V

by Budd Schulberg

World, 416 pp., $6.95

THE WORDS "DIPLOMATIC ASYLUM" have a reassuring ring, but what is it really like when a man takes sanctuary in a neutral embassy to escape persecution by a dictator? Budd Schulberg tells all about it in his latest novel, and the tale makes for harrowing reading. The "V" in the title refers to Article V in the Pan American Convention on Diplomatic Asylum drawn up in Caracas in 1954, which states—ironically, from the book's viewpoint—that "asylum may not be granted except in urgent cases and for the period of time strictly necessary for the asylee to depart from the country with the guarantees granted by the government of the territorial state, to the end that his life, liberty, or personal integrity may not be endangered. . . ."

Sanctuary V is told in the first person by Justo Moreno Suárez, the "provisional president" of a Caribbean island curiously resembling Cuba in its topography and location. An indiscreet interview with a British journalist after too many daiquiris gets the idealistic Suárez into instant trouble with Angel Bello, First Colonel of the Revolution, whose life Suárez helped save in order to overthrow the Batista-type dictator Zamora and establish a socialist utopia that has turned out to be just one more police state.

Suárez, his tough-talking, sexy wife Marta, and their fifteen-year-old daughter Clarita have to hustle without ceremony from their luxurious beachfront home. After bribing the right ambassador, they are smuggled into the embassy of "a third-rate banana republic." Above the comfortable embassy headquarters is a prison-like barracks where "diplomatic asylum" turns out to resemble a detention camp, or at best an ill-run mental institution, rather than the sort of place the word "sanctuary" might suggest. His wife and child are taken off to another building on the grounds, and Suárez, a comfort-loving, sensual man, finds himself on a hard, narrow cot in an ill-ventilated dormitory where a great many other "asylees" are kept on a marginal diet, allowed an hour's privacy with their wives once a week, and assured daily by an official described as a "premature Orwellian" that "*Próximamente usted podrá salir.* You will be able to leave very soon now."

Few ever get to leave. Some die of malnutrition. One of the inmates hangs himself.

Existence in the "sanctuary," while not as wretched as in a concentration camp ("They were not sticking long needles under my fingernails . . ."), is physically and psychically bleak enough to be nearly unbearable. Lack of privacy is the worst part of it. But, as one of the other inmates assures Suárez, even in a goldfish bowl there are "rocks to hide under."

The microcosm has its own pecking order, and the resourceful can make out. The author has stocked this aquarium with colorful denizens—El Gordo, the sadistic executioner of the old régime, always first in line for the washroom, and his bodyguard, the brutal Búfalo; Paco, a rum-swigging, loudmouthed, former jai-alai player, gross but soft-hearted (he rapes Suárez's daughter, but is sorry); the green-haired homosexual poet Goyo, who has written the country's new national anthem but has made the mistake of publishing a poem that spoke too freely of freedom; a silent black peasant insurrectionist called Indio, and a garrulous gossip columnist. There is also the mysterious Adriana, an alluring dream lady who flirts with Suárez from a barred window and ultimately leads him to his downfall.

—*Geraldine Brooks.*

Budd Schulberg—"has written a gripping and topical thriller."

Budd Schulberg is nothing if not an expert story-teller, and *Sanctuary V* contains sufficient suspense to leave the limpest mop of hair standing on end. There are moments of decency, too, when one or another of the self-preoccupied detainees stops snarling long enough to perform some humane act and lighten the hellish atmosphere. By the sheer power of his prose the author almost manages to make a few of the stock types in his "fishbowl" emerge as believable people.

Indeed, the real problem is that Mr. Schulberg does not seem to know his own strength, and constantly applies too much of it. One staggers away from *Sanctuary V* overwhelmed by the pungency of its prose and yearning fervently, along with Suárez, that political reform may someday be accomplished without repression and lies and torture.

Yet I put the book down wishing, too, that the man who revealed so masterfully his understanding of Sammy Glick and of the F. Scott Fitzgerald character in *The Disenchanted* might have outgrown his Hollywood background by now. Budd Schulberg has written a gripping and topical thriller; with more restraint it might have been a fine novel.

Paul Kresh

Paul Kresh, author of "The Power of the Unknown Citizen," is currently working on a novel.

The Circle Narrows

by George Jonas

It is quite possible
That our common thoughts come to us from the sea
Our doubtful soul follows the herrings
And we all die after the 11 o'clock news
Still there is
A certain self which I for my part
Keep wrapped in tinfoil among my private papers.

I am less and less concerned
With a planet I share with Arabs and caterpillars
With a country I share with fellow motorists
With women who share me with film directors
And with a heart that after minor adjustments
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The trips I will take from now on
Must only be a few inches in length.

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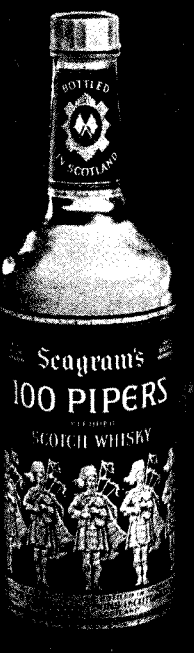

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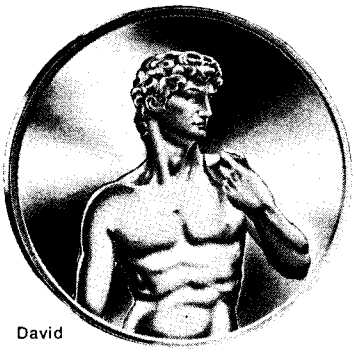

David

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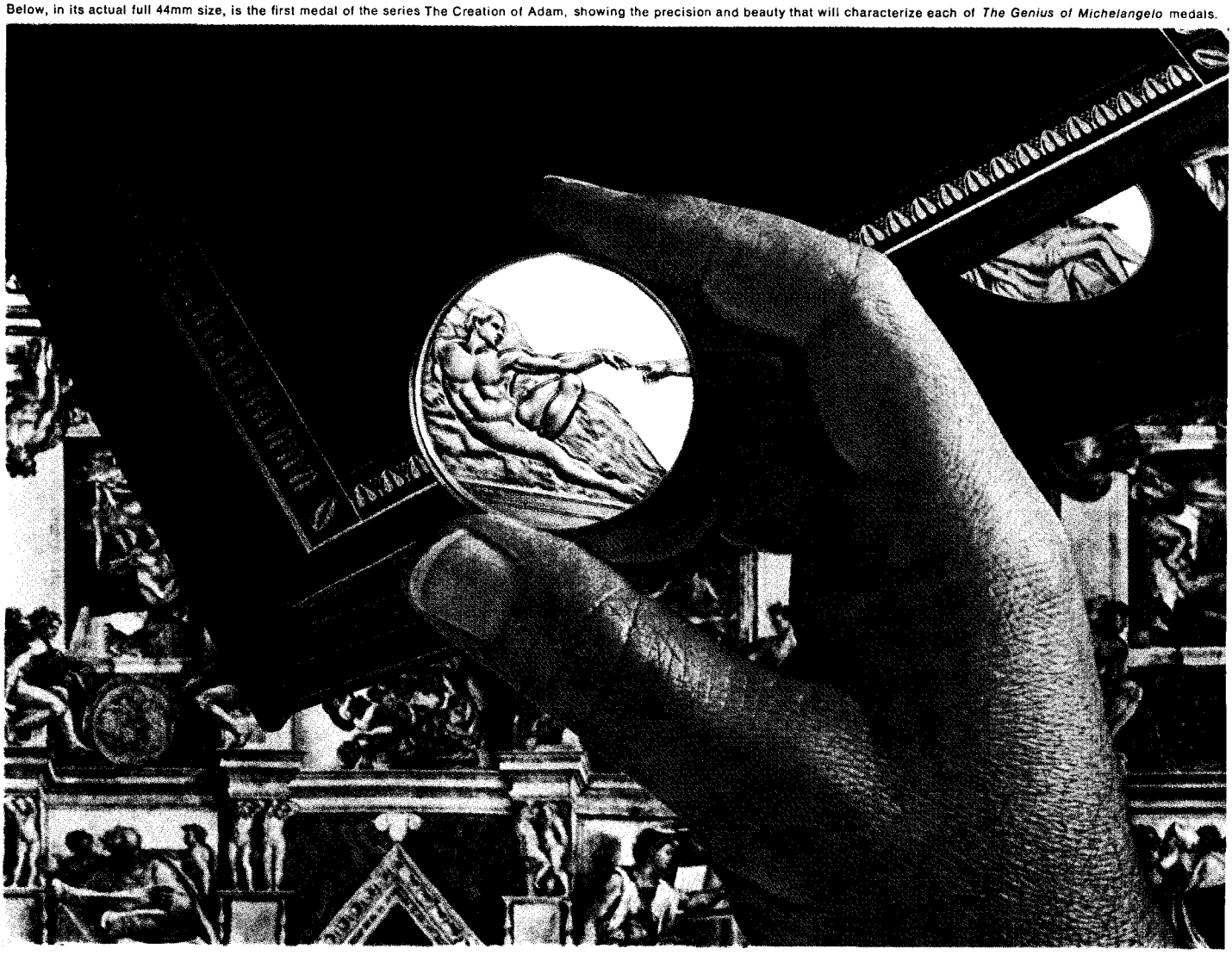

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The Pietà

The Creation of The Sun and Moon

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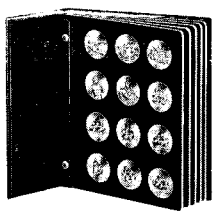

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SOMETHING IN DISGUISE

by Elizabeth Jane Howard
Viking, 280 pp., $5.95

ELIZABETH JANE HOWARD, an English writer (and the wife of Kingsley Amis), whom I hadn't read before, comes bearing such laureled critical credentials for previous novels that I embarked on her latest offering with an anticipatory sense of discovery. Oh, those ever-hopeful embarkings with their intimations of brave new literary lands awaiting exploration! Alas, the depressing news is that *Something in Disguise* is such a frail vessel it never even ventures out of port; a journey to nowhere, while the great world beyond beckons the disappointed traveler.

Within a conventional narrative framework, Miss Howard skims surfaces and manipulates characters, arbitrarily bending the action, one feels, to fit a predetermined end. It would be fruitless to dissect this shadow-play exercise, but the core of the matter involves a family group, all of whose members suffer varying degrees of discontent with their lot—particularly three center-stage females (mother, daughter and stepdaughter). These chafe under a sense of general inadequacy, and quite correctly so. Add a fey ne'er-do-well of a son and a boorish troglodyte of a father-stepfather and you begin to want to knock heads together.

After the dismal escapist marriage of one daughter, attention focuses on the other, a plain duckling who has an improbable meeting and mating with a Rich Older Man and—zap!—she becomes an instant swan. Obstacles threaten romance, but love and pregnancy prevail, played out against a backdrop of the R.O.M.'s London townhouse, his Riviera villa, his country place, his Jamaica hideaway, and his silver Rolls-Royce. Meanwhile the other characters struggle with their personal demons in a state of ubiquitous non-communication; then, in the last ten pages, two deus-ex-machina deaths bring about a tidy gathering up of loose ends.

The stylistic mannerisms that adorn the telling of this tale bemuse when they don't downright irritate, such as an extravagant use of colons, apparently to bestow significance where none exists, and a deployment of parentheses that defies explanation. An example: "... she had thought that the reason that people made so much fuss about (going to bed with someone) was because it was the only certain way of having an intimate friend. All that (sex) would only be possible if you felt really close to a person all the time when they weren't (making love to you)."

Well, given Miss Howard's aforementioned credentials, it would appear that with *Something in Disguise* she has taken a sabbatical from her literary talents. And that is putting it charitably. **Patricia MacManus**

Patricia MacManus is a free-lance literary critic.

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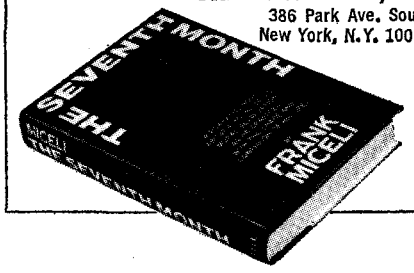

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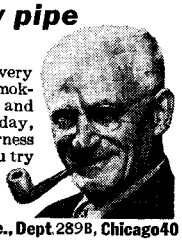

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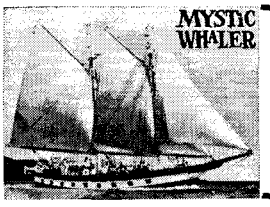

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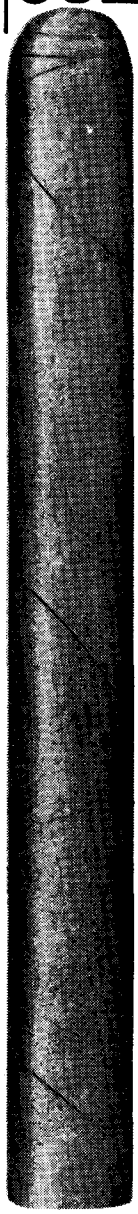

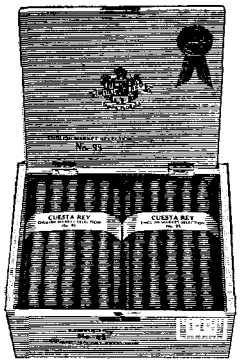

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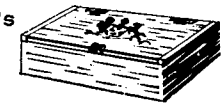

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Robert Lewis Shayon

Cutting Oedipal Ties

THE NET network's *Sesame Street*, a series for preschoolers presented by the Children's Television Workshop (CTW), is halfway through its projected 130 daily programs. Middle age usually represents maturity; yet I have often wondered whether *Sesame Street* is still in a preschool age itself.

A preschooler, loosely defined, is any entity that is groping for its identity in an Oedipal fashion, seeking individuation as it casts off parental ties. It is intensely concerned with maintaining its integrity, with limits and freedoms; it has doubts, guilts, insecurities, and anxieties. It needs understanding, patient help, and guidance. *Sesame Street* is getting all of the above from its staff, friends, and backers, as the important, $8-million (largely Ford Foundation-financed) experiment in television teaching is being evaluated for possible continuance.

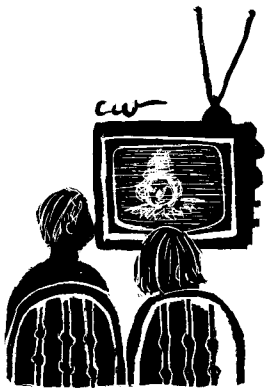
In trying to determine what and where the service is, the CTW has reexamined the original goal—to prepare preschoolers in ghettos and barrios to compete with white, middle-class children in kindergarten and beyond. Mainly to meet the demands of minority group parents, *Sesame Street* stressed cognitive learning—the teaching of numbers and letters of the alphabet. Intensive pretesting persuaded the planners that the best device for such skill instruction was a fast-paced, fun-filled, novelty and variety show, featuring a small repertory company of black and white adults and a group of puppets. Live skits, animated cartoons, short films of a descriptive or didactic nature, and songs comprise the regular routines, with a highly repetitive presentation of the alphabet and the numeration table.

The goals and the device have won wide critical and public acclaim. Early results suggest that minority group children do learn from the programs. When the long-range results are tabulated, *Sesame Street* may well define itself as a very successful teacher. Nevertheless, the planners might carefully consider whether they have found their own true, autonomous identity. The acquisition of cognitive skills is important, but they are hardly the answer to our society's social and personal ills. A mechanistic, technological system has brought us to the brink of self-destruction. It is our emotional life that needs therapy. A feeling of cognitive competence can contribute to a preschooler's self-esteem, but it never gets to the roots of his attitudes and values and his relationship with others.

Sesame Street suffers from a compulsive thrust. Its message is a form of magical decree that announces, Let there be learning! It presumes that affective instruction, supposedly present in the benign attitudes of its adults, will be caught rather than taught. The series has borrowed too heavily from the high-pressure patterns of commercial television. The guiding faces and voices that make for child growth require articulate, open, expressive love —and space—for a child's response to flow back. Fantasy and reality are often threateningly mixed up to a preschooler. In the present format orality is recurrent; animals in cartoons eat up letters and numbers. Two adult clowns, in the style of Abbott and Costello, play the smart-dumb duo, releasing a form of aggression against adults.

No doubt the child psychologists of the series know the pitfalls and have counted the costs, betting on the benefits of harmless play and fantasy. The child's world is still a mystery, even to those who study it carefully. A child watching TV laughs with glee—who really knows what is going on inside his mind? We are told that Oedipal anxieties usually become latent once the child enters school; but that they are reinvoked when adolescence begins. Perhaps *Sesame Street* ought to be aimed at children from eight to thirteen; they know the difference between fantasy and reality, enjoy a laugh at adults, and are hungry for cognitive and mechanical skills.

The preschooler needs assurance. In establishing a more loving, supportive, adult relationship with a preschool audience, the series would cut its own Oedipal ties to commercial TV and find a richer, more useful maturity.



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Prospect Street Moon

Continued from page 24

everyone. Separated and alone, and utterly abandoned. The ambivalence I had felt toward the moonshot, the accomplishment of it all, the waste of it all, was now directed, of all places, right at them. Silently, my involvement had turned to anger and blame. They had lost interest in the adventure so soon. They were already resuming their regular summer routines, the landing on the moon having become part of that routine.

But wny hadn't they prepared me for the inevitable changelessness that in truth each of us knows before and after all the moonshots in the world? It was, after all, the same feeling we had shared in reminiscing over Red Sox victories, even the unimportant ones. The feeling hadn't lingered that long, just long enough to urge the boys to stay after the game to get a peek at the players coming out to a private parking lot to fetch their cars. Long enough, too, to help them recognize famous men, for maybe they'd get a look at Reggie or Carl or Rico or Big Jim, and maybe, too, they'd even be looked at by them, and by this touch of eyes meeting together be reborn. But the feeling soon would find no home, and so it would vanish. Tomorrow would be another day, another game, another go at memories and wishes.

Gino and Israel had turned. Walking away from their bunch, they came at last toward me. Gino started, "My mother said that Senator Kennedy is in lots and lots of trouble. She said that Americans like to make trouble for the Kennedys, because the Kennedys could do what the Americans couldn't do. So, she said, he's headed for big trouble."

"Have you talked with your mother about Kennedy, Israel?"

"Unh-unh."

"My mother also said that rich people can get away with anything and not get caught. Even murder. And she said that, if what happened to Kennedy happened to me, I would go to jail for ten years." They looked up, searching perhaps for confirmation, perhaps for sentencing. "She told me that, if it happened to Israel, I'd never see Israel again. Is that right?"

For a long moment we just stood there, the two of them in their specially initialed couches looking out their windows beamed upward to the moon, me in my high back chair peering through the window emanating radio waves back to earth. Throughout Gino's words, the boys had stood together holding hands.

These days San Ying often smiles.

San Ying stands outside the Home where she lives. Alone for the moment, she listens to the cheerful sounds that drift from the open window. She hears the reassuring click of plates and the happy chatter of the other children getting ready for supper. San Ying's heart is at peace. Her recollections of an earlier time are fading.

Sometimes she remembers thin arms about her and a worn mother crying softly in the dark. But the pain of being hungry is almost forgotten. So is the bite of cold. So are the frightening dreams of sickness. So is the ache of loneliness.

She has friends now—to laugh with, play with, to go to school with. And here at this Christian Children's Fund orphanage, she has rediscovered a needful thing. She loves someone—her housemother, whose understanding smile and gentle guidance warm San Ying and tell her she is loved in return.

San Ying loves another person, too—a wonderful someone across the sea—her sponsor, who has made this new life possible.

"Youth is life untouched by tragedy," wrote a philosopher of our century. Regrettably, it is too often not so. The days of San Ying's sadness have passed. But thousands of the world's children are suffering as she once suffered. Through ignorance. Poverty. Disease. War. The indifference of both man and nature. Each underprivileged child must endure until someone reaches out to help. Each must wait with his gift of love—to bestow it when it can be given in return for love.

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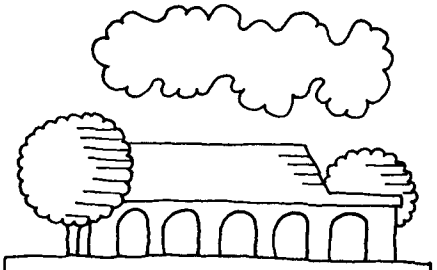

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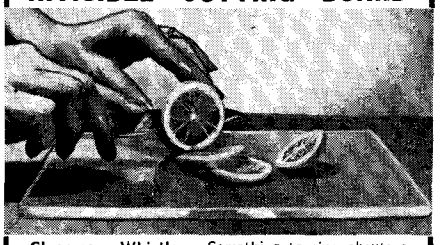

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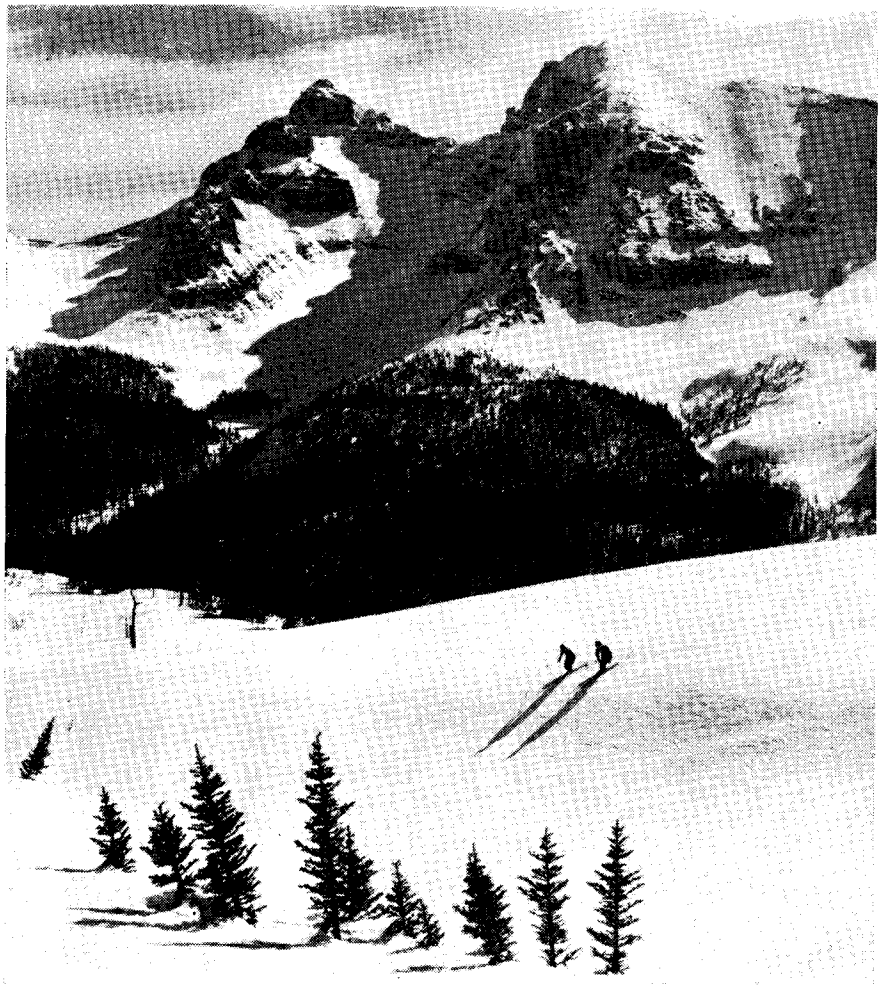
David Butwin

Adrift in the Rockies — I Banff and the Blue Laws

AIR CANADA is the last occupant of the original Idlewild Airport, a clutch of Quonset huts plunked down in the late 1940s at a time when the Boeing 747 was not yet a glint in the eye of Papa Stratocruiser. One by one the other airlines have moved to glossier quarters at John F. Kennedy International Airport (née Idlewild), and soon, probably in May, Air Canada will take up tenancy in BOAC's overdue concrete palace, barely a jumbo jet's length from the last corrugated-iron outpost.

Checking in on a Sunday morning for a journey to some dazzlingly unexploited ski country in western Canada, I was reminded of an airport visited on a spring day two years ago in the north of Scotland, outside the town of Wick. It had seemed more a barn than an aerodrome, flocks of starlings shrieking for attention high in the rafters, daisies lining the path to my chugging four-engine Viscount. Air Canada's spread may have looked jet-age by comparison, but it was rustic enough to make a man feel perfectly at ease in a sweater, plaid slacks, desert boots, and a leather jacket. All I carried was a bag small enough to slide beneath the seat. No tie. No suit. No overcoat. That's what I like about the north.

In summer, outsiders descend on the Canadian Rockies by bus, car, train, or any conveyance they can coax to within eye-filling view of those storied peaks, but once winter sets in and the wild rose bushes are buried under white billows the overland journey loses, for some, a bit of its romance. The Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific railroads, two of the best lines this side of the Japanese Bullet, are often slowed for as much as twelve



Mount Temple's fine powder has begun to lure business from faraway places.

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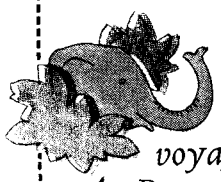

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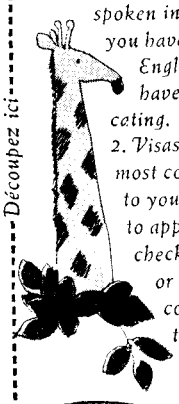

2. Visas. You'll need them in most countries, in addition to your passport. In order to apply for a tourist visa check your travel agent or the consulates of the countries you'll want to visit.

3. Inoculations. Get smallpox, typhoid, para-typhoid, typhus, cholera and tetanus. It doesn't hurt to have them all.

4. Weather. It's mild and pleasant in almost every region you'll visit, all year round.

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le Wildlife

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hours on the long run west from Montreal, fighting as they do rail-splitting cold and snowy impasses. And the Trans-Canada Highway, getting better all the time, cannot always stand up to the icy gales knifing across the prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta.

In winter, then, the skier or tramper is wise to put off all adventure until a jet has deposited him in Calgary, the Alberta oil and cow town just east of the Rockies. On that Sunday morning in January, if a sopping fog hadn't canceled all outgoing flights from Kennedy, I would have been in the air at 7, out of Toronto on a second flight at 9:10, and into Calgary by 11 a.m., jumping over three time zones. As it was, I had four hours in Toronto to practice French via the bilingual public address system, and by the time we set down in Calgary twilight had fallen across the tundra.

It was too late to catch the daily Canadian Pacific run seventy-five miles west to the resort town of Banff, so I hired a car driven by a proud Calgarian who thought it a dire shame for a newcomer to vacate his domicile without at least a passing glimpse of the action. So on the way out of town he took me by such high spots as a blinking radio tower and a forest of oil rigs.

As we climbed the Trans-Canada toward Banff, the mountains closing in around us, their peaks barely visible on a moonless night, the driver rolled down his window and thrust out his arm, bidding me to do the same. "Chinook winds," he said, as we sliced the high, warm drafts buffeting the car. He went on to explain the wintertime phenomenon that can raise temperatures forty or fifty degrees in half a day on a flood of warm air from the Pacific Ocean. Skiers eager to test the fabled powder of the Canadian Rockies often balk at the expectation of brutally cold weather—a widely held misapprehension that promoters of Western skiing hope to overcome in their efforts to lure Easterners away from Vermont, the Laurentians, and the Alps, and Californians from the high ski country of the American West. Far up in the Canadian Rockies, where the skiing is best, chinook winds routinely hold the temperature around twenty-five degrees above.

Snow is supposed to be one element Western Canada never lacked, but this year, as of late January anyway, skiers were going to bed at night saying their prayers for a foot of new powder, the soft, dry stuff that has put Banff, Lake Louise, and Jasper in the same rarefied league with Alta in Utah. In snowier years, spring skiing has extended into June. Until the 1969-70 season, in fact, the Canadian Rockies had received wider acclaim for their spring skiing than their midwinter brand, mainly because the latter wasn't pushed. Most of the lodge-like hotels closed their shutters in late autumn, and the roads leading to some of the better slopes surrendered to winter's drifting assaults, neither to be opened until after the big thaw. Under those conditions, only the hardest-nosed skier ventured into the Rockies. Snow bunnies didn't dare show their tails. This year, for the first time, the Banff Springs Lodge and the Jasper Park Lodge decided to heat up all winter, extra snowplows were pressed into duty, and Alberta readied for the deluge.

Pulling into Banff at 8:30 of a Sunday evening, one had the impression all 3,500 townsfolk and every last itinerant skier had been spirited away by the Abominable Snowman. Geared up for a run at Banff's après-ski course, I was let down to find the town's taps dry and the pubs deserted. What I had failed to reckon with was Alberta's lingering blue laws, though the two men chatting behind the front desk of the Mount Royal Hotel assured me that life in Banff was getting freer every year. "Why, this is the first year the cinema's been open on Sunday," offered one of the men, pointing through the front window to the Lux Theater across the street, playing *The Sergeant* with Rod Steiger. "There's a bowling alley, too."

"This liquor deal," said the other, "is quite something. Up until a few months ago, a man couldn't get a drink with a meal on Sunday in Alberta. Now when you order some food, you can get a drink—up until nine."

"Another thing," said his friend, "the curio and grocery stores are open on Sunday for the first time. It's good for the travelers."

Curios and groceries I didn't need, and at the Lux the last show had already begun, so I caught a cab up to the Banff Springs Hotel to see if the heat was on. The lobby was empty, save the doorman, two buffalo heads, and a girl waiting for a ride from her boyfriend. There was some nuance in her voice that said she wasn't Canadian. "You're not Canadian," I said.

"I'm from Brooklyn."

Brooklyn I didn't need either, not after putting 2,700 miles between me and Flatbush. Back at the Mount Royal, I tried the restaurant before turning in. Not desperate enough for a drink to order a meal, I scanned the menu and settled on a milk shake. Sorry, the milk shake machine was broken. No, there was no lemonade, and the hot chocolate wasn't hot. Over an orangeade, I learned from the restaurant's two other occupants—a ski

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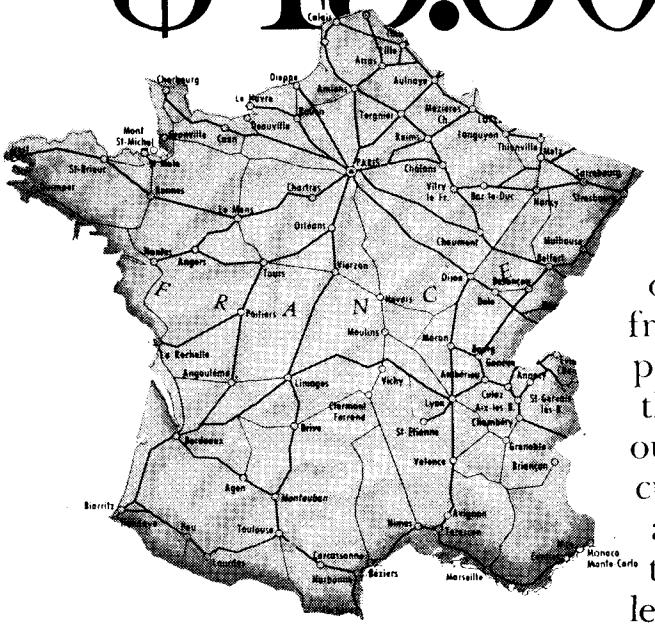

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instructor and an out-of-work chambermaid—that Banff had seen far quieter Sundays. "I can remember first coming up to Banff in the mid-Fifties," said the instructor, "and seeing deer walking down the middle of the main street, bears coming right up to your front door."

"Sunday night," mused the ex-chambermaid, caressing her bottle of beer. "You couldn't have come at a worse time if you worked at it."

"There is always tomorrow," the instructor offered. "You are in the midst of some of the world's best skiing."

That was enough to sleep on. Monday morning I awoke to see the mountains looming on all sides, even nearer than they appeared in post cards. Alberta's latest promotion is "Three to Ski," referring to the three fine areas within easy driving distance of Banff: Mt. Norquay, Sunshine Mountain, and Mt. Whitehorn-Temple at Lake Louise. Since overnight accommodations are limited near the slopes, a skier is advised to put up in Banff and strike out each day in any of three directions, a ski week package entitling him to privileges on all slopes. Joe Brewster, whose grandfather started a transportation business with horse-drawn carriages at the turn of the century, dispatches skiers and ordinary sight-seers along the Banff-Lake Louise-Jasper axis in a fleet of buses and hired cars.

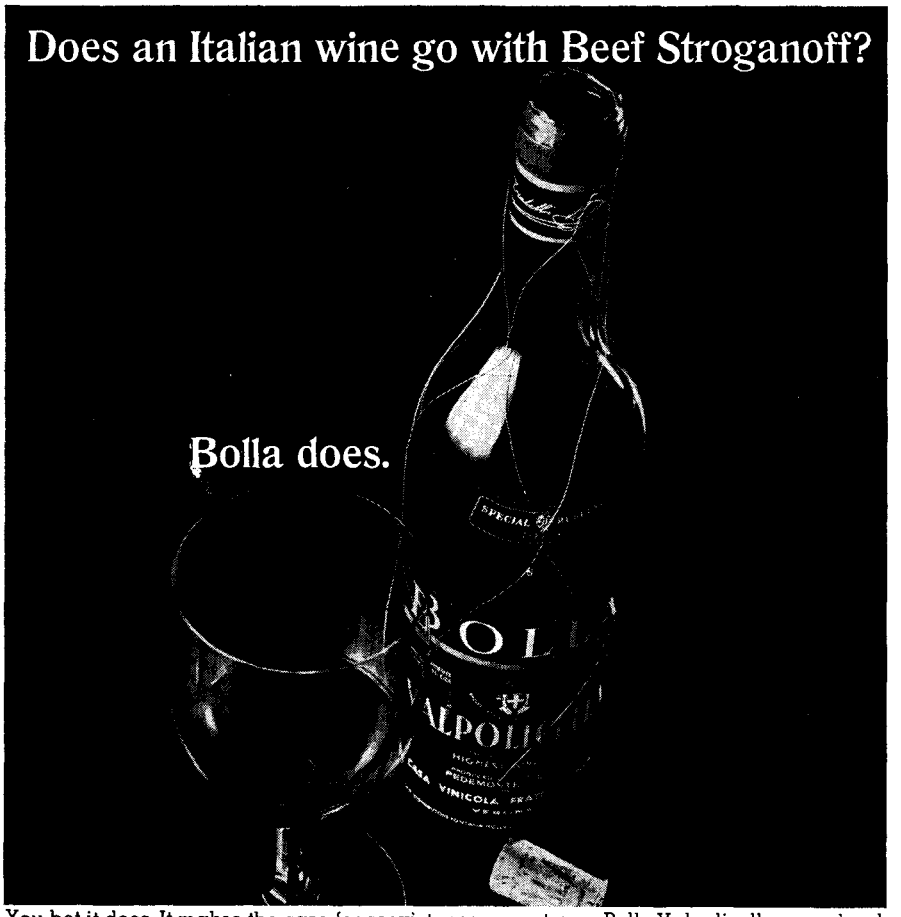
From Banff, you can drive your own car twelve miles up to a parking lot just below Sunshine Mountain, but from there the final three miles of snowy, switchback roadway have to be negotiated in a Brewster bus, often one of those snub-nosed rigs that recall country school days. Winding along that last stretch, I gazed at the deep shelves of snow beside the road, the heavily weighted pines, and wondered how much powder a Canadian skier needs to be happy.

My muscles barely restored from an assault on Vermont's Haystack Mountain a week earlier, I tramped out on Sunshine's beginners' slope in the care of Toby Burks, a Marylander turned Canadian, who has the raw, lean look that predominates among Alberta's wintertime hardies. Burks ran me through the snowplow and snowplow turn, and then, perhaps a bit before my time, he showed the way up Strawberry Hill, a beginners-novice slope steep enough to bring tremors of acrophobia to an otherwise well balanced pupil. Toby didn't give me time to tremble. We stood a moment in the high stillness looking across the valley to Mount Assiniboine, its 11,870-foot peak barely showing through a late morning mist. Then we turned and started down Strawberry, first crossing the hill in a traverse, next combining the traverse and snowplow turn into a stem turn. Here I ran aground on an old sporting snag, one that has doomed otherwise promising athletes to a lifetime of sandlotting. I couldn't go to my left. To the right, yes, as in a layup or rollout pass, and yet each time I slanted left, my equilibrium went awry, the skis flew out, and I took a quick dive, thankful for the powdery cushion beneath. Finally on a gentler grade near the bottom, as Toby shouted for me to stay upright at all risk, the left stem turn began to come.

In the Chimney Corner, a handsome stone-and-beam après-ski lounge with a wide view of Strawberry Hill, I soothed my pride and underside with a hot buttered rum. Sunshine Village, with overnight space for 180 skiers and a day lodge that packs in 1,000, has leaped ahead of its Alberta competitors since making over its rustic 1936 image five seasons ago. A ski week package (three meals a day, ten hours of instruction, lift tickets) runs only $130 a week, or $99 if one chooses to sleep in a dorm.

Toby joined me down in Banff for an afternoon stop at the Cascade Inn, one of two pubs in town. Not exactly a rough-hewn, low-beamed saloon, the Cascade nonetheless packs in 467 at a sitting with its blue and turquoise plastic chairs, terrycloth-covered tables (the better to sop up spilled beer), and hokey murals showing rugged scenes of the Old West. Sam Schultz, who owns the Cascade Hotel upstairs and tends bar in his spare time, got the nod from Toby and deposited two glasses of beer apiece before us. "It's an automatic two in here," Toby said. "Some nights when we're going good, they put down ten at a time." He sighed, remembering the days, not so long gone, of a 10-cent beer. At the Cascade, a glass is up to 20 cents now. "Yeah," said Sam Schultz, walking off to fetch another four, "it was a good buy."

(This is the first of two articles on winter in the Canadian Rockies. The second will appear February 28.)



You bet it does. It makes the case for coexistence very strong. Bolla Valpolicella, a real red wine, brings out the Stroganoff in beef. For a gourmet recipe booklet, please write Bolla, The Jos. Garneau Co., Box S2, 555 Madison Ave. NYC 10022 © 1969, The Jos. Garneau Co.

change

by Don Willcox

there is an
argument outside my window

a ferryboat is
contradicting a lighthouse

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

"Lamentations and Cheers"

HE GIVES IT to you right between the eyes. The bayoneted rifle is pointed at you and you and you in the audience. The man who holds it is, at first, grim-faced, but as he prepares to pull the trigger, the mask changes into an arrogant, sadistic sneer. He fires point-blank. Involuntarily, you jump. It is, of course, a fake, but the gun explodes, not with a bullet for your body but with a searing message for your mind.

The single performer in this "dance-theater collage," which runs for more than two hours, is Daniel Nagrin, a veteran (since the 1940s of the concert stage, first with his wife, the late Helen Tamiris, and subsequently as a soloist) dancer, choreographer, and Broadway musical soloist. This, his newest creation, is called *The Peloponnesian War*, and its production was made possible by grants from the National Council on the Arts and Humanities and by the New York State Council on the Arts. (The work was first done when Nagrin was artist-in-residence at the State University College in Brockport, New York, and has since been seen at the Cubiculo Theater in Manhattan, on tour, and currently on Monday evenings at the WBAI Free Music Store, 359 East 62nd Street.)

The choreography and staging are, of course, by Nagrin; the taped electronic music is by Eric Salzman, with additional music by Archie Shepp; the variety of costumes (from a near-nude dance belt to an Indo-Chinese whore done *en travesti)* are by Sally Parsons; and the contrapuntal voice heard throughout the work and during intermission, as well as pre-performance, is that of Frank Langella, speaking in cultured, soothing tones about the most "perfect war" in history as accurately reported by that great historian Thucydides, who urbanely and almost gently told of killings, sinkings, a plague, defeats, honorable murders, and destruction. Nagrin points out, with ardor and considerable vehemence, that we haven't changed much since 400 B.C., except that we've learned how to kill more people faster.

The Peloponnesian War is not easy going; it has a few dull, or overextended, passages. Nagrin occasionally relies on heavy mugging, instead of dance gesture, in the mimed episodes, and at times I wondered if Nagrin hadn't said it all in a matter of minutes in an earlier solo, *Indeterminate Figure.* But there is a cumulative power about *The Peloponnesian War,* as Nagrin, playing all roles, introduces us to a villain and thoughtless hero, Hitler, an anonymous worker, a soldier and a clawing, dying victim, a tyrant and a tyro in a world of violence.

Langella's beautiful voice, telling of balances of power, declarations of war, armadas, invasions, carnage, and devastation, becomes almost hypnotic and benumbing with Thucydides's erudite description of man's continuing quest to destroy himself. But while this intentionally numbs one's thoughts, the electronic tapes jar the senses with, for example, insane mix-ups of "The Star-Spangled Banner," played in a jumble of rhythms and pitches and with a nightmarish variety of voices (you'll spot Kate Smith right away) or with blasts of cacophony mated to church music.

And while you sit there, numbed and silent, the terror of what is happening begins to take hold. This Everyman, this mute speaker for you and me, finally gets through to us, as he generates feelings of helplessness, outrage, anger, and rededication within us. At the very close, he departs from the "lamentations and cheers" of Thucydides, and, donning the classical robe of an ancient philosopher, he moves close to the audience, holds out his arms in love to his fellow beings, and silently mouths "Thank you, thank you."

As I say, it is not a perfect work of theater by any means. It cannot match that greatest of antiwar dances, Kurt Jooss's *The Green Table.* There are other examples of antiwar ballets—Ted Shawn included a World War I fantasia in his all-male *O Libertad,* portions of Tamiris's *Adelante* were violent protests concerning the Spanish Civil War, Agnes de Mille's superb Civil War (American) ballet in *Bloomer Girl* commented on the terrible tragedy of war, Barton Mumaw (a soldier during World War II) created a solo called *War and the Artist*—and with the Vietnam War there have been current choreographic protests, some of them (those which I happened to see) more in the nature of angry sermons than powerfully expressional dances.

Nagrin carries off his *The Peloponnesian War* successfully, if not entirely satisfactorily, for several reasons: First, he approaches his theme with intelligence and fervor, rather than anger or irritation; secondly, he mainly avoids sermonizing as he lets movement say, "This is how it is, man"; thirdly, as a good craftsman, he has constructed his evening-long dance with all kinds of contrasts in stress, rhythm, viewpoint, literalness, fantasy, humor, and madness; and finally, he has long been one of the few dancers of today who can carry off a solo recital, chiefly because of the very vigor of his stage presence, coupled with a sound modern dance technique.

Daniel Nagrin, as a program all unto himself, may not be everyone's cup of tea, but the bitter brew he offers in *The Peloponnesian War* is both cathartic, in the sense of great Greek tragedy, and therapeutic. So if you occasionally go to the theater not for diversion alone but for a challenge and to be disturbed, pay a Monday-night visit to the old church that is now WBAI's Music Store theater (it's free, although you may have to sit on the floor) and become a participant in *The Peloponnesian War.* And someday, maybe, the only soldiers left in the world will be the Radio City Music Hall Rockettes, an adorable army of thirty-six, drilling to "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers."

Daniel Nagrin—"From a near-nude dance belt to an Indo-Chinese whore done 'en travesti.'"

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

The Passion of Gershon Kingsley; Schuman's "In Praise of Shahn"

WHAT MIGHT be described as the dawn of a new error occupied the stage of Carnegie Hall on the evening when Gershon Kingsley's First Moog Quartet presented its wares to a wary audience. The billing left no doubt that Mr. Kingsley is even more important than S. Hurok, whose line as "presenter" above, seemed about 2.5 per cent of Gershon Kingsley and a minimal .5 per cent of First Moog Quartet.

The nature of the new ensemble was open to observation as the audience took its seats, for Carnegie Hall hardly has a curtain large enough to cover the lateral area that displayed wall-to-wall Moogs, non-Moogs, and un-Moogs. Those who had heard of the instrument, or even heard it on a record, discovered that it has certain distinctive visual attributes. Among these are a keyboard, a vertical, square network of connections or patch chords leading to wires that convey the sounds to the large speakers at either side. Flanking the Moogs were two elevated platforms, the ones to the audience's right occupied by vocalists and microphones; the ones to the left peopled by drums, bass, etc. Nestled in front of the left platform was a guitarist and, to the farthest left, a grand piano.

Suspended above the whole lateral area was a rectangular screen, apparently transparent, on which could be displayed any number of things: the titles of the number to come, images suggestive of its content, montages of the instrumentalists (presumably prephotographed), or whatever. Amidst all this scientific splendor Kingsley (a page-bobbed figure in blue shirt and red bow tie) swayed and shuffled to the rhythms of his creations (either original or arrangements of other people's originals). Rather than facing the instrumentalists with his back to the audience, Kingsley switched and weaved in full facial revelation, frequently using a tambourine for rhythmic incitation. A baton was, of course, taboo. So far as dynamics and such were concerned, these were controlled from a panel at the rear of the hall by Johann May, identified as a Mixed Media Coordinator.

Those unfamiliar with the capacities of the Moog, which is technically a synthesizer or electronic device capable of mimicking most known instruments and producing some tones unavailable to any, found the whooshes, wheezes, and plinks of sound unquestionably diverting. For those who have heard one Moog do extraordinary things and kind of expected four Moogs to do four times as many extraordinary things, the demonstration—at its earliest phases—was titillating but something short of breathtaking. The demonstration of capacities was certainly impressive, but the utilizers have not yet grown up to the capacities at their disposal.

Asked if one "likes" the Moog, the only answer can be: "Do you 'like' the organ?" An organ can be a toy, a nuisance, a resource, or a vibrant source of inimitable sensation. Kingsley has promoted his use of the Moog from the toy category to the status of a resource. Now and then he slipped into the nuisance category, but rarely verged onto inimitable sensation. His purpose at the moment is quite clearly directed toward the creation of an entertaining show, in which all the visual elements—Moogs, performers, screen, tambourines, etc.—tend to dominate the aural ones. Whether the First Moog Quartet (a name designed, perhaps, to lure those who once patronized the First Piano Quartet) can create a composite that will sell tickets and fill halls remains undetermined. At the moment it does not seem to have any particularly musical objective. The players were Kenneth Bichel (First Moog), Stan Free (Second Moog), Eric W. Knight (Third Moog), and Howard Salat (Fourth Moog).

Composers have found motivation for writing music in innumerable circumstances, some ideational, some monetary. William Schuman's *In Praise of Shahn* is, apparently, a combination of two: high regard for the work of the artist who died about a year ago, and a commission to write a work to his memory. There is no evidence that Schuman would have written the work otherwise.

What he has produced may have special meaning to Shahn's friends and other admirers; to the larger public it must make its appeal wholly as music, and that appeal is a strong one. In *In Praise of Shahn* Schuman's mature mastery is marshaled to implementation of a three-part structure within an uninterrupted span of fifteen or so minutes. It begins assertively, with fanfare figures erecting an arch of sound expressive of the subject's affirmative nature; it takes a trend to a deeper, more searchingly philosophic tone. The lyric line it projects may derive from some Jewish songs of which Shahn was fond. Out of this evolves the closing section, interrelating material from the earlier sections and adding, for its climax, arch upon arch to the spans of sound with which it had begun.

The realization is almost, if not quite as good, as the plan. My exceptions are to the overcomplex strandings of the inner lines in both the first and second sections, and to the batteries and salvos of percussion at the end. Rather than building a monument to Shahn it tends to recall Schuman's use of comparable means in several other circumstances. Leonard Bernstein's direction was of the vitalizing, aggrandizing, maximizing kind. He preceded the Schuman with a deft performance of Haydn's D-major (No. 101) Symphony and followed it with Carl Nielsen's No. 4. —I.K.

Béla Bartók's single, but magnificent, opera, *Bluebeard's Castle*, is an all-too-infrequent ornament to the New York music scene, so a season that finds it in its midst twice within two months can consider itself blessed. In December István Kertész led the New York Philharmonic in a performance of the original Hungarian; on this occasion, in Carnegie Hall, Associate Conductor Henry Mazer (replacing the indisposed William Steinberg) led the Pittsburgh Symphony in an English version.

One might convincingly argue a preference for the original Hungarian, so interdependent are the music and the words in Bartók's handling of Béla Balász's text. But, since the English translation by Chester Kallman was as clearly and dramatically projected and inflected as it was by Evelyn Lear (Judith) and Arnold Voketaitis (Bluebeard), it held the audience in rapt silence from the opening note to the final *pianissimo*. Miss Lear's knowing handling of the broad musical line and textual stress made her an ideal Judith, with the right kind of warmth in the middle voice and brilliance on top. Voketaitis has all the vocal weight, resonance, and color for the menacing, yet resigned, wife-killer.

As for Mazer, who learned the opera literally overnight, it was a powerfully strong and colorful handling of Bartók's arch of crescendoing episodes. He may have overlooked some of the Magyar savagery and anguish that is so much a part of Bartók, but through the orchestra he conjured up the magnificence of Bluebeard's kingdom, sustained the bloody, gloomy atmosphere, and portrayed the sensuous love of the couple.

—ROBERT JACOBSON.

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As Others See Us

LONDON:

Embarrassing Questions

ALTHOUGH he can hardly say so, Mr. Nixon must be asking himself whether he really wants Mr. Wilson's European policy to succeed. Although nobody mentions it on this side of the Channel (the Prime Minister's warnings of "industrial helotry" were strictly for export), one of the main attractions of a United Europe is the restrictions it could put on American economic power. It would not be impossible for the Americans to retort that as long as they paid for Western Europe's defense Western Europe would be wise to keep its competitiveness within bounds; but it would be outside the normal diplomatic dialogue. It would certainly not be appropriate for a friendly visit. Fortunately Mr. Nixon is a good evader of embarrassing issues, and Mr. Wilson can be relied on to help him.

—New Statesman.

EDINBURGH:

Nixon's First Year

NOT VERY MUCH has happened in President Nixon's first year of office. The calm—contrasting with the turbulence of the preceding year—was welcome. Yet if there were no disasters, there was little action to cope with deep-rooted problems. The ghettos were quieter than usual, but there is no sign that Mr. Nixon gives Negro grievances any priority. Many of Mr. Johnson's abilities and merits were overshadowed by his failure to maintain public support for his handling of the Vietnam war. Here Mr. Nixon has improved matters dramatically, without turning South Vietnam over to the Communists. Peace prospects are better than they were a year ago, when the Communists could afford to wait for the collapse of American morale. But Vietnamization—on which Mr. Nixon's hopes are staked—is a gamble, and if it fails there will certainly not be a generation of uninterrupted peace unless the United States contracts out of its responsibilities instead of sharing them with its allies, as Mr. Nixon proposes.

—The Scotsman.

PARIS:

Vive la France!

DESPITE FRANCE'S recent arms deal with Libya, which naturally does not please everybody, the honeymoon that began with President Nixon's visit to France continues, and President Pompidou can be sure that when he crosses the Atlantic next month he will be greeted, if not by vast crowds, at least by very attentive hosts. The Americans with whom he will confer see France as one of their main allies, and are glad to see it as firm as ever about its place in Europe and determined to develop its presence in the Mediterranean.

—Le Monde.

MONTREAL:

Ban and Boom

THE U.S. GOVERNMENT'S ban on trade with China by foreign subsidiaries of U.S. companies always concerned Canadians more as interference in our internal affairs than as a source of economic loss. That being the case, Washington's decision to relax the ban, welcome though it is as a sign of a more rational approach to China, is not likely to lead to any sudden boom in trade. Nor will it end the imposition of U.S. laws on Canadian territory, which has been, and continues to be, repugnant to Canadian sovereignty.

The ban has been in effect since the Korean War, and it has always applied to American subsidiaries abroad as well as to the parent firms in the United States. This fact was brought home to Canadians in 1957 when Ford refused to seek a contract for the sale of 1,000 Canadian-built trucks to China. That incident made it clear that U.S. companies operating here were following the laws of the United States, not those of Canada.

—The Montreal Star.

MOSCOW:

Preserving Positions

IN KEEPING with instructions, brought from Washington, Vice President Agnew declared in Manila that "the United States intends to preserve all its positions in the Pacific Area...." Agnew made it clear that the United States is not relinquishing its positions in the Asian and Pacific countries, that it is not giving up its old imperialist policy....

Speaking in Bangkok, Agnew stressed that the United States "will fulfill its

The American Myth

ALL NATION-STATES live by myths. They are necessary for social cohesion. Yet there is no nation-state in the world today more committed to myths than the United States. The American myths of today are those of eighteenth-century liberalism, a philosophy of myths that has died everywhere else but to which the Americans desperately cling.

The United States is the New World where traditional conservatism and power politics are dead. It is the great egalitarian society where everyone is created equal; advancement comes by recognition of ability, and those who do not succeed are judged to have been lazy or not ambitious. It is the nation-state that celebrates Locke and Montesquieu, where the acceptance of pluralism sees to it that no group or class can dominate society. Free enterprise and competition assure that the customer will get the best product at the lowest price. It is the nation of peace that rejects war and imperialism. It is the great melting pot, the haven for oppressed masses, the tired, and the weak. It is the society that has proved Marx wrong. It is the individual's paradise. It is the land of the free. It is the Great Society.

In the past, Americans have felt a profound need for these myths. This is still true today, but there is a rising group in the United States which is finally beginning to accept the truth. Two things in particular have contributed to this: the rebellion of the blacks and the vicious war that is being waged against the Vietnamese....

However, the American establishment can no longer adequately deal with criticisms of the American system simply by issuing those familiar pious pronouncements. Even in the United States, it is becoming public knowledge that in the richest country the world has ever known there are vast inequalities of wealth, with millions living in the state of starvation, poverty, and deprivation....

—THE NEW ROMANS—Candid Canadian Opinions of the U.S. Edited by A. T. Purdy; M. G. Hurtig, Ltd., Publishers, Edmonton, Alberta.

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commitments" in defending the allies against attacks from outside, whereas the latter should, at the same time, take steps themselves to crush rebellions within their countries. Thus, according to Washington's schemes, Asians must give their lives for U.S. interests in Asia.

—*Pravda.*

Agnew's Visit

THE UNITED STATES as a member of a Pacific community, Mr. Agnew declared, will continue to fill the role of a responsible neighbor. Nations which demonstrate a desire and capacity to help themselves "will always find the United States prepared to lend a helping hand with the limits of our own resources and obligations." Free Asia cannot ask for more.

—*The Straits Times, Singapore.*

VIEWED against the background and in the context of massive U.S. assistance, financial and technical, which has been playing a key role in the infrastructure development of Nepal over various fields, there is still wide scope for U.S. participation.

—*The Rising Nepal, Katmandu.*

THE UNITED STATES is going to stand by its treaty obligations but, to put it bluntly, is not going to stick its neck out whenever one of its smaller allies feels like calling "Wolf!"

—*The Evening Post, Wellington.*

THE UNITED STATES has assured Malaysia that she can expect help from the United States in the event of an unprovoked aggression by enemies from without who have sinister designs against her. Malaysia's Prime Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman, said the Americans were not going to leave Malaysia in the lurch and were prepared to "spread their umbrella" for the security of the region.

—*Malaysian Digest, Kuala Lumpur.*

THROUGHOUT his flag-flying tour, Mr. Agnew's statements have been carefully vague, and, apart from building up his image in the minds of American voters, the chief purpose of his visit seems to have been to act as an ambassador errant, testing out reactions to President Nixon's doctrine on U.S. commitment in Asia and the Pacific. Mr. Agnew pledged America to honor present treaties while refusing to enter into any new defensive obligations in Asia.

—*The Age, Sydney.*

Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

The Ad Avalanche

TV ADVERTISING has got beyond all endurance. No longer are there two or three commercial blocks between 9:30 and midnight. (In Spain, as in other European countries, commercials are not ordinarily spotted in the programs, but run together in blocks.) There are twice as many. On *Telediario* the young lady tells us about the evening's programing, then there is a few minutes of soaps, shirts, and shaving creams, and then "the weather"—then more commercials. Then the *Telediario* lady is back and insists on reminding us that we are going to see the programs she announced ten minutes earlier—as though the entire nation's memory had just gone bad. Then more commercials . . . and so the evening goes. . . .

How long will we have to put up with this? They have said vaguely that this avalanche will only last for two or three months more. But what will the solution really be? I don't think any stroke of the pen is going to turn all these advertising people off and make them go away.

—*Jacinto Carrero, SP, Madrid.*

Getting the Message

I LIVE at the outskirts of Miskolcz (135 miles from Budapest) where the mailman makes deliveries twice a week—Wednesday and Saturday. If one of these days falls on a holiday, mail delivery is only once a week. The mailman also delivers telegrams, which takes five to six days (if the addressee is lucky, he may get it in three to four days). Not long ago I received a telegram from Cegléd (eighty miles from Miskolcz) that was in transit five days, and a post card from Miskolcz that took seven days to arrive.

However, parcels are delivered regularly every day. I have now notified my friends and relatives that in urgent cases they should pack their message in a parcel with a few stones, and I will get it the next day—and it is much cheaper than a telegram.

—*János Hajdu, Magyarország, Budapest.*

The Only Thing

I READ with disgust the story of Singapore being dropped as a U.S. troop rest and recreation center. From what the U.S. military spokesman said: "The major reason for the lack of interest in Singapore was sex." It seems that sex is the only thing they require in any country for their "rest and relaxation."

It is fortunate they have decided to drop Singapore out as one of their centers. Otherwise we might have to face the consequences of a country whose morality deteriorates as a result of external influence. Our girls here have much better means of enjoying themselves or earning a living.

—*Disgusted, The Straits Times, Singapore.*

"Management" Is Okay

THE FRENCH ACADEMY, on its guard against the corruption of the French language by Anglo-Saxonisms, has just handed down the following ruling: "management" is okay provided it is pronounced in the French manner and mass media is okay as "*masse média.*"

—*Encounter, London.*

Editorial Distemper

EVIDENTLY, my recent story (in *The New York Times*) about the increased migration of Americans to Canada inspired the January 7 editorial "Americans, Welcome."

Having spent hours talking with some of the politically conservative American ranchers who have settled in British Columbia, I can say that your characterization of them—"hard-eyed, government-hating"—is inaccurate. I suggest you try to keep your editorials free of such distemper.

—*Edward Cowan, Daily Star, Toronto.*

The Queen's Alive

I JOIN THE ranks of those who grow angry, more angry day by day, at this present government and its attitude toward the monarchy.

The latest insult is to produce a stamp —etched in black. Does this mean this government has buried the Queen? If it thinks so, it had better listen to a few voices who can happily and honestly say, "The Queen is alive and well and living in London."

She is also Queen of Canada, and a great proportion of people living in this country have sworn allegiance to her. I expect this latest postage stamp, definitive issue, is another appeasement to the French who dominate the post office department and tell us that the color is in the interests of "automatic sorting." Surely royal purple would serve as well.

The only thing that keeps this country from becoming a vassal of the United States or, indeed, of France is the monarch. Our present representatives of the crown are fine people. Let us not cast them aside for power-hungry politicians who would like to become presidents or dictators.

—*C. I. Morgan, The Ottawa Citizen.*

—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Roland Gelatt

Cooling It with The Mollies

SOME MISGIVINGS were voiced here a few months ago over Hollywood's seemingly endless infatuation with the Western as a cinematic vehicle, and the suggestion was put forward that other chapters of American history might bear profitable investigation. So it's good to report the initiative of Martin Ritt and Walter Bernstein, director and writer of *The Molly Maguires*, in training their sights on a wholly unexplored area of our nineteenth-century past.

The time is 1876 and the place a wretched coal-mining town in Pennsylvania, where a community of Irish immigrants toil in conditions not far removed from indentured servitude. The miners are still smarting from their defeat in an unsuccessful strike the year before, and some of them have banded together in a secret society called The Molly Maguires to counterattack under cover—murdering company policemen, setting off explosions in the pits, and generally causing as much surreptitious mayhem as possible. The mine owners, understandably intent on finding the ringleaders and breaking the rebellion, send in a young detective named James McParlan, who poses as a miner in order to spy on his fellow workers. After encountering some initial hostility, he manages to get himself accepted as one of The Mollies and eventually turns in the evidence that sends their leaders to the gallows.

All this is recorded fact, and the film relates it with a minimum of hokum. Bernstein's script focuses on the Irish detective (Richard Harris) and his ambivalent relationship with Jack Kehoe, leader of The Mollies (Sean Connery). McParlan has suffered his own share of hard knocks in the past and is determined to make a success of the assignment, but he cannot refrain from sympathizing with the lot of his compatriots or from finding himself drawn to them—and to Kehoe in particular—as friends and comrades. Indeed, at the end he does his best to persuade Kehoe that the cause is doomed, but by then there is no arresting the momentum of violence. The Mollies are caught red-handed and are sentenced to be hanged, while McParlan gets his promised promotion in the detective agency.

Are we to applaud him for upholding law and order or to censure him for betraying the miners? The film gives us no easy answer. Some viewers may fault *The Molly Maguires* for its unpartisan objectivity and its lack of involvement one way or the other, but I find the ambiguities far preferable to a facile and sentimental overweighting of evidence pro or con. Although these miners are leading a hideously grim existence, their response to it is not only brutal but ultimately self-defeating, and the film properly gives equal emphasis to both the grimness and the brutality. Perhaps it would be easier to take sides if we were told more about the strike that precipitated the violence; as it is, we pick up only fitful references to it. Another problem is the utter unbelievability of Sean Connery—his usual strong, handsome, and charming self—as a downtrodden miner. Surely he ought to be striking it rich in California, carving a name for himself in Boston politics, or otherwise making it as the winner nature so obviously intended him to be.

But despite these blemishes and an absurd final scene in which Harris pays a last visit to Connery in his jail cell, *The Molly Maguires* does manage to tell an absorbing story and to make its historical-sociological points with a good deal of integrity. Incidentally, much of the movie was filmed in Eckley, Pennsylvania—the only coal town in America (according to the production notes) that still exists as it did a century ago. Art director Tambi Larsen has had the entire place repainted in slate gray, and the visual effect—relieved only by an occasional splash of green—is really quite beautiful in its monochromatic flatness.

I doubt that either *The Looking Glass War* or *The Kremlin Letter* will end up on anyone's list of great spy films, but each has its moments. Frank R. Pierson's movie version of the Le Carré novel starts off with brilliant

(*Continued on page* 82)

ANTONIONI's
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Big Bill Reconsidered

Big Bill—"He was liked by all the blues singers."

by PETE WELDING

Many jazz and folk song enthusiasts of more than a decade ago were introduced to the rich, pungent traditions of the American Negro blues through the recordings and concert appearances of the late Big Bill Broonzy, a persuasive, dramatic, dark-voiced singer of the blues and an agile, inventive guitarist. From the early Fifties to his death, of cancer, in August 1958, an impressive series of 12-inch LPs spread the Mississippi-born blues bard's yeasty music and, with it, his reputation far and wide. In those days of the folk music revival—perhaps "arrival" is a much more accurate term, since it signaled the introduction of rural forms and traditions to urban audiences—Broonzy was quickly added to the Negro folk song pantheon which, in those innocent times, included the titanic Leadbelly, Blind Lemon Jefferson, Brownie McGhee, Sonny Terry, and perhaps a few others.

The beginnings of the current wave of blues interest were only starting to gather, however, and Broonzy was an important catalyst in the movement to blues through the great influence he exerted on young, white, middle-class listeners and participants in the folk music revival. In the Fifties he participated in a large number of recording sessions for various firms, the results of which were to appear on more than a dozen albums. The pattern was set on the earliest of these ventures, a series of recordings he initiated in September 1951, for the French Vogue label. These recordings present Broonzy as a "folk singer"; his tart, expressive, and always rewarding singing is underscored only by his acoustic guitar, a true second voice providing rich, strong harmonic and rhythmic support and fleshing out and extending the vocal lines with darting, quicksilver tendrils of sound, flashing improvised arpeggios, runs, riffs, and answering phrases.

Contrary to the impression conveyed by the autobiographical *Big Bill Blues* (a 1955 publication now reissued in paperback by Oak Press), Broonzy first entered the recording studios in 1927 to cut a quartet of guitar-accompanied country blues. These were never issued, but the singer returned in November of that year and February of the following to redo two of them as well as two additional sides for Paramount, all of which were released. Beginning in 1930, however, his recording career stepped up markedly with a batch of performances for the Perfect, Gennett, and Champion labels, many of which were issued—for reasons best known to the record companies — under various pseudonyms: "Sammy Sampson," "Big Bill Johnson," "Bill and Slim" (Broonzy and Frank Brasswell), "Williams and Sampson" (Bill Williams and Broonzy), "Johnson and Smith" (Broonzy and Steele Smith), the misprinted "Big Bill Broomsley," as well as under the name by which became best known Big Bill.

While the bulk of these early- to mid-Thirties Broonzy efforts are in his highly personalized extensions of rural-based ragtime and blues styles, a number of them reflect the then current vogue for the *double-entendre* blues popularized by such as Georgia Tom Dorsey, Tampa Red, Bo Carter, Ethel Waters, and others. These early solo pieces and two-guitar or guitar-and-piano duets established Broonzy's preeminence as a blues instrumentalist and eventually led to his position as one of the leading studio musicians of the late Thirties and Forties blues recording scene. It was during this period that the so-called "Bluebird beat" became the dominant sound in the blues—an easy, supple, and urbane musical style. The music was sweet rather than tart, light and unforced; its pulsation was the jazzy, insinuating 4/4 of the Swing Era. The whole style was exuberant and melodic and eventually—not a little monotonous in its polish and regularity. The rough edges had been trimmed off the country blues, with the result that all that remained was the structural core: the twelve-bar, tonic-subdominant-dominant seventh harmonic cycle.

Big Bill continued to record extensively until the late Forties, when the emergence of the postwar Chicago blues idiom—a loud, clamorous, heavily amplified style of music based in the older, harsher sounds of the Mississippi Delta blues—signaled the end of the urbane kind of music he performed so well. After several years of relative inactivity, Broonzy the folk singer emerged, no longer performing for an audience of his peers, his friends and neighbors of South Side Chicago—as he had for so many years—but for a new generation of white, middle-class listeners who viewed him and his music as symbol rather than substance.

As a result of his conversion to folk singer, Broonzy's reputation has suffered a decline among current blues enthusiasts. But two recent LP collections of some of the best of Broonzy's commercial recordings, predating his folk-singing period by more than a decade, demonstrate that he was anything but irrelevant.

Yazoo's *The Young Big Bill* set is a representative sampling of the best of his output during his early years, consisting of guitar-accompanied solo efforts, guitar duets with Frank Brasswell, Steele Smith, and John Thomas, and guitar-piano numbers with pianists Georgia Tom Dorsey and "Black Bob."

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The earliest recording on the album dates from 1928: "Starvation Blues" is a stark catalogue of the misfortunes of the disenfranchised Negro in the postwar economic depression. Over a somber and relatively simple country-styled guitar accompaniment Broonzy chants the grim lyrics with deep feeling and power, producing a mood of overwhelming desperation. If this telling performance is very much within the contours of typical rural blues, the solo performance "Long Tall Mama," recorded a scant four years later, demonstrates the great strides Broonzy had made in evolving a personal, virtuosic guitar style. Broonzy's refinement and extension of basic country blues accompaniment style, as demonstrated here, was one of great subtlety and imaginativeness, harmonically and rhythmically suggestive, and of a surpassing musicality. In its complexity and richness of detail the style can be compared only to that of Blind Lemon Jefferson, the popular Texas bluesman.

This essentially orchestral approach is set forth in other Broonzy recordings of the Thirties: the two eight-bar blues "Banker's Blues" (1930) and "Mississippi River Blues" (1934); the brilliant "Saturday Night Rub" (1930), which conjures up images of Chicago house-rent parties of the period; "Stove Pipe Stomp" (1932); and the two performances utilizing plectrum, "I Can't Be Satisfied" (1930) and "How You Want It Done?" (1932), an astonishing display of instrumental virtuosity in which the fullness and harmonic implications of Broonzy's rapidly articulated linear playing suggest nothing so much as a harpsichord *continuo*. This uncommon instrumental fluency doubtlessly was the result of Broonzy's mastery of the conventions of ragtime playing, which placed a premium on musical complexity, and this facet of his skills is laid out in fine order on such pieces as "Brownskin Shuffle" (1932), "Eagle Ridin' Papa" (1930), "Skoodle Do Do" (1930), and "Hokum Stomp" (1930), the last named with pianist-vocalist Georgia Tom and vocalist Jane Lucas and featuring the guitarist's insinuating, inventive lead playing.

One of the most instructive performances in the Yazoo set is the "Good Liquor Gonna Carry Me Down" of 1935, which was made with pianist Black Bob and an unidentified string bassist, and which hints strongly at the urban Bluebird beat idiom. Instead of the usual A-A-B rhyme scheme of country blues, we are presented with an A-B-B structure, an apparently simple juxtaposition, yet one that produced a new set of emphases.

The ambiguity that the A-A-B structure often gave the older blues was replaced, in this new form, by a rather straightforward narrative element that, coupled with the blithe accompaniment style, made for an infectious, jaunty, and extraordinarily pleasant kind of blues. While "Good Liquor Gonna Carry Me Down" might be regarded as the mature statement of this idiom, it was prefigured in the 1932 guitar duet (with Frank Brasswell) "I Can't Be Satisfied," which employs a similar A-B-B structure.

The approach came into full flower and widespread use during the late Thirties and early Forties, when the accompaniment unit was expanded and jazz-inflected horn players added, ostensibly to give the music a wider commercial appeal in those swing-crazy days. This is the period surveyed by the Epic collection, which consists of thirteen performances in this more modern idiom from the years 1936-41, with only one selection in Broonzy's earlier country-based style, "Bull Cow Blues," dating from 1932, a traditional piece that strongly suggests the influence of Charlie Patton and Memphis Minnie Douglas.

A number of the album's selections are in standard twelve-bar, A-A-B form: "You Do Me Any Old Way" (1937), which served as the basis of Elmore James's popular postwar recording "Whose Muddy Shoes?"; "Southern Flood Blues" (1937), which graphically describes the devastations of the 1936 Ohio River floods and which owes not a little debt to Bessie Smith's 1927 recording of "Backwater Blues"; "Trouble and Lying Woman" (1938) and "Night Watchman Blues" (1941), a transparent and not very clever bit of *double-entendre*. By far the bulk of the collection is comprised of pieces in the A-B-B (or, alternately, A-B-B1) form, or a further extension of it, ABC. "Trucking Little Woman" (1938), "New Shake 'Em On Down" (1938), "Medicine Man Blues" (1940), and "All by Myself" represent the former, while "Big Bill Blues" (1936), "Night Time Is the Right Time" (1938), "Baby, I Done Got Wise" (1939), "Looking Up at Down" (1940), and "When I Been Drinking" (1941) define the more extended development of the form, the A-B-C rhyme scheme. One piece, the "Just a Dream" of 1939, is basically in this latter form, too, but the initial verse sets the theme of the song with what amounts to the B-B-C structure.

Formal considerations aside, the album's performances afford one a fine sampling of Broonzy's mature, often pioneering work in the commercial blues. Not one performance is less than satisfactory, and the work of the accompanists is uniformly high. In addition to the basic format of guitar, piano, bass, and/or drums, additional instruments are present from track to track. Generally, when this occurs Broonzy's guitar adopts a subsidiary, purely rhythmic role to that of the featured soloist. Broonzy was fortunate in his choice of associates, particularly pianists Black Bob, Joshua Altheimer, Blind John Davis, Horace Malcomb, and Memphis Slim (Peter Chatman), as well as drummer Fred Williams, washboard player Washboard Sam (Broonzy's alleged half-brother Robert Brown), bassist Ransom Knowling, and others active in the Chicago recording studios in those halcyon days.

Blues writers often have criticized the music of this period as being trivial and emasculated, and, while it is true that this urbane, polished style rarely has had the force and intensity of more primitive rural blues approaches, it is equally true that it possesses its own strengths and charms deriving from its different set of emphases. Many of Broonzy's compositions, in fact, have become staples of the blues idiom and have been reinterpreted by scores of traditional performers since he first committed them to wax more than two decades ago, a tribute to the continuing viability and relevance of his music.

Broonzy provided his own obituary. "When you write about me," he wrote, "please don't say I'm a jazz musician. Don't say I'm a musician or a guitar player—just write Big Bill was a well-known blues singer and player and has recorded 260 blues songs from 1925 up till 1952; he was a happy man when he was drunk and playing with women; he was liked by all the blues singers; some would get a little jealous sometimes but Bill would buy a bottle of whisky, and they all would start laughing and playing again; Big Bill would get drunk and slip off from the party and go home to sleep."

Sleep in peace, Big Bill.

The Young Big Bill Broonzy, 1928-1936 (Yazoo 1011): "Brownskin Shuffle," "Eagle Ridin' Papa," "Starvation Blues," "Long Tall Mama," "Good Liquor Gonna Carry Me Down," "Skoodle Do Do," "Banker's Blues," "Saturday Night Rub," "I Can't Be Satisfied," "Mississippi River Blues," "Hip Shakin' Strut," "How You Want It Done?" "Hokum Stomp," "Stove Pipe Stomp."

Big Bill's Blues (Epic 22017): "Big Bill Blues," "You Do Me Any Old Way," "Trucking Little Woman," "Bull Cow Blues," "Southern Flood Blues," "New Shake 'Em On Down," "Night Time Is the Right Time," "Trouble and Lying Woman," "Baby, I Done Got Wise," "Just a Dream," "Oh, Yes," "Medicine Man Blues," "Looking Up at Down," "When I Been Drinking," "All by Myself," "Night Watchman Blues."

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report
The Blue Angel Jazz Band: *Jazz at Pasadena, '68.* Featuring: Ray Linn, Jack Coon, trumpets; Abe Lincoln, Moe Schneider, trombones; Matty Matlock, clarinet; Joe Venuti, violin; Stan Wrightsman, Dick Cary, Roger Kellaway, piano; George Van Eps, guitar; Jack Sperling, drums; and others. Blue Angel stereo, BAJC(S) 1 & 2, $5.50 each. (Postpaid from Blue Angel Jazz Club, 2089 Pinecrest Drive, Altadena, California 91001.)	These records offer further evidence of what might be described as the consumers' revolt in jazz. More and more enthusiasts are organizing concerts and setting up record labels in order to hear what they want to hear, rather than what the existing monopolies have so long foisted on them. Apart from a pretty "Moon Glow" by the rhythm section, the first record is mostly Dixieland of varying quality, the cornball vocals by Clancy Hayes being a decided hazard. The second record opens with a handsome, seven-minute version of "Almost Like Being in Love" by Joe Venuti, and is continued with a brilliant ten-minute improvisation on "Stella by Starlight" by Roger Kellaway. On the reverse are a couple of big-band arrangements by Dick Cary, who switches to alto horn for an interesting chorus on "Save It, Pretty Mama." "The Blue Room" is a showcase for the impeccable musicianship of George Van Eps, and the last two numbers feature the reliable Matty Matlock. A special word must be said for Jack Sperling, who makes an invaluable contribution throughout. The live recording is generally excellent.
Hampton Hawes: *The Seance.* Hawes, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Donald Bailey, drums. Contemporary stereo, S-7621, $5.98	This enjoyable album is made the more attractive by Hawes's own exemplary liner notes, which match the playing in their lucidity. The set was recorded live and well in a Los Angeles club, but the atmosphere is of secondary importance except in its effect on the artists. The program is well chosen, and Hawes's respect for the composer's original intent in the case of such ballads as "My Romance" and "For Heaven's Sake" is refreshing. The group's emotional bonds are strongly in evidence everywhere, but it is the pianist's sensitivity, command, and unfailing taste that make this an outstanding set.
Charles Kynard: *The Soul Brotherhood.* Kynard, organ; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; David Newman, tenor saxophone; Grant Green, guitar; Jimmy Lewis, Fender bass; Mickey Roker, drums. Prestige stereo, 7630, $4.98. **Brother Jack McDuff:** *Gin and Orange.* McDuff, organ; with quartet and sextet. Cadet stereo, LPS-831, $4.98.	On this, his second Prestige album, Kynard displays impressive authority. He holds all the performances together, keeps them moving energetically, and rises to every challenge from the other soloists. Grant Green, who plays with similar spirit and invention, has an exhilarating solo on all five tracks and makes his presence felt in a rhythm section further distinguished by Roker's masterly drumming. In comparison, McDuff's set lacks life and direction, although there is a characteristic, relaxed blues ("Beep-Bo-Doo") on the second side that makes pleasant listening.
The Modern Jazz Quartet: *Space.* John Lewis, piano; Milt Jackson, vibraharp; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums. Apple stereo, STAO-3360, $4.98.	Three of the selections the quartet played at the White House last October are included here. The airy delicacy of "Visitor from Venus" makes a striking contrast with the rhythmic assertiveness of "Visitor from Mars," on which Kay's warlike cymbals are very effective. The exploration of the Adagio from Rodrigo's *Concierto de Aranjuez* goes on rather long (ten minutes), but a mood of haunting melancholy is evoked and sustained. Lewis's most forceful playing is on "Dilemma," a composition credited to Miljenko Prohaska.
Victoria Spivey: *Legacy of the Blues.* Victoria Spivey, vocal and piano; accompanists include Lee Collins, Louis Armstrong, Henry Allen, King Oliver, Sidney De Paris, trumpets; J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; Albert Nicholas, Omer Simeon, clarinets; Lonnie Johnson, guitar; Zutty Singleton, Paul Barbarin, drums. Spivey mono, 2001, $5.	Miss Spivey has collected fourteen titles that illustrate her recording career in the Twenties and Thirties. Her songs here encompass a wide range of subjects, grim and gay, and they are delivered in the stark, declamatory style that prevailed at the time, although there are exceptions such as the risqué vaudeville item "Give It to Him." As the partial list of musicians involved indicates, the accompaniments are often of exceptional interest.
Various Artists: *Specially Edited Short Cuts.* Big bands led by Gerald Wilson and Buddy Rich; small groups led by Richard "Groove" Holmes, Jean-Luc Ponty, Bobby Bryant, Bud Shank, Wilton Felder, Ernie Watts, Freddy Robinson, Wilbert Longmire, etc. World Pacific Jazz stereo, ST-22200, $5.98 (two discs).	This set was originally prepared for use by disc jockeys, but it is now available to the public as a convenient sampler of the label's artists. It incidentally may serve as a useful warning of several albums to avoid! The editing is only occasionally irritating, as with the severely abbreviated "Promises, Promises" by the Jazz Crusaders, and in some cases it offers welcome curtailment of verbosity by musicians who are scarcely ready for the long-playing form. A number of the record industry's current failings are also illustrated. Here are the silly strings and stupid choice of material that may sell a few more records, but will more likely destroy an artist's reputation. It is no pleasure, for example, to hear a trumpet player like Bobby Bryant entangled in "Hair." Gerald Wilson emerges with the most credit, although the unbelievable vocal on "Baby, Baby, Don't Cry" has *not* been excised.
Various Artists: *Jazz from New York, 1928-32.* Featuring the bands of King Oliver, Henry Allen, Joe Steele, Duke Ellington, Ben Pollack, Jack Pettis, etc. Historical mono, HLP-33, $5.95.	With its strange stylistic juxtapositions, this is a typical Historical compilation of collector's items. The first side contains previously unissued takes of performances by the Oliver, Allen, and Steele bands, as well as a couple of Ellington rarities from the Perfect label, "Rent Party Blues" being notable for Johnny Hodges's soprano saxophone. Ellington opens the second side with a 1932 medley of "Mood Indigo," "Hot and Bothered," and "Creole Love Call," after which various white bands (each with camp vocalist) offer restricted opportunities for hearing solos by Benny Goodman, Eddie Miller, Jack Teagarden, Tommy Dorsey, Bunny Berigan, and Tony Parenti.
T-Bone Walker: *Every Day I Have the Blues.* Walker, guitar and vocal; Tom Scott, tenor saxophone; Artie Butler, piano and organ; Louis Shelton, guitar; Max Bennett, bass; Paul Humphrey, drums. BluesTime stereo, BTS-9004, $4.98. **B. B. King:** *Completely Well.* King, guitar and vocal; Paul Harris, piano and organ; Hugh McCracken, guitar; Gerald "Fingers" Jemmott, bass; Herbie Lovelle, drums. BluesWay stereo, BLS-6037, $4.98.	Walker was the first real master of electric-guitar blues, and he remains an enchanting performer. There is a delightful moment on "Shake It, Baby" when he breaks loose from the contemporary jangle with all his old verve for two strongly swinging choruses. The integrity of the groups that once accompanied him is no more to be expected. Scott's saxophone is an ever-present threat, and the drums patterns are often disturbingly unsympathetic, but Butler, on organ, provides intelligent and understanding support. Walker was one of the early influences on B.B. King, who is in good form on the BluesWay set. At the right tempos, such as that of "So Excited," he can sound nearly infallible, yet he lacks the older man's sureness of taste in avoiding false sentimentality.

—Stanley Dance.

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The Other Side

Thomas Heinitz

Boulez at Covent Garden

London.

FOR THE experienced observer of London's wide-ranging musical scene it can be a fascinating exercise to study the fare being offered by our opera houses and concert halls and to single out events that appear to have a direct bearing upon the recording schedules of the major recording companies. Thus, when Klemperer is due to conduct works he has not previously committed to disc, the chances are that EMI recording sessions will have preceded the concert. So it was when, a few weeks ago, he conducted a concert performance of *Die Walküre*, Act I, with the New Philharmonia and a trio of soloists comprising Helga Dernesch (Sieglinde), William Cochran (Siegmund), and Hans Sotin (Hunding). Indeed, it is said that he intends to record the entire work, one act at a time. Meanwhile, another major operatic project will occupy Dr. Klemperer in the new year, for in January he will be busy recording *Le Nozze di Figaro* with a very cosmopolitan cast including Reri Grist (Susanna), Elisabeth Soederstroem (Countess), Margaret Price (Cherubino), Sir Geraint Evans (Figaro), and Gabriel Bacquier (Count), to be followed by a Festival Hall performance on February 3.

This should be an event of uncommon interest, for I know people who still speak of Klemperer's famous Kroll Oper production of *Figaro* in pre-Hitler Berlin with bated breath, while Mozart-lovers of my generation will be particularly pleased to note the presence in the cast of that superb Mozartean, Geraint Evans, who has been delighting audiences the world over for many years past not only as Figaro but also as Papageno, Leporello, and Guglielmo—assumptions that ought to be captured on disc while the gifted Welsh baritone is still in his vocal prime! Another distinguished conductor whose London appearances more often than not bear phonographic implications is Pierre Boulez, who, notwithstanding his often-quoted desire to burn down most of the world's major opera houses, made his Covent Garden debut in December when he directed the Royal Opera's new production of Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*.

It proved to be a notable occasion, for this opera had not been seen in one of London's major theaters for fully twenty years; since it was performed at Covent Garden by a visiting French company under the late Roger Desormière in 1949, we have had only a modest production at St. Pancras a few years ago, and, more recently, the opera was featured in several Glyndebourne seasons. Now, however, the Royal Opera has amended its long neglect of one of the present century's lyrical masterpieces in the most handsome fashion: Not only was this a performance of outstanding musical distinction, but the staging, for once, matched the music by relying on true visual imagination instead of mere opulence.

Since CBS will be recording this production over the next few weeks, I will merely pay the briefest of tributes to designer Josef Svoboda and producer Vaclav Kaslik for creating the kind of visual ambience in which Debussy's score could be savored to the full (very little scenery, but marvelous lighting). More important for the wider audience, which will eventually be able to listen to the records, was Boulez's reading, which, for me at any rate, proved to be something of a revelation. It was an altogether stronger, more positive *Pelléas* than one has heard in the past, yet marvelously subtle in its orchestral textures. The playing was breathtaking in its precision and finesse, clearly the result of weeks of arduous rehearsing, and it was particularly interesting to note how Boulez lets us feel the influences at work in the score—not only the Wagner of *Parsifal* and *Tristan*, but also Mussorgsky.

The cast fitted well into the conductor's overall conception, with Elisabeth Soederstroem making a real woman of Mélisande, George Shirley as a youthful and engaging Pelléas, and Donald McIntyre a passionately tortured Golaud. Excellent, too, was David Ward's warm, sympathetic Arkel, while Yvonne Minton's mezzo-soprano sounded so beautiful that one regretted the brevity of Geneviève's part. As Yniold we had, for once, a real boy, Anthony Britten, who should be even more effective on disc than in the theater, where his voice did not always project sufficiently across the footlights. After our recent experience with *Les Troyens*, some of us felt a little apprehensive at the idea of hearing *Pelléas* sung by a wholly non-French cast, especially when the opera in question lays such stress upon clear enunciation of the text. Though anyone with an ear for the language would hardly describe the French we heard as genuinely idiomatic, the words were at least beautifully clear and the standard of enunciation far superior to that in the Berlioz.

Another welcome visitor to London who recently combined concert and recording activities was Aaron Copland. He conducted the London Symphony in an enjoyable program at Festival Hall and recorded some of his works for CBS with the same orchestra at EMI's Abbey Road Studios. Only three sessions could be fitted in on this occasion—on either side of the *Pelléas* first night, which found Copland and members of CBS's London establishment at Covent Garden — and, since the orchestra found the unfamiliar *Dance Panels* not the simplest of scores to master under the composer's rather easygoing direction, only this comparatively recent work and the better-known *Billy the Kid* Suite were completed. Other recent recording activities in London included a further, important installment in Philips's Berlioz cycle under Colin Davis, the *Grande messe des morts*, for which Westminster Cathedral (the comparatively modern, neo-Byzantine edifice near Victoria Station, not to be confused with Westminster Abbey) was the chosen venue.

I was only able to sit in at one of the sessions—which was largely devoted to the opening "Requiem"/"Kyrie" and to the "Hostias"—but, from what I could hear, the acoustics seemed to be well-nigh ideal for this music, giving it room to breathe without the blurring of detail one observed when Davis conducted the *Requiem* in St. Paul's Cathedral. How the recording will cope with the score's monumental passages remains to be seen, but I have never heard the famous (or notorious) chords for flute and trombones sound as well blended as on this occasion, and the only aspect of the session which worried me slightly was the comparatively modest size of the LSO Choir, especially among the men, where one or two individual voices tended to stand out from the rest.

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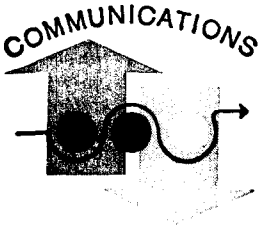

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Spots Before Our Eyes

The other night we had the privilege of watching on TV a powerful old movie about the Irish rebellion we had somehow missed first time around, a true Gaelic classic called *Shake Hands with the Devil*, which takes *The Informer* two or three steps further and gives James Cagney one of his greatest roles. The show ran for something around two-and-a-half hours, and midway through we began, partly from irritation, to count the intervening commercials. Just about every time we had got into a thread of plot, WNHC in New Haven, Connecticut tossed in an advertising spot or two or three or four. Having counted commercials through less than half the film, we reached the staggering total of twenty plugs, which so completely destroyed the continuity of the Ireland of the Black and Tans that it was tribute to Cagney, Dana Wynter, Don Murray, Glynis Johns, Michael Redgrave, and Sybil Thorndike that we were still around at the end.

Our old oceangoing companion Jack Gould wrote recently in *The New York Times*: "In television there exists a form of misrepresentation that has long been a prime viewer annoyance, and thus far no one, not the courts, the Federal Communications Commission, or the hapless set owner, has been able to do a thing about the problem: the butchering of movies on the home screen. Many independent television stations have fallen heir to excellent movies, but what these stations are doing to the films is capitalizing on the appeal of a familiar title and then chopping it up." Jack adds that the people who write capsule descriptions of movies in advance for TV program listings have absolutely no way of knowing what may be done to a film before it reaches the screen at home. In order to squeeze in a dozen more commercials than the continuity can possibly bear, films good or bad must be cut arbitrarily to make room.

A lady from Princeton, New Jersey, writes that *Rebel Without a Cause* was interrupted six times in less than an hour on WNEW-TV in New York, and double, even triple, commercials were the order of the day. Only WNEW's production staff knows how much of James Dean fell to the cutting-room floor to make way for so many spots, but, for the viewer, "the practice is infuriating." A New Yorker similarly squirmed while WOR-TV fought its way through *The Prize*, in which scenes were whacked out in their entirety, "one of them absolutely essential for plot development." The result was a once-fascinating vehicle for Paul Newman and Edward G. Robinson rendered virtually unintelligible.

TV networks do exercise some manner of control over the placing and number of commercial spots, but no such inhibition appears to strait-jacket the independent station. The fact is that spot announcements are now about as near saturation as they can get on many an independent whose management winks at FCC guidelines on number and placement of advertising messages. Standards exist about such matters; there are rules about length, timing, and number, about station break announcements, cowcatchers and cabooses, even message content. The prize for nauseating vulgarity has to go to a recent plug for a man's deodorant given by a girl with a sexy voice talking about a "man's wetness" and ending up with "Coming, darling?" Not far behind is a razor blade commercial showing a highly magnified pitted blade of recent vintage compared with a new-type edge that allegedly doesn't corrode as badly, or so the patronizing voice tells us. We notice, though, that lately someone has forced the blade company to add hurriedly that most razor blades don't corrode the way this one does in the micropicture. Phony stuff, bad stuff!

Television and radio commercials

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are tricky things, and the obvious differences between advertising in print and over the air often escape even the best ad copy men. An ad copy writer must, perforce, strive always for new effects, new attacks, new persuasions. In print media nudity is, for example, a trend even in magazines that come nowhere near *Playboy*'s pattern or audience, though *Playboy* opened the gates. On television, which goes commonly into every home regardless of audience age, much more care has to be exercised by the copy writer, though the use of *double-entendre* with sex has mushroomed in recent months, and almost anything goes except four-letter words and total nakedness. TV differs from print media in another startling way: In print, the editorial content and the advertising may be on the same page, but they are not interlaced; on TV, editorial content and advertising must alternate—there is simply no other way to "publish." But what would readers of the *Times* think if they read a paragraph by James Reston, then a paragraph plugging underarm spray, then another two or three thoughts by Reston, then an airline commercial, and so on? In other words, readers do not *have* to read the ads to get the "program." On TV, they *must* hear and see the ads, unless they are energetic enough to turn them off.

A reader accused us the other day of hating television because we represent print. Nothing could be further from the truth. Television is the greatest communications medium the world has ever known, at its best a magnificent means of informing, arousing, and entertaining mass audiences in a democracy. Because TV involves both sight and sound, it penetrates and makes an impression deeper than one-dimensional radio or the printed page. But what do the super-affluent masters of television do with their wondrous toy? Walter Lippmann has said that TV is the most remarkable and the most poorly utilized invention since the coming of the printing press. He is being too gentle. We think TV has been botched and butchered, its program content sunk to a dismal average, its splendid audience patronized, its potential for public good barely scratched. We don't have to have TV the way it is now with its unending situation comedies and chopped-up films. TV could teach the whole country a second language in less than a year, could bring to the remotest hamlet the best in symphonic music and opera, reading aloud of the classics, live theater from Broadway. Only in news, special events, and sports does TV live up to the greatness inherent in the medium. On the program side it is a sleeping giant still.

—R. L. T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

"McClure's" Said It Years Ago!

BY COINCIDENCE, just before I read Richard L. Tobin's editorial on Post Office reform, "Patronage, Privilege, and Postal Service" [*SR*, Jan. 17], I had been leafing through a pile of old copies of *McClure's* magazine, rescued from a neighbor's attic. In the issue of February 1907, I came upon an unsigned editorial (unusual for that periodical) approving a current proposal for a corporation to operate the U.S. Postal Service. Most of the arguments about patronage, etc., were the same as today.

But in addition there was the prediction that such a business-like operation could, in a short time, halve the postage rate and restore the "penny post."

As Solomon wrote, "There is nothing new under the sun." I hope Mr. Tobin's editorial may bear more fruit than that by S. S. McClure sixty-three years ago.

NEIL B. REYNOLDS,
Schenectady, N.Y.

I FOUND Richard Tobin's editorial interesting, but full of many errors and omissions. First of all, he completely ignores the fact that the committee action has already taken the Postmaster General out of the Cabinet as recommended by the Commission on Postal Reorganization. Secondly, no appointments of postmasters or any other Post Office officials are currently being made by members of Congress. Thirdly, the generalities of which he speaks are truly misleading in that postal service is as good as if not better than the telephone service in New York City and in many other areas of our country.

Merely to suggest that a corporation would do away with deficits is not being truly realistic in view of the fact that many corporations large and small end up in bankruptcy. Mr. Tobin should have taken the time to point out that the postal service is the only government agency that is a money-making organization in that it raises over $7-billion a year. He does not make mention of the public service costs that the Post Office Department absorbs every year. We could eliminate the deficit in the Post Office by simply increasing second- and third-class mailing rates.

We will have changes in the postal service that will be similar to some of the suggestions made by Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Kappel but with many modifications. Congress has always been accused of being a rubber stamp, but when we try to exercise some legislative initiative publishers and editorial writers seem to find fault with us.

CONGRESSMAN ROBERT O. TIERNAN,
Second District, R.I.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Simply to set the record straight, no one knows just how postmasters are being currently appointed, because the recent White House directive hasn't been implemented. Up to now,* all *postmaster appointments have come from Congress—and may still in future. As to a comparison with the telephone service in this country, there's simply no contest. The phone company is having its troubles in New York and elsewhere, but at its worst the phone service of the average American is miles ahead of postal service and has been for years. Let's get the postal reform bill passed and forget the rhetoric.*

FOR *SR*'s information, a compromise measure, linking postal reform and postal workers' pay increases, is now in the House Committee. The Post Office fully supports the compromise, and everybody has high hopes of its passage, inasmuch as Rademacher of the Letter Carriers Union is behind it, too.

CARROLL P. NEWTON,
New York, N.Y.

The Business-Political Axis

L. L. L. GOLDEN'S column on "The Shifting Social Structure" [PUBLIC RELATIONS, Jan. 17] is a proof of the gullibility of the American public. Mr. Golden is in tune with the "efficient" American politicians (I wonder what pay raise they will vote for themselves this year in Congress) praising the American people for their intelligence and independent thinking and actions. Golden is telling the American people they will impose their will on big business and on politics, and so once again capitalism will prevail. Indeed, capitalism will prevail once more. But the reason is that business and politics have the mass media in a firm grip, and they make the people think what they the businessmen (and politicians, if there is a difference left) want them to think. This situation will not change, until the majority of Americans stop believing that in material possessions and high consumption lies their salvation. And for this idea to take hold of the brainwashed American people, they have to "turn off" commercial TV, radio, newspapers, etc., in the same way the citizens of communistically ruled countries have to "turn off," if they want to think independently of the party line.

H. H. MEYER,
Andover, Mass.

L. L. L. GOLDEN'S recent column raises some interesting questions. Undoubtedly, such developments as consumerism and rapid urbanization have important ramifications for the growth and survival of various industries. However, his citing of the *Baker vs. Carr* case and the Voting Rights Act of 1965 seem rather tenuous examples of important changes that have had or will have decisive effects on businesses. Mr. Golden fails to show the immediacy of the effects of these two developments on businesses. The actual number of new legislators representing urban areas since *Baker vs. Carr* are few, and the changing of any legislator's perception of his constituents' wants is usually

(*Continued on page* 82)

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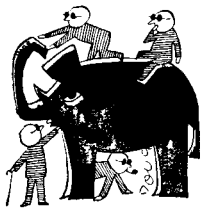
Studying the Mass Media



by JOHN TEBBEL

Like blind men examining the elephant, the thirty-three-member study group on the mass media, set up by the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, has warily circled the animal and, in the dutiful manner of such committees, has taken testimony from what it characterizes as a wide range of witnesses, done some research of its own, and produced a report that is obviously meant to be constructive and helpful. Unfortunately, to a good many who have spent their lives in the media, it appears both unrealistic and uninformed.

Since the study group was largely made up of lawyers, sociologists, and other non-media people, this result is hardly surprising. One may well imagine the reaction that would follow if the ANPA and the ASNE had formed a study group to examine what the bar and bench have contributed to our national distress, and laid down a series of suggestions by which the legal fraternity and the judiciary might be brought to public account. The publishers and editors would be lucky to escape with their lives. Yet such an inquiry, in fact, might be far more fruitful than the study group's work, since the lawyers and judges collectively hold far more power over the nation and its citizens than do the publishers and broadcasters. Indeed, there is ample evidence to suggest that the power of the press in this century, in contrast to the last, has been highly exaggerated. One must always remember that the public holds a power over the media that no other institution faces. People can always switch off the television set or radio, or stop buying the magazine or newspaper. In any single instance, it would not take even a majority of viewers, listeners, or readers to end the life of a medium the public did not want or disapproved of.

Nevertheless, the media are today under perhaps the severest attack from the public since the days of the Revolution and the Civil War, when patriots eliminated the newspapers they did not like by the direct expedient of destroying the printing offices where they were published. While such mob action is far from unknown in the world today, control of the press is achieved by a variety of other means, all legal and all short of simple totalitarian control. The number of countries where the press is free of government controls is shockingly small, and it diminishes every year. There is no country in the world where government does not control television and radio transmission.

Obviously, in the United States we are witnessing a movement toward some kind of press control, put forward in most cases with assertions of the highest motives and with emphatic denials that any control is intended. Yet, when the rhetoric is stripped away, the end result is infringement of the freedom guaranteed by the First Amendment. The study group's recommendations need to be examined carefully by everyone who cares about that amendment, because the suggestions are plausible and because it is far from impossible that shrewdly organized public pressure could bring them about.

The group's report begins with the assertion that few American institutions "are as free from responsible and systematic analysis as the American press," a dubious statement at best, and then notes that the press "has been reluctant to undertake self-analysis." The last is unfortunately true. The press not only is reluctant but fiercely resists self-analysis.

Linking its work to its parent, the National Commission, the study group makes some observations on "the traditional relationship between violence and the press," dating its economic importance "at least since the time of Benjamin Day and the 'penny press.'" This gross distortion of journalism history rests on the erroneous proposition that the press has made its money largely "by openly marshaling the most exaggerated and detailed reports of violence and sex." One could cite a few newspapers in any period that did just that and achieved fame and fortune thereby, but this has never been the burden of the whole press in any period of American history, not even during the famous "jazz journalism" of the Twenties. Furthermore, the number of newspapers that make their sales pitch on a combination of violence and sex has diminished steadily in this century, and the number doing so today (aside from the underground press) could be counted on the fingers of a hand. It may be added that, with only three exceptions, the most influential newspapers since the Civil War have not depended on this formula for their success.

When it comes to making specific recommendations, the study group is strong on fantasy and short on facts.

"It's simpler to start a new checking account than to try to straighten out the old one."

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It divides its suggestions between "Action by Government" and "Action by News Media." In the area of government action, the group wants to put the Corporation for Public Broadcasting into competition with the network news organizations by giving the corporation a "comparable" amount of money to broadcast news programs. "Comparable," in this case, means $40-$50-million dollars for the corporation, as opposed to the $150-million or so the networks spent on news last year. If Congress agrees to spend such a sum, which would be little short of miraculous, the group believes that the government can be persuaded to exercise the necessary restraint in accounting for the expenditure of its money by "requiring that all communications between government officials and the corporation relating to news content be a matter of public record, and that all hearings be open to the public." This, if realized, should result in the largest debating society since human parliaments were first convened, and potentially the most troublesome box of mischief since the one Pandora opened.

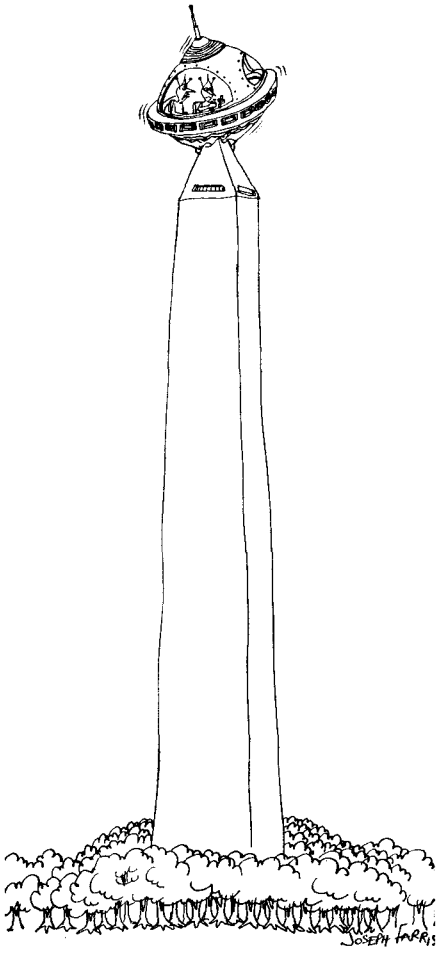
Besides financing news programs only to relinquish control over them, the report goes on, the government should end single ownership of newspapers and television stations in the same community by requiring that station licenses not be renewed in such instances unless the station or newspaper is sold within three years. The number of newspapers that would certainly go under as a result of these divorces is not discussed, but, as several studies have shown, it would be considerable.

The report comes out strongly for protecting the development of CATV as a common carrier, free from monopoly control, and here the group is on solid ground, as it is when it goes on to recommend that the FCC clear up the present ambiguity surrounding the Fairness Doctrine. It is equally sound in pointing out that the FCC cannot properly pass on nearly 2,500 broadcast license renewal applications every year without developing broad guidelines to insure that the cases that raise serious questions can be separated from the others.

But then the report turns to "Action by News Media," beginning with an elaborate disclaimer that, though the study was funded by the government, its recommendations are entitled "to no special weight," and "should be given no special significance or weight beyond whatever persuasive force they may have." No doubt this will have a *déjà vu* sound to those who have studied the conflict between press and government here and abroad.

The report then unintentionally gets to the heart of the disagreements between press and public and press and government. Journalists, it declares, "should re-examine the degree to which existing news judgments incorporate obsolete standards, including a tendency to report violence because it is sensational, rather than because it is significant." In whose judgment, one may ask, does the press report violence because it is sensational, rather than because it is significant, and whose measuring standards are to be used in determining what is "sensational" and what is "significant"?

The report advocates that interpretive news stories, "which can be written with time for calm reflection and balanced judgment," be run regularly on page 1. As several commentators have already noted, this suggests that the group's members have not been reading the newspapers lately. It also ignores the fact that some of the sharpest criticism from both Right and Left has been directed at these same interpretive news stories. Calm reflection and balanced judgment usually produce the kind of stories people with strong opinions don't want to read, or believe are biased and unfair.



"You and your sightseeing! I told you not to get so close!"

Similarly, in advocating that network television extend its evening news programs to an hour and change to a mixed hard news/news magazine format, the group forgets that every effort the networks have made to employ the news magazine technique has resulted in criticism and severe pressures from several quarters. One recalls how these pressures abruptly ended David Brinkley's "news magazine" show after he lifted the lid only slightly on the incredible and still unexposed scandal of the waste in the federal highway program. Every move, in fact, that the networks make to dig into the nation's real problems—and many people believe these moves are negligible—is met with heavy criticism and pressure from whatever special interests are involved. A medium that is utterly dependent on both the government and its advertisers for existence can hardly fail to respond.

Next the report turns to the idea that the media deny "equivalent access" to the media. It recommends that the media hire and train increased numbers of newsmen from minority groups, which of course they have been doing for some time and as rapidly as is possible considering the short supply, which they are also trying to increase in various ways. The media, says the report, should cover minority group activities regularly, and again one wonders what newspapers the group is reading. One thing presently angering the great Silent Majority is their belief that the media devote altogether too much space and time to minority groups, and consequently "stir them up."

A singular recommendation is that the media provide information to local groups about preparing press releases and so gain access to the press—as though the press release were the only way to get into the paper, or even the best. It would be difficult to prove that local groups who have anything to say cannot get their views into print. The complaint of the groups is that the press does not invariably take up and prosecute their causes, good, bad, or indifferent.

Ghetto "stringers" are suggested, although how this would improve the coverage of ghetto news is not spelled out. Only a fanatic would argue that such news is ignored today by big city dailies; indeed, it is often out of proportion to domestic and world news. As for including members of minority groups in day-to-day coverage of such news as births, deaths, and weddings, this is certainly yesterday's failure in newspapers of any consequence, outside those of the Deep South. True, there is still room for improvement in the North, but progress is more

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rapid here than in almost any other phase of race relations.

It is also difficult to understand the report's recommendation that "more background and in-depth stories on social issues and particularly those stories dealing with facets of the American scene with which a majority of the audience have little actual experience" be published. Difficult because such stories are appearing in unprecedented abundance every day in the nation's press. Such papers as the Kansas City *Star,* the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* the Los Angeles *Times,* and *The Wall Street Journal* have been particularly outstanding in this respect. There are many others.

But the recommendation made by the group that is likely to cause the most controversy is the proposal to establish a national study center to evaluate press performance. This is no more likely to be welcomed by the media than it was twenty-two years ago when it was first proposed by the Commission on Freedom of the Press, or when it was recommended two years ago by the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders. It is, perhaps, significant that the final report of the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence did not mention the study center idea in its final report.

The study group has some corollary suggestions in this respect that are directed toward what it calls the "need for greater interaction between the news media and the community and for responsible criticism of media performance." These include the creation of grievance machinery by news organizations to hear the complaints of people who think they are treated unfairly; the establishment of local press councils; the inculcation of critical attitudes in students by journalism schools (the study group ought to talk to a few of them); more publications that would provide a forum for public debate on media performance; more criticism of each other by news organizations; midcareer training programs to elevate professional standards; and a series of proposals designed to tell the media how to handle stories of riots and demonstrations.

With a few exceptions, the essence of these proposals is that a professional group, traditionally a Fourth Estate, is to submit itself to examination and scrutiny by nonprofessionals who will, presumably, bring public pressure to bear to make the media conform to "balanced," "fair," and "responsive" concepts of the news. To professional media men, this can only seem incredible naïveté on the part of the study group. In the political and social climate of this country (or any country, for that matter), it would be impossible to write and edit a newspaper or a news broadcast that would be considered fair and balanced and responsive by any more than a varying percentage of its readers or viewers, as daily experience proves.

"It keeps getting harder to find a vaccination spot that won't show."

In fact, there is a serious question, which the study group might better have devoted its talents to exploring, whether Americans really want a free press. Several recent polls assessing their attitudes suggest strongly that many are indifferent to the concept of press freedom, others think the press has too much freedom, and still others want the press to conform to such ideas as "printing good news and not always the bad news," or "helping the government, not criticizing it." The solid public support for Vice President Agnew's criticisms of the press and recent proposals from several sources to create governmental or public monitoring agencies, of which the study group's proposals are only the most recent, confirm this impression.

We are shown examples of a press that prints only good news in Vietnam, where the Armed Forces' communications services censor out the bad news in the name of morale, and the Saigon government simply closes up papers that insist that all is not well. Nor is there any bad news in the press of China or Russia, where airplanes never crash, trains never collide, floods and famines and violence are never or seldom reported, only the good news that is not critical of the government but is intended to help it.

Is this the kind of press Americans want? The fact is that, in spite of the conventional denials, we don't really know. What we do know is that this is the kind of press they will get if apathy, hostility, and government encroachment keep on increasing as they have been doing for the past decade.

WIT TWISTER #151

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Like many _ _ _ _ _ _ _,
when her brood

Makes plans for hikes and picnic food,

She fills the _ _ _ _ _ _ _,
packs supplies,

And tries with cheer to _ _ _
_ _ _ _ sighs.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 82)

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French Television And the Control of the News

by WALTER B. KERR

PARIS.

When former Premier Georges Pompidou succeeded Charles de Gaulle as President of France last June, he inherited a credibility gap of startling proportions, which a lesser man might have attributed to a lack of faith on the part of an ungrateful people. But not Georges Pompidou, a cool-headed politician who has been a Rothschild banker or de Gaulle associate ever since the close of World War II. Pompidou put the blame on a misuse of the government's radio and television monopoly, which is precisely where it belonged. Although this was a judgment most Frenchmen had come to long before, it served him well, for it disarmed his opposition and set in motion a series of developments that may yet lead to popular confidence in the integrity of his administration, which is perhaps its sorest need. Now with solid support from his first minister, Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas, he is relaxing government control of broadcast news. The consequences promise to be striking.

Misuse of the monopoly has been apparent for years, both before de Gaulle and increasingly so after he came to power in 1958. In a country where there are no privately owned radio or television stations or networks, broadcast news was what the government said it was, and the government said it was whatever seemed to be most useful to the government of the moment. Official spokesmen made frequent use of all facilities and, what was worse, denied them to men with other political opinions, except for brief periods around election time when it was too late for the opposition to become national figures or for their contrary views to become widely known. Bureaucrats picked by the Cabinet decided what to put on the air and how to present it, and anyone who broadcast anything objectionable to the Cabinet ran the risk of finding himself walking down the Champs-Elysées the following morning talking to himself.

The setup was all very cozy—a ready-at-hand instrument of political control that suited de Gaulle to the ground. The only difficulty, from his standpoint, was that the more it was used the more obvious it became, and the more obvious it became the less effectively it could be used. In the end, the whole system broke down. A large segment of the public, including many government officials, was staring at the tube in disbelief; for impartial news reporting, it was turning to the peripheral radio stations in Monte Carlo, Luxembourg, and Belgium (neighboring TV stations reach only the frontier areas of France).

Thus, the nation's credibility gap had become as deep as a well by the time some nine million men and women walked off the job during the student demonstrations and labor strikes of May and June 1968; when 13,000 employees of the French radio-television network (ORTF) joined them, the first demand of producers, editors, reporters, and technicians who handled the news shows was for objective coverage of the news.

They did not get it, to be sure. Instead, they got a pay raise and a promise that was partially shelved, because a nervous country, fearing rebellion, voted in parliamentary elections for candidates who supported de Gaulle; and although Pompidou was one of them, de Gaulle promptly removed him as Premier and replaced him with Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville. In a radio-television reorganization that followed, 102 newsmen were fired or transferred to other departments of the ORTF. For a while, it looked as if there would be no substantive change.

And yet two significant steps had been taken. First, the newsmen had dramatized the partiality of government-controlled news. Second, de Gaulle had acted in a way that was to lead to his own downfall; in getting rid of Pompidou, he had, unwittingly, created an alternative to himself. In the 1968 elections, voters had been asked to choose between de Gaulle and the Communists, or de Gaulle and chaos; to the majority there seemed to be no other choice. But the next time around there would be a choice; the country would know that if it rejected de Gaulle it could turn to Pompidou (Gaullism without de Gaulle), which is just what it did. In April 1969, de Gaulle called for a national referendum and resigned when the voters rejected his program. Georges Pompidou, who during the ensuing campaign called for reform of the radio-television complex, became President of the Republic.

Meanwhile, Premier Couve de Murville, under de Gaulle's sharp eye, was beginning to deal with the news problem. He accepted the resignation of Wladimir d'Ormesson as chairman of the board of the ORTF. He replaced him with Pierre de Leusse, an independent-minded career diplomat, who was then Ambassador to Algeria. Then, he or de Leusse or both fired ORTF's general manager, Jacques-Bernard Dupont, and put in Jean-Jacques de Bresson. Next to go were Emile Biassini, head of the television department, and Pierre de Boisdeffre, head of the radio department. Edouard Sablier, a top

—Wide World.

President Pompidou, addressing members of the media, "announced in October that the news departments of the nation's two television chains would become autonomous."

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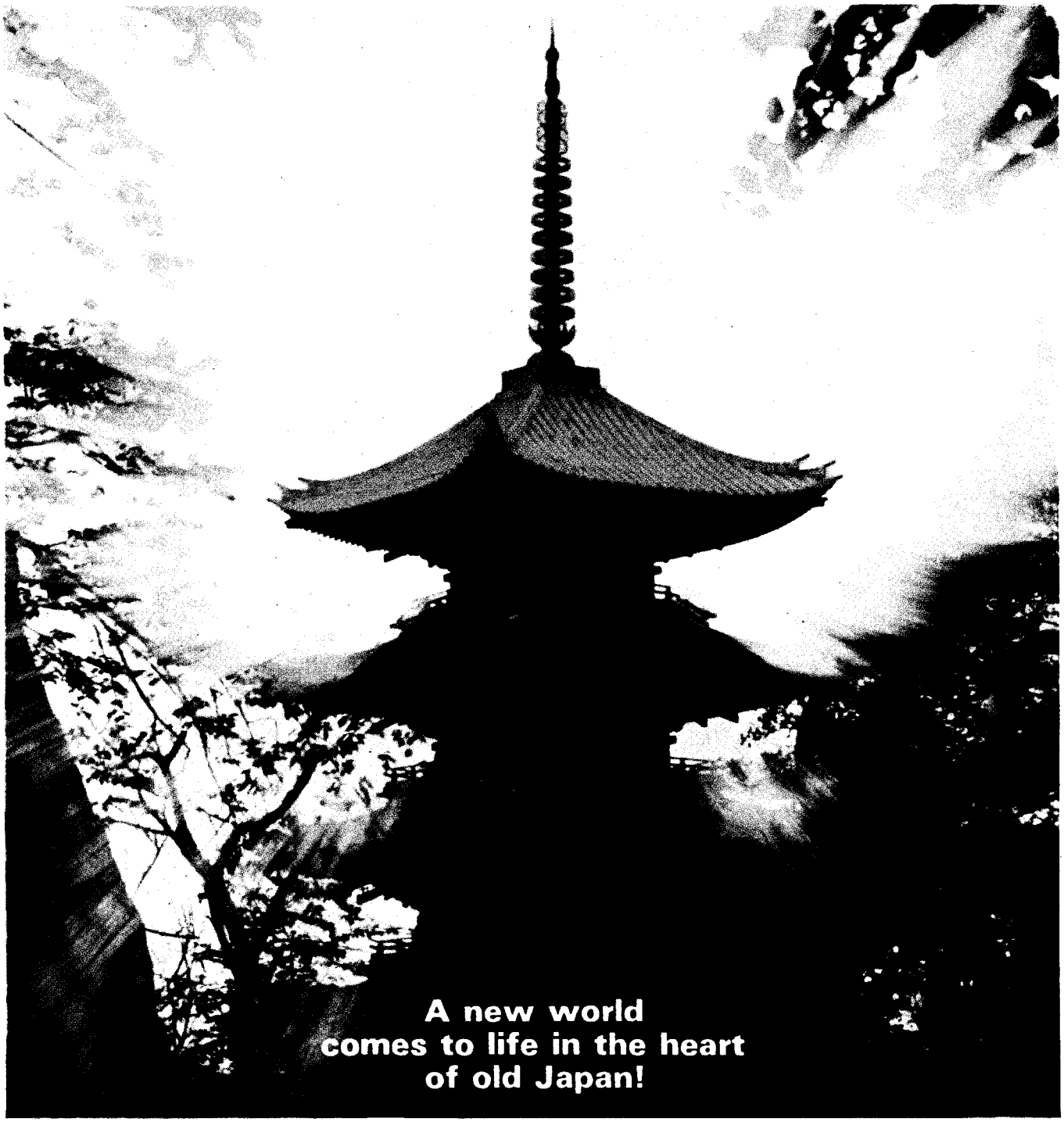

On March 15, 1970, the largest world's fair ever held will open in the lovely Senri hills just 20 minutes from the heart of modern Osaka. For six glorious months you'll be able to explore the past, present and future at the first world exposition ever held in the Orient.

More than 70 nations will have pavilions devoted to unique displays of their arts and sciences. And each will stage a lavish show on its own National Day. Belgium, for example, will re-enact a 15th-century festival, complete with medieval costumes, archery and music. Other entertainment will range from Trinidad Steel Bands to the Bolshoi Opera. If you're a science buff you'll be able to take simulated trips to the bottom of the sea, back in time to the age of the dinosaurs and out in space to the Milky Way. If you tend towards gastronomy, EXPO'70 is your dish. Almost every national pavilion will have a restaurant specializing in its native cooking. And in addition, there will be 145 public dining facilities ranging from gondola snack bars to gourmet restaurants. Another happy thought. Osaka is set in the middle of Japan's historic Kansai district, the home of her culture for more than a thousand years. Within an hour's drive from your hotel are the shrines and palaces of Kyoto, the art treasures of Nara and the watercolor beauties of the Inland Sea. Even Tokyo is only an hour away by air. And the rest of the Orient is a morning's flight from Osaka after you've seen the splendors of EXPO'70. For all the exciting details, see your travel agent or American Express—Exclusive General Agent for EXPO'70 admission tickets in the U.S. There will be only one EXPO'70 in our lifetime. Can you afford to miss it, and Japan?

EXPO'70
the year of Japan

"Progress and harmony for mankind"

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photograph by Morton Shapiro

"A room without books is a body without a soul." Cicero.

Rand McNally

publishers
book manufacturers
mapmakers

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news director, was transferred out. It was a wild period. Here was a powerful but ineffective monopoly in serious need of professional journalists it would not or could not hire. But here, too, was change in the making, a purge at the top.

It took, however, a change of regime to bring structural reform. Premier Chaban-Delmas came up with an almost revolutionary plan, which Pompidou approved, the idea being to make radio and television news coverage in this country as free as possible from government interference. In a move that aroused considerable opposition in the parliamentary delegation of their own Gaullist party, they announced in October that the news departments of the nation's two television chains would become autonomous. As evidence of good faith, they put Pierre Desgraupes in charge of the larger of the two (Chain No. 1), and Desgraupes is no Gaullist. A professional journalist who formerly collaborated with Pierre Lazareff in the production of the popular news show *Cinq Colonnes a la Une* ("Five Columns on Page One"), he is believed to be unaffiliated with any political party, although some of his colleagues assert that his thinking tends towards that of the former liberal Premier, Pierre Mendès-France. Desgraupes had declined to work during the 1968 strike. To head the news department of the smaller (color) network (Chain No. 2), the government named Mme. Jacqueline Baudrier, a Gaullist who was editor-in-chief of France-Inter (a radio network). Mme. Baudrier had worked during the 1968 shutdown.

In line with the plan:

1) Desgraupes and Mme. Baudrier have been given separate budgets to work with.

2) Each has been authorized to hire and direct his own staff. Previously, there had been only one news organization for both chains.

3) As far as the news is concerned, neither one is to report to the other or to a higher-up in the organization.

4) The two have been encouraged to compete with each other. Thus, if President Pompidou holds a press conference or a Cabinet minister makes an announcement, Desgraupes will handle the story the way he sees fit and Mme. Baudrier the way she prefers, unlike in the old days when directives came from above and were obediently executed.

5) Both have been told that all political parties and shades of opinion are to have access to the screen.

6) The overall ORTF budget has been increased to cope with the problem of competitive news shows.

7) Organization of a third television network (Chain No. 3) is planned.

8) A commission has been appointed to study the law that governs the structure and operation of the entire complex. It is to report this May.

"Do you think I am dreaming?" Desgraupes asked a questioner on Radio-Télévision Luxembourg, after he had explained what the government had in mind. (It was characteristic of the depths to which the ORTF had sunk that the interview with Desgraupes originated from a foreign station.) Desgraupes was not the only one who thought perhaps he was dreaming. For the whole story fell on incredulous ears, when it broke in October. Did the government seriously intend to allow its radio and television networks to broadcast the news impartially? Could this really be what President Pompidou and Premier Chaban-Delmas had in mind? If they did, thought a number of Gaullists in the National Assembly, including Michel Debré, Minister of the Armed Forces and a former Premier, something was wrong somewhere.

A delegation waited upon Chaban-Delmas. Desgraupes? Why Desgraupes? Do you mean to give him control of the television news that reaches 90 per cent of the population? Indeed, we do, replied Chaban-Delmas; Desgraupes and Mme. Baudrier will run these departments until or unless one of them makes a serious professional mistake (*faute grave professionelle*). When the protest gathered strength, it was stopped by Pierre de Leusse, who laid on the line his job as chairman of the board of the ORTF; either the plan would be carried out in its entirety or he would resign.

Newspapers and magazines were equally incredulous, although highly in favor of the program. Not only did they approve of it on journalistic grounds, as was to be expected, but on purely commercial grounds they hoped it would succeed, for it was generally believed in Paris that the Desgraupes-Baudrier "experiment," as it has been called, was the best assurance the government has that it can maintain its radio and television monopoly. The monopoly has been so abused in recent years that there developed a strong movement to make the third chain (when it is created) privately owned, and a privately owned chain would attract advertising that now goes to the printed media.

The experiment officially got under way in December. Building two news organizations on the ashes of one has presented problems Desgraupes and Mme. Baudrier are currently in the process of overcoming. Kinks in the new policies must be worked out. There has been a shortage of equipment. And personnel has been reshuffled and new staff members hired. Although it is still too soon to gauge how well the experiment is progressing, early indications from within the industry are generally encouraging.

When President Pompidou pays his first visit to the United States at the end of this month, he may well be in a position to boast of how his government is working to rid itself of what formerly was considered too much influence on his country's news broadcasting facilities. France's coming to grips with its credibility gap—in which the country has everything to gain—might be of interest to the White House, and especially to Vice President Agnew.

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The Journalist as Missionary

by JOHN HOHENBERG

Many years ago I knew a garrulous and excitable police reporter who was a frustrated fireman. He equipped his car with red headlights, a well-polished bell, and a siren with an unearthly shriek that destroyed the slumber of the weary in the reporters' shack at headquarters. Nothing made him happier than to roll with the first alarm to a rapidly spreading fire that he could watch for hours, grudgingly taking a few minutes off now and then to call the desk with his intelligence.

Occasionally, when he was among friends from a convivial firehouse, he would delve into the trunk of his car where he carried a complete fireman's outfit—boots, helmet and raincoat, hand extinguishers and axes. Then, suitably dressed, he would clamber up shaky aerial ladders against a garish background of billowing smoke and crackling flames. It invariably made his reports interesting, and very often thrilling, but there wasn't much of his firsthand experience that could be used in a news story—Four Dead, Five Hurt in East Side Blaze—and that was about it. What the paper's fire buff did at the scene made lively talk that night across the bar at the Rain House, but it wasn't for public consumption.

Once, after responding to a two-six alarm, the ultimate, my friend wasn't heard from for two hours. Even the city editor, a phlegmatic soul, became sufficiently concerned to send another reporter to the scene to find out what had happened. As might have been expected, the fire buff was discovered in the midst of the activity in his boots, helmet, and raincoat, hanging with spurting nozzle pointed skyward toward the dazzling flames. To him, nothing else seemed to matter at the moment.

The relief reporter, no Stanley discovering Livingstone, was appalled by his dereliction of duty. "Hey, Johnny," he shouted. "We've been using *Standard News* copy on the fire. You better get on the phone. The boss wants to know why you haven't been covering the story."

Johnny, raptly absorbed in his work, didn't bother to shift his attention from the beautiful arch of water that gushed from the hose line into the blaze. He responded, "Tell the sonofabitch that I'll give him his story when I finish putting out this goddamned fire."

I suppose Johnny never ventured beyond grammar school in his formal education; certainly, I never saw a story he wrote for the paper. And yet, whenever I come across young journalists today with two or three degrees and an almost suffocating sense of mission, I find much in their manner and their thinking that reminds me of Johnny. Like him, they are often more interested in the consequences of the news than in the news itself. Like him, they would rather, in extreme cases, defer turning in the story until they put out the goddamned fire—and their particular fires may be anything from ending civic corruption for all time to stopping the Vietnam War in twenty-four hours or less.

It is easy enough to be impatient with such people, as many editors are. Few in authority are likely to be edified if they have to worry over whether a reporter is fighting a fire or covering it, writing about a peace march or participating in it. The new journalism, in this respect, has obvious limitations. News magazines and the electronic media, which originate much less news than newspapers, and also accept far fewer recruits, do not have as much of a problem with dedicated newcomers. But for the dailies and weeklies, their eagerness to reform their society represents a departure from the type of balanced news reporting that is prevalent today.

To the non-journalist, the current concern within the profession over a handful of inner-directed reporters with a sense of mission seems strangely at odds with the pride of the American journalist in his crusading tradition. Of course, there is nothing particularly new about the journalist as missionary. It is a quality imbedded deep in American thought. In the colonial era, for example, Benjamin Franklin campaigned in his Pennsylvania *Gazette* for better police and fire protection for Philadelphia, and the redoubtable Benjamin Edes and John Gill organized the Boston Tea Party in the offices of their Boston *Gazette*. In the long struggle over slavery such journalists as William Lloyd Garrison in the *Liberator* and Horace Greeley in the New York *Tribune* molded the dominant opinion of the nation inflexibly against the South and helped to create the climate for the Civil War. From Joseph Pulitzer to Ralph McGill, many other distinguished and public-spirited editors and publishers have conceived it to be their duty to conduct their newspapers in the public interest.

The record is not so clear, however, on the activities of individuals as crusaders on issues to which their news organizations have not made a direct commitment. To be sure, the muckrakers at the turn of the century gained a brilliant reputation for themselves as social reformers, but in the main they were free lancers who wrote for magazines. Editors could use their stuff or not, and make contracts for payment at mutually agreeable rates. There was no question that the magazines knew what they were getting—and were eager to print it. Nor can it be said that the more liberal American radio commentators before World War II greatly surprised their networks with their crusade against American isolation in the face of the rising Axis threat. Few commentators fell out of favor with their employers for venturing too far.

Even the American Newspaper Guild, despite its many strikes against American publishers, insisted that it never sought to encroach on the editorial prerogatives of a newspaper's management. If anything was calculated to produce an angry reaction from a Guild negotiator at the bargaining table, it was a charge by management that the Guild sought in one way or another to influence the news. To this day, in fact, no Guild member has ever been found guilty of seeking to put a pro-labor slant on news of an industrial dispute or of trying to delude both the public and his particular management by reason of his Guild membership.

The novel part of today's missionary movement in American journalism is that the younger and more dedicated crusading reporters frankly and openly repudiate the historic position that management alone has the right to determine what goes into the paper. Without doubt, they have been influenced to some extent by the European movement, through which the staffs of several French and German publications are able to exercise virtual veto power over the choice of a new editor. But neither that nor a seat on the board of directors of a newspaper,

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magazine, or TV-radio station is sufficient for some of these young Americans.

At least one metropolitan newspaper staff, to my knowledge, has had discussions on the new theory of claiming a right in the shaping and the interpreting of the news. These talks may not have gone very far to date because of the obvious difficulty of trying to run a newspaper by committee, particularly over the objections of the publisher. Moreover, not many of the older and more settled newspaper people are likely to be attracted by the passionate arguments of a handful of youngsters for a greater degree of involvement in the editing of a news report.

If some of the political positions of these young journalists bring pain to their editors, they seem almost equally objectionable in some respects to at least a few of the older Newspaper Guild officials. One of them, no mean radical in his own time as a reporter, remarked after the 1968 New York City teachers' strike: "Do you know that some of our younger members wanted to repudiate support of the teachers' union to show their sympathy for the children of the black community? Just imagine! How much can unionism mean to them?"

It is difficult to say how far this new missionary movement will go and what, if anything, it is likely to accomplish. Like so many of today's departures from conventional thinking, the theory that staffs should share in editorial decision-making has its roots primarily among the most privileged class in our society—the affluent students in our universities. Few of the underprivileged are that interested in what newspapers print or the electronic media say or exhibit. Mostly, they are too busy trying to earn a living. Pressures upon the media, in the main, are brought in their behalf by large organizations whose representatives have learned over the years how to work within the system even if they don't approve of it.

True, the old-line editors already have made it clear that the way to deal with obstreperous reporters is to get rid of them and the way to put down hazy, far-out theorizing among the staff is to increase editorial surveillance and control. That approach was used to try to kill the Newspaper Guild in the 1930s, and it didn't work. If it is tried again to discourage any departure from convention, the almost certain result will be to outrage moderate opinion even on the more conservative newspaper staffs. Although most journalists are not reputed to do much thinking about matters that are not of immediate concern to them, they can be shocked into it. And who can argue that more thought in the newsrooms of the nation is undesirable?

One thing already is certain about the young missionaries: They will not be ignored. Nor are they likely to be viewed by their elders with the paternal indulgence vouchsafed to Ernest Hemingway when, as a young reporter for the Kansas City *Star*, he agonized for days at the bedside of a wounded man instead of turning in a brief news story. It is easy enough for some editors to say: "We won't hire these fellows." But have they visited their nearest campus recently and heard for themselves the widespread dissatisfaction among many young people with much of the news reporting of today? It simply isn't possible to brush off the better part of a whole generation of college-trained men and women, whether they become journalists or join the already large critical public that wants more from the news media than it is getting.

True, there are risks when a news organization suddenly finds itself committed to a course of action through the activity of an aggressive reporter. The classic modern instance was the insistence of a small group of reporters in Saigon in 1962 and 1963 that the Vietnam War was being lost despite rosy official American pronouncements of victory. The work of such reporters as Malcolm Browne, then with the Associated Press; Neil Sheehan, then with United Press International; David Halberstam, then with *The New York Times*, and Charles Mohr, then with *Time* magazine, was directly responsible for the Kennedy administration's withdrawal of support from Ngo Dinh Diem, an action that soon was followed by Diem's assassination and many months of chaos in Saigon.

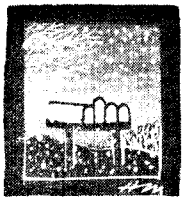
But editorial judgments, too, can be controversial, as *The New York Times* discovered after toning down Tad Szulc's warning of an impending invasion of Castro's Cuba in April 1961. Although President Kennedy was angry about press disclosures at the time, he told a *Times* editor long afterward that full disclosure of the facts might have averted the Bay of Pigs disaster.

For those warmhearted but old-fashioned journalists who still maintain that the way out of these predicaments is merely to print the news and let the public try to figure out what it means, the U-2 case illustrates the difficulty in accepting any official pronouncements at face value. As soon as the highest spokesmen in the American government had announced there was no deliberate violation of Soviet air space in 1960, Premier Khrushchev exultantly announced the U-2 spy plane had been shot down over Sverdlovsk, 1,600 miles inside the Soviet Union, and that both pilot and wreckage were in Soviet hands. It didn't help much when President Eisenhower assumed full blame for the American lie; an independent press should not have totally misled the public.

As Benjamin Franklin wrote in his Pennsylvania *Gazette* on October 2, 1729:

> To publish a good newspaper is not so easy an undertaking as many people imagine it to be. The author of a gazette (in the opinion of the learned) ought to be qualified with an extensive acquaintance with languages, a great easiness and command of writing and relating things clearly and intelligibly, and in few words; he should be able to speak of war both by land and sea; be well acquainted with geography, with the history of the time, with the several interests of princes and states, the secrets of courts, and the manners and customs of all nations. Men thus accomplished are very rare in this remote part of the world.

Nearly two-and-one-half centuries later, in a nation that has become the center of world power, the difficulties of producing a good newspaper for free peoples are greater than ever, and the skilled journalists who must be found to lead them are still in short supply. The few young journalists who have a sense of mission, and an overwhelming urge to serve a free society in different ways, can scarcely be treated as pariahs because they have new ideas about the responsibility of the press. In a profession that desperately needs new ideas and fresh thinking, it would be far better to welcome newcomers and give them a chance to see what they can do. And if on occasion they want to put out the fire before they turn in the story in this electronic age, who is to say that they are always wrong? The strength of the free press in the United States has always been its willingness to find a place for the oddballs, the innovators, the people who grope for new ways and new methods and who refuse to accept the notion that our society cannot be improved. The first rule of free journalism, after all, is constant change. Once we begin fearing the young and slam the door on new ideas, then we will be in deep trouble.



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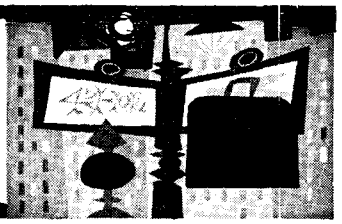
Madison Avenue



The Ad Game

On February 23, *Advertising Age* will publish its annual billings issue, and once again, as in previous years, the business world will be able to tell who's on first, who made it to second, and who was thrown out at third.

Advertising agencies place great stock by these annual scores and positionings, as if they were the Mets or the Orioles and this were the name of the game—as quite frequently it proves to be. Rare is the agency that won't stretch a point to make its billings for the previous year look just a little better than maybe they actually were. It will always be careful, however, to add an odd hundred thousand because ragged figures look a little more honest than round ones, even when they aren't, and tend to suggest that the accounting department really did its homework.

At the same time, over luncheon tables and standing at bars, agency people—who are pretty much in the know about what particular advertisers bill—will question certain figures and certain agencies, but by that time it will be too late; the score will be in print and official, and nothing much could have been done about it anyway. What are *Ad Age*'s editors to do—add a footnote saying this or that figure looks a little phony and may be off by a few hundred thousand or a million dollars?

The concern, of course, is how these dollar scores look vis-à-vis those of other agencies and whether they take an agency up or down the scoring ladder. During the year to follow no small number of advertisers, in the mood to switch their accounts, will turn to *Ad Age*'s billings issue to do a little window shopping, and those agencies that seem to be forging ahead fastest will be most likely to get the call, while those that show no indication of progress or have slipped will be passed by as probably having troubles or not having what it takes these days to attract the better or at least the more sizable advertisers.

Were the annual billings issue circulated among agencies alone, the urge to fudge—in men otherwise scrupulously honest over the remainder of the year—would not arise. Unfortunately, while advertisers have every reason to go to those agencies that *have* slipped or *are* standing still because they need the business and will probably work a damn sight harder than agencies that are having their doors knocked down, the genius advertiser seldom thinks that way. Driven by a top management that worships at the shrine of the golden god of success to produce or else, the boys responsible for marketing haven't the time or the inclination to figure things out on a where-am-I-likely-to-get-the-best-possible-break basis—any more than they are likely on a business trip to pick up a bespectacled schoolteacher because she might be fun to talk to.

It used to be common for an advertising manager to pick the Number One or the Number Two agency because the top management could not question his judgment very easily, but nowadays it's growth rate and glamour that count. Besides, if, on the bar car going home at night, somebody says, "Who's your agency?" and you tell him and he doesn't say, "Great bunch," you feel downright inferior if not stupid and certainly can't lay claim to being really with it. You even have trouble with your wife who happens to know a thing or two about your business because you bring the trade papers home and she sees items in them that you have missed; and if you've come home after a rough day and she asks you what went wrong and you happen to say it was all because of some mistake the agency made, and if the agency happens to be one not mentioned either frequently or favorably in *The Gallagher Report* or *Ad Daily* or *Sheehan*, she is likely to suggest that you ought to fire those klutzes and get yourself with that great Up, Up, and Away crowd. And so it is, for these and other reasons, that at this time of the year otherwise scrupulously honest men feel justified in fibbing just a little.

It is interesting to note, now that agencies are going public, that the people on Wall Street—those figure-minded financial people—aren't half so interested in an agency's growth rate as they are in other particulars. What's been the profit pattern over the past five years, for example? Has it been fairly consistent—or even shown some improvement? What kind of advertisers does the agency service? Are they growth companies or are they in a mature industry where sales have reached a plateau—or threaten to? What's their price-to-earnings ratio? What does the agency stand for? How does it differentiate itself from other agencies? What does it have that advertisers might want—and what kind of advertisers might want it? What is its record for holding business? Who are the people in management? What about their stewardship? How do they rate in their own industry? What plans for succession in management does the agency have?

The financial people tend to see agencies as businesses and know, if they aren't run as such, they aren't going to be around very long, no matter what the growth rate. On the other hand, if they are soundly managed, everything else, including great creativity, is likely to fall into place, and this makes the agency worth looking at—and nowhere does this show so clearly as on the balance sheet. It is, as the saying goes, a totally different ball game from the *Ad Age* ratings. In fact, with these steely-eyed experts, it isn't a game at all.

And the facts are that, despite the different methods of accounting the conglomerates have come up with, in an audited annual statement it becomes difficult to fudge even a little. The president's report can be overly optimistic, as it usually is, and riddled with reassuring pictures of lots of busy, happy people pointing pointers at maps and poring over marketing plans or artwork or copy, but on that page to which Arthur Andersen or Price Waterhouse attests, even tentatively, the figures speak for themselves.

In *Ad Age*'s annual billings issue, a few agencies may report on how they did financially for the year—but most won't. One of the hardest things to get in the advertising agency business is an annual report, and oddly enough it's not even the last thing an advertiser asks for when he's thinking of appointing an agency or having it fill out a questionnaire or evaluating it. He doesn't ask for one at all. He probably feels it's not the way to play the game.

—Walter Weir.

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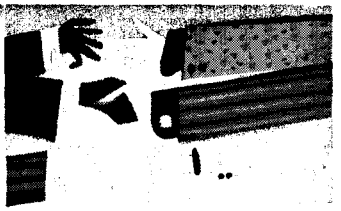
Public Relations



Doing What Has to Be Done

During the past two decades, the corporation has undergone important changes. Without drum beating, it has adjusted in many areas to the pressures of the changing social structure of the nation. Some of its adjustments have been made in anticipation of public demand, others in response to aroused public opinion that made it clear that the corporation had to recognize public needs or the national will would be enforced by legislation.

One of the most interesting fields in which the corporation has increasingly accepted a large measure of its social responsibility over the past twenty years has been corporate philanthropy. From random gifts by corporations or by powerful builders of large businesses on their own has grown organized giving in which conscious attempts to enrich the social environment are made as part of the shouldering of some of the public responsibilities corporations must assume if the public is to permit them to stay in business.

It is worthwhile taking a look at the growth of corporate philanthropy. According to figures compiled by the Internal Revenue Service from income tax returns, corporations in 1960 contributed $482-million. In 1961, $512-million. In 1962, $595-million. In 1963, $657-million. In 1964, $729-million. In 1965, $785-million. For 1966, the IRS preliminary figure is $805-million. Because the IRS is usually a few years behind in making its tabulations, figures for 1967 and 1968 have been extrapolated by the American Association of Fund-Raising Counsel, Inc. These are: for 1967, $912-million; for 1968, $925-million. And it is better than an educated guess that the 1969 figure will be very near or slightly above $1-billion.

Based on the 1968 figures, it has been estimated that the nation's total philanthropy from all sources amounted to $15.8-billion, 77 per cent having come from living individuals, 8 per cent from bequests, 9 per cent from foundations, and 6 per cent from corporations. By reasonable standards, the corporations have done rather well, particularly since this is a relatively new area of corporate involvement.

Most giving by corporations has been done in a notably intelligent fashion insuring stockholders' monies the highest seed value. And there has developed a new species of corporate executive whose job is to direct the contributions of corporations so that they have the most effective impact in meeting national needs.

Intelligent giving requires more than a bank account and a checkbook. It demands a knowledge of needs, of where the contributions can best be placed so that their multiplying effects can be greatest. It also demands a knowledge of the society in which the corporation functions, and a set of priorities so that aid can be provided where it can do the most good.

To distribute corporate gifts in the fields of education, science, research, social welfare, civic and cultural causes, the performing arts, medical, hospital, and health work as well as race relations takes more than a passing knowledge of where the needs are most urgent and of the shifting emphasis within problem areas. It needs men attuned to the demands of society on the corporation, and with an ability to recommend to management the wisest allocation of the funds available.

The man generally conceded to be the paterfamilias of this new breed of corporate executive is W. Homer Turner, who recently retired from the United States Steel Corporation after thirty-one years of service. During the past sixteen years, Dr. Turner was responsible for administering the grants program of the United States Steel Foundation, which receives all its money from the corporation.

As a pioneer in corporate philanthropy, U.S. Steel's contributions are noteworthy. The foundation began operations on December 1, 1953, with an initial grant of $12-million from the company. Between then and the end of 1968 the foundation has contributed an estimated $79-million. Of this sum, education, science, and research received $35.2-million; social welfare, civic and cultural causes received $28.8-million; medical, hospital, and health work received $15-million. To administer this program, Turner had, at the time of his retirement, a staff of eight people, all of whom were involved only in the corporate philanthropy of the company.

Turner himself came to his job with an unusually varied background. Before assuming the role of vice president and executive director of the foundation, he held a number of posts in the company, including that of assistant to the chairman of the finance committee. Previous to that he had been director of research and marketing for Marshall Field and Company; assistant to the editor-in-chief of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; a science writer for the New York *Herald Tribune*; and had worked with a fund-raising organization and an advertising agency. He holds a B.S. and M.E. from Georgia Institute of Technology, a B. Litt. from Columbia University, a J.D. and D.J.S. from New York University, and a Ph.D. in public law and government from Columbia University.

There are now some fifty corporations with full-time staffs devoted solely to administering gifts programs. A look into the backgrounds of nine other executives in this field does not reveal any definite pattern. Rather, corporations obviously have picked experienced, knowledgeable men from diverse fields for the job that top management is certain corporations are compelled to do as part of their responsibility to the communities in which they have plants, as well as to the country at large.

- Joseph M. Bertotti, manager of educational relations at General Electric since 1958, has a bachelor's degree from Eastern Michigan University and an M.A. from the University of Michigan. From 1937 to 1943 he served as a high school principal and mathematics instructor in Michigan public schools. He joined GE in 1943 as manager of training; later he became sales manager of the metallurgical department in Detroit before going to the firm's New York headquarters as manager of personnel practices in 1952. In 1956, he became manager of both public and employee relations research.
- George M. Buckingham, executive director of the Esso Education Foundation and executive secretary of the contributions committee of Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), is an alumnus of Princeton University. In 1929, he joined the former Esso Standard Oil Company. He had assignments in foreign and domestic traffic before being transferred to the secretary's department; he then moved up to assistant secretary, and finally to secretary of the executive committee. In 1958, he was elected secretary of the company. The following year he took on his present posts.
- Arthur M. Doty, executive director of the Alcoa Foundation, is a graduate of Washington and Lee University and received his M.A. from the University of Southern California. Prior to his joining the Aluminum Company of America in Pittsburgh in 1946, he was a civilian

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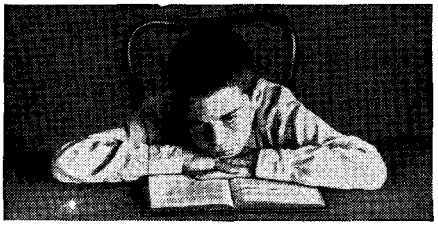

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instructor for pilots at the Santa Ana Army Air Base, taught at Washington State University, and served two years as an officer in the Navy. At Alcoa he worked as a staff assistant in the company's personnel department, as manager of education and training, as assistant manager of personnel relations, and then as manager of corporate personnel relations. In 1967, he took over his current job.

• Ray C. Kooi, director of the Ford Motor Company Fund, is a graduate of Western Michigan University and has his Master of Arts from Wayne State University. Prior to his joining the Ford Motor Company in 1946, he taught in Dearborn, Michigan, schools for several years and served as an Army officer during World War II. His early duties at Ford included employee programs as well as the direction of a company-wide recreation program. He has been with the fund since 1957 and became its director in 1962.

• George D. Lobingier, executive secretary of the Westinghouse Educational Foundation, is a graduate of Lafayette College with an M.A. from Pennsylvania State University. Prior to his joining Westinghouse Electric Corporation in 1945, he held various teaching and administrative posts at Pennsylvania State University. He directs the professional manpower action department of the company, and formerly was director of the company's graduate education department responsible for recruiting college graduates for the company and their initial training.

• Richard C. Millett, vice president of the International Paper Company Foundation, is a graduate of Princeton University and served in the Navy. He was a director with *March of Time* from 1947 to 1952, and he worked for the Central Intelligence Agency from 1952 to 1956. He has been with International since 1957.

• Robert M. Schneider, who is assistant to the president of the Xerox Corporation, is a graduate of Hobart College. He has been assistant director of finance on the Committee for Economic Development, and a consultant on group annuities for Prudential Insurance. Prior to his current post, he was manager of corporate contributions, having come to Xerox in 1966.

• Herbert P. Shirrefs, executive secretary for the committee on contributions and memberships at E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, attended the University of Pennsylvania. After graduation, he worked for the Chemical Bank and Trust Company in New York as a personnel assistant. In 1941 he joined the Remington Arms Company and two years later transferred to du Pont. He has worked in personnel, employee relations, and organizational planning. For the past five years he has been involved in the administration of corporate philanthropy.

• Walter M. Upchurch, Jr., senior vice president of the Shell Companies Foundation, is a graduate of Duke University with an A.B. and LL.B. After graduation, he worked on the administration staff of Duke until 1942, when he left to work for the Shell Development Company as its first personnel director. He entered the Navy in 1944 as a labor relations officer. Two years later, he returned to Shell. After three years, he became assistant personnel manager of the Shell Oil Company and the following year manager of the company employee publications department in the New York home office. Four years later, he was appointed to work with the managements of the Shell companies on their programs of assistance to charitable organizations and college contributions program. He has held his present post since 1962.

For those businessmen who still think that the business of business is business, and that management should not concern itself with trying to find solutions to the nation's social problems, there is this answer by John D. Harper, president and chief executive officer of the Aluminum Company of America: "What it all adds up to is that business is making an unprecedented investment in 'social capital' to insure the survival of our society and of free enterprise itself. And here I am convinced that business management has the backing of the overwhelming majority of its stockholders—the millions of citizens who hold a stake in free enterprise."

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1384

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1384 will be found in the next issue.

D ZXJQYP JE BYQ GTB PBQE

YBV FDMAT GTQY OBM DXQ

JY D XJPJIMFBME KBEJVJBY.

—EJX DXVTMX TQFKE

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1383

I might give my life for my friend, but he'd better not ask me to do up a parcel. —L. P. SMITH.

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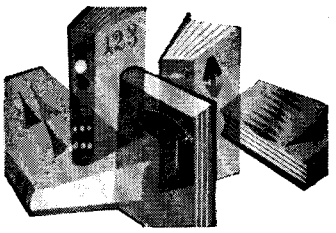
Books
in Communications



Culligan at Curtis

On the first anniversary of the death of *The Saturday Evening Post,* almost to the day, Matthew J. Culligan has published *The Curtis-Culligan Story* (Crown, $5.95), and it turns out to be as remarkable and as readable as any piece the *Post* printed in its last years of exposé and "sophisticated muckraking" under editor Clay Blair, Jr. *Time,* which together with Blair does not emerge prettily from these pages, once wrongly (according to Culligan's persuasive evidence) described the Culligan regime as "a textbook example of mismanagement." Culligan smarted under the injustice of this facile label-pinning for years before deciding to clear the record. He has written a textbook all right, a small classic in corporate infighting. Names are named, motives are questioned, characters are assessed, and finer points of business morality are raised on every page.

"I have a suggestion," Culligan writes, "for responsible newspaper and magazine editors and publishers who read this book: Make it a policy to report the results of the investigations of charges in the same location in the publication and in the same amount of space as given to the charges themselves." This advice is directed specifically to *Time, The New York Times,* and, in a very special category for which Culligan reserves the highest contempt, *The Gallagher Report,* the avidly read insider's newsletter of the publishing industry. This book strongly implies that Barney Gallagher, who has subsidiary interests in publishing services, may say good things in his newsletter about companies that agree to do business with him, and vice versa.

It may be just our routine callousness in a day of many communications distractions that the *Post,* gone from the newsstands for barely twelve months, is already half-forgotten. But the executive story of Curtis, described from an altogether different vantage point by Clay Blair, Jr., in his novel *The Board Room* [see *SR,* June 14, 1969] and soon to be written about by Martin S. Ackerman, is emerging in epic dimensions. Here all the classic frictions in publishing end up in struggles to the death. "Joe" Culligan, who with his black eye-patch and colorful sales pitches was about the most vivid executive around in his Curtis days from 1962 to 1965, has written a purposeful, well-documented, and fair-minded, if harsh, account. One accepts his statement that he is not seeking revenge. He describes events on the inside that led to his downfall as chief executive at Curtis, and that foretold the speedy dissolution of the Curtis publishing empire. They are fascinating. His story in the telling moves as rapidly as Culligan hustled when he took over Curtis "ninety days away from bankruptcy."

Early, Culligan met his chief antagonist, Clay Blair, Jr.—"a Hollywood casting agent's idea of a crusading editor." Milton Gould, the lawyer and Curtis director who masterminded Culligan's appointment, experimentally threw them together in a conference room to see who would come out on top. Culligan was not aware that Blair, then vice president in charge of editorial and operations, was ambitious to be No. 1 at Curtis. A moment after their self-introductions, Blair was aghast to learn from a casual remark that Culligan was already chosen. Blair went to work for Culligan with zeal, but henceforth he was to be the enemy.

Culligan diagnosed the Curtis trouble as residing in management, not editorial. Although *Look* had moved ahead of *Life* and the *Post, Life* was making capital out of its big "pass-along" circulation, and *Post* newsstand sales had slipped to under 800,000. Still the *Post* was but a part of Curtis, which included *Ladies' Home Journal, American Home, Holiday,* and *Jack and Jill,* as well as a paper company, a circulation fulfillment company, printing presses, and other properties including real estate. As for management, Culligan felt blame belonged with the Philadelphia Curtis directors. The reader returns often to the back jacket picture to gaze wonderingly on the rectitude of the wise bankers' heads of the full Curtis board. Culligan makes a notable exception of Moreau D. Brown, of Brown Brothers, Harriman. Member of the Curtis executive committee, chairman of its finance committee, Brown, able, knowledgeable, and fair, emerges as one of the heroes in Culligan's story along with Serge Semenenko, vice chairman of the First National Bank of Boston, who solved Curtis's urgent credit needs.

All that should have been done by a new management couldn't be done because of tangled intercompany agreements. Culligan immediately had to reassure the banks, which held $22-million in Curtis notes. He was never to win the confidence of the First National City Bank of New York, which, Culligan charges, was purposefully fed bad words about Curtis by a high Time, Inc., officer. Eventually, in Semenenko, Culligan was to find a sympathetic, confident, and "constructive" banker to manage the credit. He counts this his greatest single contribution to Curtis.

Initially, the banks were appeased by Culligan's drastic cost-cutting. By eliminating two wasteful side operations, he was able to show an immediate saving of $1-million a year. Deep cuts into the employee rolls were made by Culligan appointee J. M. Clifford, a blunt, cost-conscious former RCA executive, who was later to plunge Curtis into a classic editorial-business struggle. But Culligan's biggest executive splash came with his "sales blitz"—per-

sonal flying visits to the heads of 200 large corporations in sixty-five cities in six months that yielded $78-million in advertising contracts. Culligan was able to reduce an inherited loss of $18.9-million in 1962 to $3.4-million in 1963.

Yet mistakes and troubles began to accumulate. He failed to deal strongly with Clifford, who was hated in editorial and distrustful of Culligan. Advertising revenue slid after the famous Wally Butts-Bear Bryant libel case, in which the muckraking *Post* editorial policy of Blair stubbed its toe expensively in attempting to identify a football fix between Georgia and Alabama. Culligan rewarded the ambitious Marvin Kantor with a high job within Curtis—a decision he was to regret more than any other in his business career—and failed to perceive the Kantor-Blair alliance building against him.

Culligan's handling of the sensational Timmins ore strike, in which copper, zinc, and silver deposits were discovered on Curtis timberland in Canada, appears to be above reproach, but he accuses Blair and Kantor of stirring up trouble over it with the SEC. Culligan felt the tide had turned against him. He wasn't running Curtis, Curtis was running him; from being the bullfighter he had become the bull. "I reached my peak at Curtis in De-

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cember 1963, but I lacked the experience and wisdom to capitalize on it."

Culligan had rebuilt rapidly, possibly without sufficient care. The problems were severe, the answers were always extreme. Personally dynamic, he perhaps neglected to arm himself sufficiently with trustworthy corporate support. A certain looseness in Curtis seemed ever ripe for exploitation by ambitious underlings, and the real storm broke in September 1964, when fifteen Curtis editors and publishers led by Kantor and Blair signed a letter —in this book published for the first time—accusing Culligan of mismanagement and questionable behavior. These charges could not be supported. They were dismissed in their entirety by an investigating committee of the board of directors—except for a few "errors of business judgment." But the damage to Culligan had been done when the letter's contents were leaked to *The New York Times*. Culligan denied himself a reply in order to stick by his pledge as a director not to discuss the matter.

This extraordinary document (later repudiated by some of its signatories) led to the dismissals of Kantor and Blair; it also meant that Culligan's managerial effectiveness at Curtis had ended, and he resigned as requested.

"I was brought into Curtis to save it from bankruptcy and dismemberment. And that I did," Culligan says. "I did not have the wisdom or power to complete the job, or save myself within Curtis." He may not have been wise enough at the time to hold on, but clearly he was pulled down by lesser men. Such is corporate indifference that no one, at the end, really came forward in Culligan's defense or commended him for the job he had done. But books, too, can be useful in balancing accounts. —STUART W. LITTLE.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 71: mothers, Thermos, smother.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day (f, *Elegy*). 2. Drink to me only with thine eyes (h, *To Celia*). 3. When I consider how my light is spent (j, *On His Blindness*). 4. She dwelt among the untrodden ways (l). 5. When to the sessions of sweet silent thought (k, Sonnet 30). 6. Sumer is icumen in (a). 7. Come live with me and be my love (i, *Passionate Shepherd*). 8. O my luv is like a red, red rose (c, *Red, Red Rose*). 9. Tyger, tyger: burning bright (b). 10. Something there is that doesn't love a wall (e, *Mending Wall*). 11. Whenas in silks my Julia goes (g, *Upon Julia's Clothes*). 12. Let us go then, you and I (d, *Love Song of . . . Prufrock*).

Communications Letters

Continued from page 68

a slow process. In fact, on the national scene, it has been such men as Senators Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin and Walter Mondale of Minnesota who have moved with the new demands for consumer protection and environmental improvement. Their constituencies were not altered by *Baker vs. Carr*. The Voting Rights Act may be having more immediate repercussions, although I would guess in terms of unionization and fair employment practices in the South.

The American voter may be becoming more articulate concerning his expectations of the business world, but I am sure that the lobbyists for these businesses have not missed this development and are more active than ever putting the pressure where it still counts: in Washington and with both the carrot and the stick. As a consumer, and a somewhat pessimistic one, I see the public relations men rising to the challenge, and doing a full-scale job of selling the voter on the idea that because a power company is saving some trees for the preservation of the American eagle we have no need to fear that the company intends to do anything that is not in the public's interest such as dumping radioactive or thermo-polluted water into our rivers and lakes. I hope Golden is right about industry's ability to adjust to new conditions; I have my doubts.

JOHN P. OLDENDORF,
University of Minnesota,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Prejudiced Tebbel?

JOHN TEBBEL's prejudices against scholarship in "Can Journalism Schools Improve the Press?" [*SR*, Jan. 17] so confuse his judgment that he errs as to what is wrong with today's newspapers, and the corrective measures that must be taken. He suggests that media experience and, indeed, only media experience can fit one to teach journalism. This begs the question. Men with such experience are all too likely to reproduce their kind, to play it again, Sam—and the tune being played today is wrong. We want change, not replication.

"Unfettered control by people who are obligated to no one but themselves" is wrong both in principle and in fact. In principle, newsmen are no more fit than the FBI is to police themselves. They need the pressures of the most diverse kinds of competition, now available nearly nowhere, and continuous and vocal criticism by many publics, through press councils and otherwise, rather than more pap by apologists. In fact, newsmen wear onerous fetters, subject to editors systematically selected for their indifference to professional standards. Journalism schools traditionally more concerned with establishing themselves as ideologically safe than intellectually sound are being sought out by fewer numbers of less capable persons. Able persons, who by some mischance happen onto newspapers, tend to drift away, repelled by the irrelevance and unprofessionalism and the low status of the newsman in present-day society.

Those of us who still believe that the newspaper can and should hold a mirror to society *don't* ask that it help bring about social changes, but rather that it merely attempt to do a reasonably accurate job of reporting significant situations, trends, and events. Given present patterns of ownership, and apologists such as Tebbel, we realize this is not likely; so, while waiting, we turn to magazines instead of newspapers. Alongside us we find those who may be "completely ignorant of how news is gathered and edited" but who can tell, with one spoonful, when an egg is unfit to eat.

EDGAR CRANE, PH.D.,
University of Houston,
Houston, Tex.

Movies

Continued from page 61

promise. In Christopher Jones he has found a persuasive protagonist for the slightly mad but ever so engaging young Pole who is willing to risk his life in return for British domicile, and Ralph Richardson and Paul Rogers strike just the proper note of tweedy romanticism as two middle-aged security chiefs plotting Jones's undercover sortie into East Germany. While preparations for the mission are being carried out in and around London, we enjoy a chilling sense of imminent danger amid the daily humdrum. But when the scene shifts to East Germany, our hero and the film begin to fall apart. As one of the younger British intelligence men observes, "We do have satellites for this sort of thing [photographing missile sites]," and it becomes ever more obvious that the sortie's chief purpose is to give Richardson and Rogers a taste of vicarious action again. However, the playing out of it behind the German border grows sillier by the minute, and one leaves the theater unsure whether the film is meant as a put-on or the genuine article.

According to the ads for John Huston's movie of *The Kremlin Letter*, "if you miss the first five minutes you miss the key to the plot." I confess to having been left confused and skeptical even after seeing the first five minutes. Are we really to believe that a group of flamboyant American agents can involve themselves in the Moscow underworld of drug peddlers, madams, homosexuals, and petty thieves without revealing themselves at once? Better not to believe or to try to understand, but simply to appreciate the expert performances—by Orson Welles, George Sanders, and Bibi Andersson, among others—in an otherwise patchy effort.

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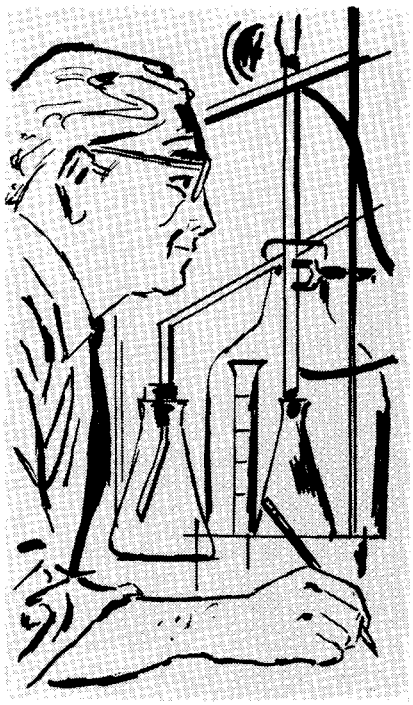

Leprosy

. . . a present day understanding.

When I returned to the U.S. a few years ago, after twenty years as a surgeon in India, it was a traumatic experience to discover how unconcerned the American public was about leprosy.

I think what bothered me most was jealousy—at the enthusiasm brought to the fight against polio, cancer and multiple sclerosis, while leprosy was thought of in terms of the cry that greeted Ben Hur's mother and sister, "unclean, unclean."

Perhaps part of the blame lies with leprosy organizations. Emotional appeals have been the major means used to loosen purse strings. Little wonder Americans have never been able to view leprosy as a disease, rather than a curse.

Please Don't Call Them Lepers.

The traditional use of the term "leper" symbolizes centuries of ignorance and disgrace.

This discrimination is probably the saddest example of man's inhumanity to man. Thus the social problems facing a leprosy patient are greater than the medical problems. Leprosy can usually be cured. But *superstitions* are much harder to treat.

The word leprosy itself is simply a poor Greek translation of a Hebrew word, "tsara'ath," which has no particular medical meaning. "Leprosy" could apply to any number of skin diseases.

Hansen's disease, the medical name for what we call leprosy, should be used, but too few Americans would know what we were talking about! Hansen found the bacteria to be a stubby, rod-shaped microorganism, closely resembling the tuberculosis bacteria. Both belong to the mycobacterium family, both are encapsulated, and both are acid-fast.

But public knowledge about such matters remains practically nil. For example, some people still think fingers and toes of leprosy patients "drop off."

Or that bones are "eaten away." Actually, the bacilli attack the peripheral nerves, causing loss of sensation. Sores, blisters, cuts go unheeded, and fingers and toes, without feeling, simply wear away from constant abuse.

Many times the badly deformed people you see overseas, begging in the streets, no longer have leprosy. They are "burnt out" cases. Had the first signs of leprosy been reported, and treatment begun early, they would probably be leading normal lives today.

How many people have leprosy today? No one knows exactly, mainly because most victims will try to conceal their condition. Perhaps fifteen million is a fair estimate, but even more important is the seriousness of the disease compared with other diseases. The duration is long, disabilities severe, social relations are cut off, and families separated.

A Quiet Revolution

Few people have heard about diaminodiphenyl-sulfone, (DDS). Yet this dramatic new drug was discovered here in America back in 1942! And under most conditions, it can actually *cure* leprosy.

Now, through the pioneering research of Dr. Paul Brand, it is even possible to perform surgery which will restore "claw hands" to usefulness. But there is such a shortage of qualified personnel, that few patients benefit from Dr. Brand's breakthrough.

We need physicians, occupational therapists, physiotherapists, vocational counselors, social workers, chaplains, administrators, laboratory technicians—and the funds to recruit them, train them, transport them, feed and shelter them.

What Can Be Done?

Medical research must go forward, training facilities must be updated, and reparative surgery continued. But at the same time, education of the American public must keep apace with scientific advancements.

To meet this challenge, I invite you to contribute to the work of American Leprosy Missions.

$25 will restore a hand to usefulness.

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Make out your check today, and as a gesture of appreciation, I will send you a copy of Patrick Feeny's excellent book, THE FIGHT AGAINST LEPROSY.

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Incoherent Response

Continued from page 38

their own being and history, but only of its roots in the grievance caused by others—*i.e.*, Israelis—they will remain unable consciously to transform themselves as individuals or as a society. They will therefore continue to lack the capacity to shape their own fate—in relation to themselves, their fellow-Palestinians, fellow-Arabs, or their neighbors in the modern world. If science, technology, organization, mobilization, discipline, and readiness for violence were in fact the essence of modernization, Nazi Germany would be our prime model for its development. Modernization is something else. It is a quality of human relationship that gives us the capacity to create coherent and just change in an age marked above all by unintended and uncontrolled incoherence.

There is no advantage for Israel in the Arab world's failure to modernize. On the contrary, this makes matters worse for both sides. Israel will still exist ten years hence, by which time the largest of the present *fedayeen* groups, given the weaknesses of its foundations, may well be discredited. It is not likely to be alone in defeat. Most Arab "revolutionary" régimes today are not radical enough to deal with the roots of problems. The remaining "conservative" Arab governments are preserving nothing that could prevent revolution. Such defeats will not keep the following generation of Palestinians and Arabs, living in larger number in even greater social and political incoherence, from expressing this incoherence in yet more nihilistic violence throughout the Middle East, including Israel. Such men may not be better able to make a sustained commitment to violence than their predecessors, though they may be more spontaneously fanatical. Certainly they will be less able than ever to sustain any commitment to peace.

The great temptation of Israel in the face of an enemy whose rage is based on weakness is to continue to do what she does now: act like a Great Power, free to inflict any damage on her neighbor. It is a response that can only move the other side to nihilism or withdrawal in despairing apathy, not to peace. Israel's policy does not establish new, sustainable connections with the Arabs, and therefore remains an incoherent response.

Israel's current reaction is as understandable as the world of diplomacy which Kennett Love chronicles so well. The familiarity of that world makes it more difficult, however, to recognize this kind of incoherence, which has marked the policy of all Great Powers, and which most smaller powers still aspire to imitate. People everywhere have been led by the increasing terror of our ever less controllable confrontations with ever larger numbers of ever more insistently-present strangers to put all our energies into "foreign relations," whether the foreigners be Chinese across an ocean or blacks across a city street. None of us can any longer overcome this terror by returning to an isolationism that proclaims the solution lies only within our own soul or our own Holy Land. There is no Holy Land anywhere on earth unless people are simultaneously connected to self, to stranger, and to common concrete problems.

Specifically, in Middle East relations this means that the continuation of present trends spells disaster for both Arabs and Israelis. The new "hundred-year war" in the Middle East, against which U.N. Secretary General U Thant recently warned, would prevent Arabs from transforming their own society and would vitiate the attainments of Israeli society. A permanent warrior state destroys itself in the modern age. It is unable to deal either with the creative opportunities of our time or with any of its dangers other than the military ones.

Lincoln

Continued from page 26

pictures that make the book. I felt surrounded by images. Lincoln becomes vivid as never before and yet unreachable. I can't quite see him smile, but I know he does."

The biographer was even more pleased, however, by another reader's reaction. "This is important—reaching young people with the story of a ten-foot-tall hero-figure who can still hold meaning for today's youth," he said as he handed me a note he had received in that morning's mail. Written in a small boy's scrawl, it read, "Of all the books I riecieved [*sic*], I like yours about Lincoln best. I like it better than the books my grandfather writes." (One can only imagine what domestic crisis might have been occasioned in the youngster's home by that last sentence, for "grandfather" in this case happens to be a noted academic authority on American history.)

To the non-academic Stefan Lorant it was a brief moment of one-upmanship—one more bit of evidence for the effectiveness of his pragmatic, time-tested picturebook techniques. And for a generation of Lorant readers it will be just what they would expect from a pictorial biography by the man who knows Lincoln like a book.

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(Continued from page 85)

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(Continued on page 88)

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(Continued from page 87)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1871

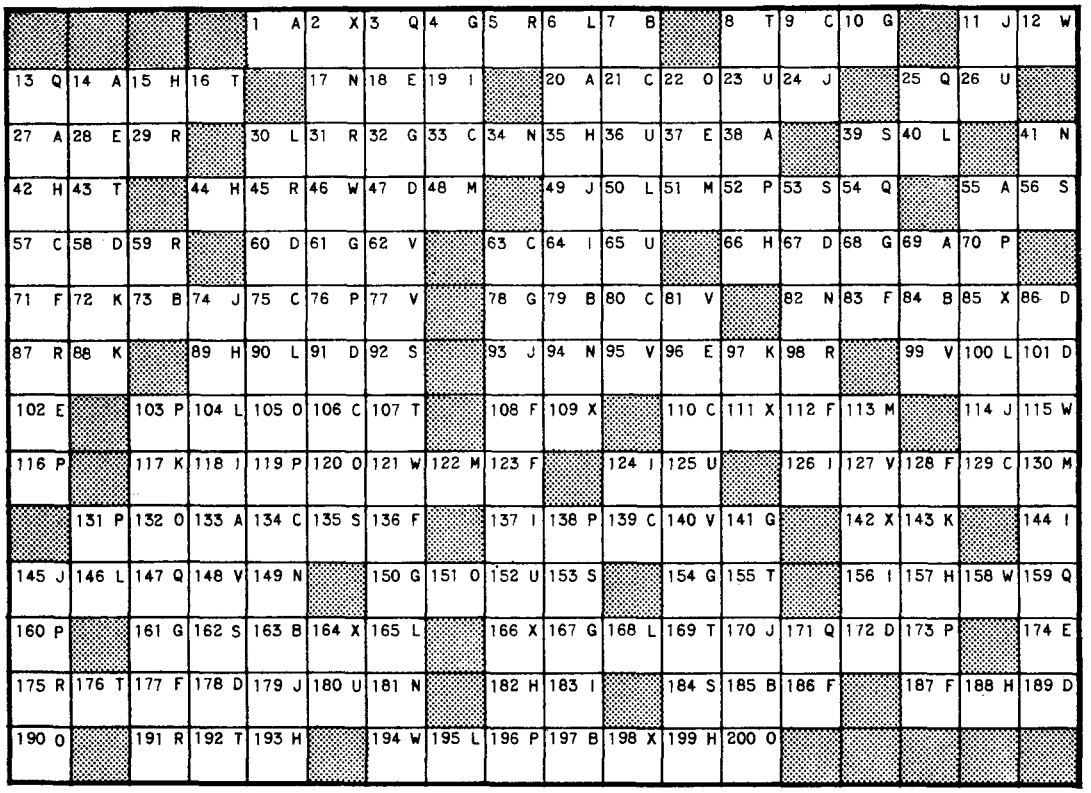
Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Spoiled, tainted	20 27 38 133 1 14 55 69
B. Extends	73 79 84 163 185 197 7
C. Peter Piper's pepper-picking penchant provides a case in point.	9 21 33 57 63 75 80 106 110 129 134 139
D. John R. Coryell's fictional dime-novel detective (full name)	172 178 189 47 58 60 67 86 91 101
E. Cretaceous	174 18 28 37 96 102
F. Vast marshland south of Lake Okeechobee	112 177 186 187 71 83 108 123 128 136
G. "I saw the curl'd drops, ———," sings Tityrus. (3 wds.; Crashaw, "Hymn of the Nativity")	141 154 161 167 4 10 32 150 61 68 78
H. Summary treatment (2 wds.)	35 157 188 193 199 15 42 44 182 66 89
I. Sovereign power or authority (2 wds.)	126 137 144 156 64 118 124 183 19
J. In a thoroughgoing or extreme manner	24 49 74 145 179 11 93 114 170
K. Very skilled	72 88 97 117 143
L. Anywhere; in the world (3 wds.)	168 195 6 30 50 146 90 100 165 104 40
M. Surname of three brothers, American painters born in Russia	48 51 113 122 130
N. Observer; dry-cleaner	181 82 94 41 17 34 149
O. Effeminate man or youth	105 151 132 190 200 22 120
P. "If——— were not so clever,/Oh, they would be young forever." (2 wds.; Housman, "A Shropshire Lad")	116 119 52 76 173 103 131 138 160 70 196
Q. Rootlike	13 147 159 3 25 171 54
R. American industrial magnate (1863-1947, full name)	59 87 31 5 29 191 45 175 98
S. In progress, coming, going (3 wds.)	39 53 184 56 153 135 162 92
T. Fidei———: one of the titles of English sovereigns	169 176 155 43 107 16 192 8
U. Approve, support	180 125 152 23 26 36 65
V. Scooped	77 127 95 99 81 62 148 140
W. Tropical South American creeping plant with drooping flowers	194 121 158 12 115 46
X. Trojan shepherd crippled by Zeus	142 85 198 111 2 109 164 166

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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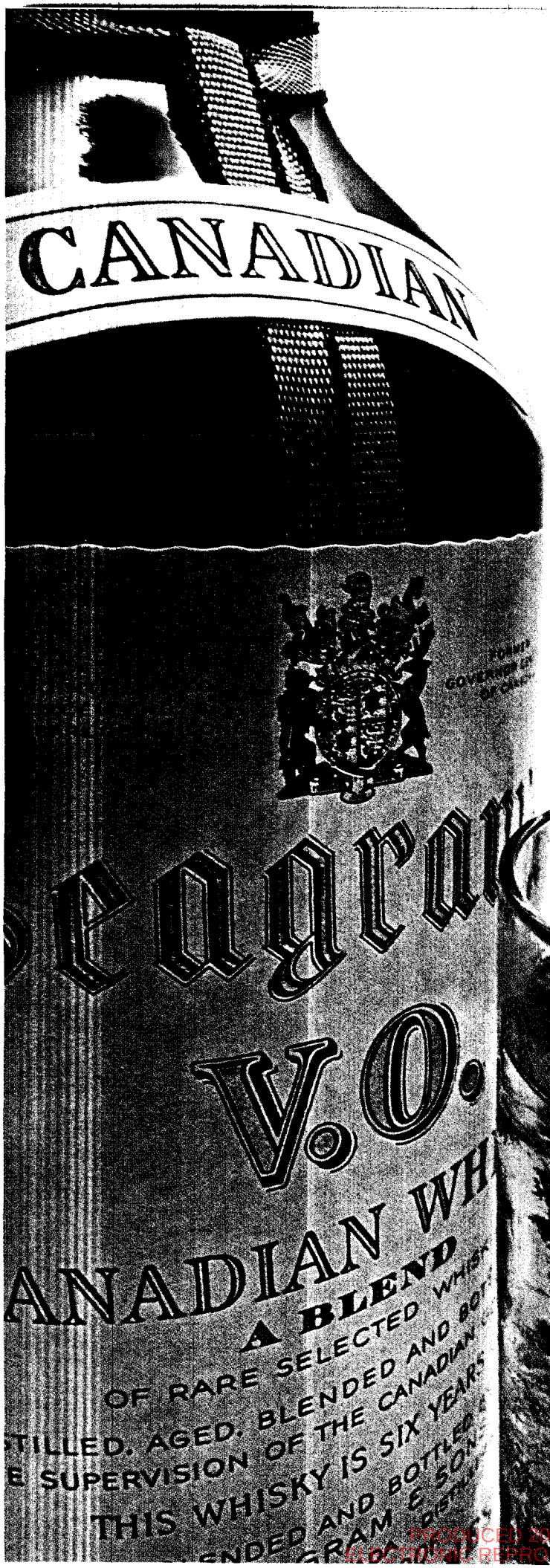

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The way we do it is highly technical. The way it feels is out and out plush.

A long, long list of extras.

This is a whole ad in itself, but suffice it to say that Caprice has a longer list of available equipment and custom features than any other car made in America.

Things like our headlight delay system, AM/FM stereo radio with hidden antenna, electric power door lock system, and Comfortilt steering wheel.

A rule of thumb: if it's available, it's most likely available on Caprice.

It moves with authority.

Caprice's standard V8 engine is a highly unstandard 350 cubic inches with 250 horsepower. That's a lot of authority.

Yet it's humble enough to run on regular fuel.

There's also a 400-cubic-inch Turbo-Fire V8 available if you want more torque and more power. It, too, runs on regular fuel.

Still, if you wish, you can order up to 454 cubic inches of engine, the most available in Caprice's field.

Riding in a Caprice is quite a moving experience.

Result: higher resale value.

It's impossible to predict the future, of course, but chances are your 1970 Caprice will be worth more than its competition when trade-in time rolls around.

One reason we can say that is all the reasons you've already read.

The other reason is experience. Chevrolet has a traditionally higher resale value than any other car in its field.

Stop in at your Chevrolet dealer's and mull over a Caprice. Then ask yourself: why buy a car as expensive as this one looks?

CHEVROLET

Putting you first, keeps us first.

Caprice. You don't leave the comforts of home home.

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